

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVIII

November, 1912

Number II

## THE RESPONSIBILITY, MR. BUSINESS MAN, RESTS WITH YOU

A STRAIGHT TALK BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

THE campaign is reaching the end. The issues are clearly and sharply drawn. You, Mr. Business Man, must line up either for good business or against it. There is no middle course. You cannot go on any longer balancing one problem against the other, or balancing prejudices against duty, and you have a very distinct duty to perform in this election.

For the most part, you of the business world are for Taft and the Republican party. For the most part, you of the business world are against Wilson and the Democratic party. You are for Taft and the Republican party because of your conviction that the Republican party stands for better business, safer business, and greater business confidence than the Democratic party. This is no new idea, no mere fancy with you. It has history to back it up, experience to back it up, and so you are justified in your attitude in this respect.

You want to see the Republican economic policies triumph in this election, and you want to see the Republican party triumph in this election. But you cannot have both. You can have the triumph of Republican

policies, but you cannot have the triumph of the Republican party. It isn't possible this year. The question for you to decide is this:

Shall these policies be maintained through Roosevelt, or shall the election go to Wilson, with the destruction of these policies?

Your decision does not concern only you and your immediate interests. It concerns the interests and welfare and happiness of a hundred million human souls. It is a serious problem, which you cannot treat lightly if your citizenship means anything to you. I wish I could impress you with the measure of its seriousness.

The continuance in force of the economic policies of the Republican party, under which we have grown to be a great nation, means too much to be balanced against your likes or dislikes for any particular candidate—means too much, far and away too much, to justify you, Mr. Business Man, in contemplating their destruction that you may have your own way in this election, that you may vote for the man and for the party that suit your own particular preference, without regard to the effect on the country and the effect on all our people.

You must not forget that this is a bread-and-butter issue with the men less favorably situated in life than you are. You must not fool yourself into the belief, or let any one else fool you into the belief, that Taft can be elected. His election is out of the question.

If Mr. Taft had the great substratum of popular following that Mr. Roosevelt has, you could elect him. There can be no doubt of this. But he hasn't it. He has a top-heavy following, a business and professional men's following. The foundation of the party has slid out from under it. It stands to-day on stilts.

If Mr. Taft had had this popular following, there never would have been a contesting candidate in the field for the Republican nomination. It is because he did not have it, and because without it it was clear that he could not be elected, that some of us who wanted to see the economic policies of the Republican party maintained sought to put in nomination a man who could be elected.

This is the plain, straight fact about Mr. Roosevelt's coming out as a candidate. Any other version of the matter is without substance or foundation. Make no mistake about this.

Mr. Roosevelt has this foundational following in a greater measure than any other man in this country has it or has ever had it. Whether his following this year, independent of you of the business world, those of you who are opposed to him, is sufficient to elect him, is not yet certain. This vote cannot so easily be measured as the vote of the business world. But the popular sentiment for him, and indeed the intense belief in him and enthusiasm for him, are so great that it may be that in spite of all opposition they will sweep him into power. With your votes lined up for him, his election would be a certainty; without your votes it is not a certainty.

I want to emphasize the fact to my friends of the newspapers that I am not saying Mr. Roosevelt will not

be elected. I don't know, and nobody does know at this time. My guess is, however, that he will be elected.

Mr. Roosevelt's election would mean the continuance in force of the best policies of the Republican party, would mean the establishment of a right tariff that will protect American industries, that will protect the American wage, and that will protect the American markets against invasion from abroad.

Of course I know you want this protection, of course I know you want good business and abundant prosperity, and of course I know you would like to see this country move forward in governmental efficiency rather than go backward. But the question is this:

Do you want these more than you want your own way?

With some of you business men with whom I have talked, and with whose views I am familiar, protection to our American industries and intelligent political progress mean little, in your present frame of mind, as compared with going through to the end on the Taft trail. Is this the best example of citizenship, Mr. Business Man?

I can understand how disturbing it is for a man to vote against his party. But in this independence of action lies progress. There can be no political progress without it. Isn't the wise and patriotic thing in this case to make sure of prosperity, though the victory come through Roosevelt instead of Taft?

If this victory could come through Taft, you would not be in the political dilemma you are in to-day. Inasmuch as it cannot come through Taft, and inasmuch as the only way it can come is through Roosevelt, you have no option in the matter.

It is either Roosevelt with good business and governmental progress, or Wilson with bad business and governmental shilly-shallying.

Every day I hear business men talking as they talked nine months ago, with seemingly little appreciation of what has happened in nine months in this national political contest.



It was all right nine months ago to discuss, with regard to their nomination, the merits of individual candidates and our preferences for or prejudices against them. It was all right then to urge that Mr. Roosevelt was dangerous to business interests; that he was ambitious; that he was without sufficient regard for conventionality in government, and for our Constitution in particular, or that in becoming a candidate he was unfair to Mr. Taft.

It was all right then to urge that Mr. Taft was entitled to a second term; that he had given a good administration; that he had shown a full and becoming gratitude to the man who made him President of the United States. It was all right, I say, to insist on these views nine months ago, if you honestly believed them, but they are not the issue of to-day. To hark back to them now and hang the decision of your vote on them doesn't show clear or sincere reasoning. It shows either illogical thinking or a purpose to deceive yourself, if not to deceive others.

In these nine months we have lived half a century, politically considered. Then there were two big political parties in the field; to-day there are three. Then the fight in the Republican party was between two members of that party, Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt.

That fight is now a dead issue. It is history. It has no more to do with the real fight of the present campaign than if it had come off a quarter of a century ago. The fight now, for you who believe in Republican economic policies, is against Wilson and the Democratic party. The fight now is for good business and for policies that will mean good business. The fight now is against the destruction of these policies.

The great, stubborn fact that you must reckon with is that Taft cannot, under any circumstances, be elected. There isn't an intelligent man anywhere who doesn't realize that this is so. Every man who can see straight, and hear straight, every man who isn't

befogged in prejudice, knows that it is so.

Notwithstanding this fact, the Republican campaign managers, in their public utterances, are brazenly giving the lie to their own convictions in their claims, now frantically spread broadcast, that Taft can and will be elected.

If it were a matter of running for the presidency of a social club, or some other place of no consequence to the hundred millions of our people; something of no consequence to the business interests of the country, it would be one thing, but when false statements like these are put out to deceive voters, merely that the Republican organization may be kept intact, it is criminally dishonest.

Your concern, Mr. Business Man, has to do mainly with good business and general prosperity. To sacrifice these to a prejudice for a beaten leader and a broken party is to prostitute the responsibility of citizenship and disregard the interests of your fellow men.

The Democratic party opposes a tariff as a protective measure—opposes a tariff that protects our industries, opposes a tariff that protects the American wage, and asserts, as it has always asserted, that if we are to have a tariff it should be as a revenue-raising scheme rather than as a means of protection.

Moreover, not only is it opposed to a worth-while tariff, and to the economic policies under which we have recorded such marvelous prosperity, but it is archaic to a degree. It doesn't fit the period. It holds sacredly to the antiquated States' rights ideas, and opposes whatever looks to national bigness and national power.

It is charged by Mr. Roosevelt's enemies that he did nothing, when he was President, to remodel the tariff and eliminate its abuses. This is true, and the reason for it is that Mr. Roosevelt was doing bigger things at that time.

We were in a period of great national prosperity under the tariff as it

then existed. If Mr. Roosevelt had found the country in the soup-house condition in which McKinley found it on taking over the reins of government after four years of Democratic rule, he would have jumped in on tariff legislation, and there would have been something doing. But since

this was not the urgent call of the hour, he grappled the things that were crying to heaven for reform. He awakened the nation to a sense of civic righteousness, and forced through an unwilling Congress reforms of the most important and most far-reaching character.

Here is the evidence which shows why Mr. Roosevelt had not the time for taking up the complicated question of making a new tariff law:

### SOME OF THE NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION

1. Dolliver-Hepburn Railroad Act, enabling the Interstate Commerce Commission to control railroad rates.
2. Extension of Forest Reserve.
3. National Irrigation Act.
4. Improvement of waterways and reservation of water-power sites.
5. Employers' Liability Act.
6. Safety Appliance Act.
7. Regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor.
8. Establishment of Department of Commerce and Labor.
9. Pure Food and Drugs Act.
10. Federal meat inspection.
11. Navy doubled in tonnage and greatly increased in efficiency.
12. Battle-ship fleet sent around the world.
13. State militia brought into coordination with army.
14. Canal Zone acquired and actual work of constructing Panama Canal begun.
15. Development of civil self-government in insular possessions.
16. Second intervention in Cuba; Cuba restored to the Cubans.
17. Finances of Santo Domingo straightened out.
18. Alaska Boundary dispute settled.
19. Reorganization of the consular service.
20. Settlement of the coal strike of 1902.
21. The government upheld in Northern Securities decision.
22. Conviction of post-office grafters and public-land thieves.
23. Directed investigation of the Sugar Trust customs frauds, and the resultant prosecutions.
24. Suits begun against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies and other corporations for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
25. Corporations forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds.
26. Keeping the door of China open to American commerce.
27. Bringing about the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the Treaty of Portsmouth.
28. Avoiding the threatened hostility created by Pacific Coast prejudice against Japanese immigration.
29. Negotiating twenty-four treaties of general arbitration.
30. Reduction of the interest-bearing debt by more than \$90,000,000.
31. Inauguration of movement for conservation of natural resources.
32. Inauguration of the annual conference of Governors of States.
33. Inauguration of movement for improvement of conditions of country life.

### Policies Urged by Roosevelt, but Not Concreted into Law When His Term of Office Expired

1. Reform of the banking and currency system.
2. Inheritance tax.
3. Income tax.
4. Passage of a new employers' liability act to meet objections raised by the Supreme Court.
5. Postal savings-banks.
6. Parcel-post.
7. Revision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
8. Legislation to prevent overcapitalization, stock-watering, etc., of common carriers.
9. Legislation compelling incorporation under Federal laws of corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

This is a matchless exhibit. Apart from war measures and activities, no President since the formation of our government has a record of achievements one-quarter as big as this. It is not only a long list of achievements, but they are great, human achievements of the most far-reaching character, achievements of masterly statesmanship. They mark an advancement of half a century over the individualism in high places and capitalistic powers that controlled the nation before his Presidency.

This great work that he did is an accomplished fact. It will not have to be done over. If elected again, Mr. Roosevelt will find much to do in the way of reform and in advanced legislation, but not so much that he cannot give his time and energy to the out-working of a just and right tariff.

It is interesting to look back over the last nine months and note the changes of view-point that have come about with some of you business men. Nine months ago you were mildly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt and mildly for Mr. Taft. You have in the meanwhile worked up an amazing case in favor of the latter and an amazing case against the former.

The case for Taft isn't worth discussing, because Taft no longer counts in this election. The case against Roosevelt is worth discussing, because it isn't an honest case. It takes no note of the merits of Mr. Roosevelt, but condemns him on quibbles and petty nothings—petty nothings as compared with his great qualities and his great record of achievements.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt has faults, of course he makes mistakes, but the honest seeker after accurate measurements does not condemn a man on his faults and his mistakes alone. He condemns him only when these faults and mistakes are greater than his virtues and his merits. If the latter are conspicuously greater than the former, the margin of difference in his favor must be taken as the value of the man.

I submit to you if this is not the fair way to measure a man; I submit to you if this is not the way you would like to be measured yourself; I ask you what kind of showing you would make if measured by any other method, if measured alone by your faults, your mistakes, your shortcomings, and you have them, Mr. Business Man, as well as Mr. Roosevelt and the rest of us.

When the policies of a nation are involved in your attitude, policies that mean so much to a hundred million human souls, you cannot afford, as a good citizen, to curse a man out and condemn him and the organization back of him on quibbles and petty nothings. You have got to be fair with him, or you are not fair with yourself, and you are not fair with the people of the nation.

Above and beyond everything else, above and beyond every other consideration, some of you are out to smite Roosevelt, no matter what the consequences. But if, in smiting Roosevelt, you smash your own face, is it worthy of you, Mr. Business Man? Would you respect or compliment a man who did this sort of thing, if it didn't happen to be the very sort of thing you were doing yourself?

The problems before us are big in their outreaching, so big that you cannot afford to let your prejudices stand in the way of doing in this election what will mean the greatest good to the greatest number, and the greatest good to the greatest number, as a matter of fact, means the greatest good to you, Mr. Business Man, and to you, Mr. Professional Man. You can have no permanent and worth-while prosperity except the people as a whole are prosperous and content.

I have said you are chiefly concerned with what meant good business and general prosperity. But what makes for good business is so broad a question that it cannot be determined from any one angle. That sound economic policies are vitally important, it is certain, but it is equally certain that other

factors at this present juncture enter very largely into the problem — such factors as industrial evolution, social justice, and wise laws that are in step with the progress of the age, that are in step with the best constructive governmental theories of any nation in the world.

With your mind bent on business, with your craving for good business, many of you look for it only along the direct route. But it comes as well in other ways, comes from these other contributory causes. To forget these causes, to be indifferent to them, is to be asleep at the switch at this particular time of social unrest.

Never before in the history of this country, never before in the history of the world, has this unrest manifested itself in anything like the measure in which it is manifesting itself to-day. It is more than unrest; it is evolution bordering on revolution, and in very great measure is absolute socialism.

In some of the test ballots we have had thus far in this campaign, the vote for Debs, the socialist candidate, is well in excess of the vote for Mr. Taft, and this vote will be so recorded at the polls in November. The growth of the socialist vote will make you sit up and think, Mr. Business Man, but your think will come too late. You will have put yourself on record, and the record cannot be changed, neither can the party you have put in power be changed.

The best friend you have in this situation, Mr. Business Man, is Theodore Roosevelt. He, more than any other man, stands between you and socialism. Roosevelt stands between you and socialism through the Progressive party, which recognizes the necessity of social reforms, recognizes the necessity of industrial evolution, recognizes the cry of the masses for the square deal, and he stands between you and socialism with a moral and mental courage that marks him a giant.

A weak man, or a man dead to the temper of the people, or a man standing unyieldingly on antiquated policies, prating about the Constitution and all that, cannot cope with the situation that confronts us to-day.

The iron hand is powerless against an awakened and insistent nation; the great, strong, human hand alone can control and bring order out of disorder, bring harmony and good feeling out of bitterness and danger.

To think of good business without thinking of these contributory causes to good business on the one hand, these dangers to good business on the other hand, to think of good business without thinking of social justice, industrial evolution, and the measure of socialism that is gripping our country to-day, is to view the situation with the complacency with which the monarchy and aristocracy of France viewed the situation before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

### FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL WEATHER

WHAT care I what the weather be?  
'Twas time, not skies, God made for me!  
No second less is ever mine  
If tempests rave, or bright suns shine;  
No fraction of a minute's loss  
Doth follow on the whirlwind's toss.  
My day is fair or black as I  
Seize on the seconds as they fly,  
All sparkling from time's endless fount,  
Or fail to turn them to account!

*John M. Woods*

# OSCAR STRAUS, PROGRESSIVE

BY JOHN S. GREGORY

**I**N the late fifties, during the turbulent years when the nation was shaping itself inevitably toward the travail of civil war, a slender, bare-legged Jewish boy played about the quiet streets of Talbotton, Georgia. His father was the prominent merchant of the community—a man of intellectual parts, and steeped in the lore of the Talmud, the great book of his race. In his house assembled the local leaders of religious thought, regardless of creed barriers, led there by a common mental hunger to find congenial communion.

The future held great things for that little Jewish boy, because he happened to be Oscar S. Straus, whose dramatic nomination as Progressive candidate for Governor of New York gave the whole scheme of elective office a rebirth of high faith and unswerving integrity.

It is not at all surprising that Mr. Straus should be enlisted in any movement for freedom, whether in theology or in politics. Sprung from a people born to oppression for so many generations, he had within him the instinctive response to the embattled call for emancipation. Surely no act of the new party, save perhaps the choice of its national leaders, has been more typical of its ideals and its personnel than its selection of this man as candidate for the chief magistracy of the Empire State.

Yet Mr. Straus did not need this nomination to bring him prominently before the eye of the country. His career as diplomat, statesman, author, merchant, and humanitarian, over a long period of peculiarly valued and constructive service, has given him a large place in our various affairs.

He has achieved, among other things, the distinction of having been in public life for a quarter of a century without being a politician. He has been in but not of politics. That is why he has been able to come through this ordinarily disillusionizing experience with character unimpaired,

and with the respect and admiration of those who differ with him politically. Small wonder that his candidacy should have drawn from Governor Wilson the sincere compliment conveyed in that pregnant statement:

"The nomination of Mr. Straus puts us on our mettle."

## THE OFFSPRING OF A PATRIOT

When you analyze the backgrounds and beginnings of a man like Oscar Straus, you usually find significant contributory causes that have helped to shape his destiny. In his case they are particularly interesting.

His father, who was brought up in Rhenish Bavaria—where Oscar was born in 1850—was a landowner and merchandizer; but he had other ideals than business. When the upheaval which ended in the revolution of 1848 shook the kingdom, he arrayed himself on the side of the people. When the poet-patriot, Gottfried Kinkel, came to organize the local insurgents, he found Lazarus Straus already installed as their leader.

During those soul-stirring days the elder Straus made the acquaintance of Carl Schurz, then an impassioned young zealot fighting for the liberation of his fatherland. Out of the kinship of the firing-line there developed an affection between the men which lasted until it was ended by death. The Straus sons inherited their father's devotion to Schurz, and it remains one of their precious memories.

His activity in the Revolution meant only one thing for Lazarus Straus—exile. He chose the great new republic across the seas which had beckoned alluringly to so many of his countrymen. With his sons—Nathan, Isidor, and Oscar—he landed in New York. He little dreamed, probably, as he first breathed the air of the land which gave him sanctuary, that each one of the youngsters who trudged behind him



was to make a distinct impress upon its progress. Two were to become merchant princes and princely almoners, and the third a distinguished public servant. Moreover, one of them—the lamented Isidor—was to give to the record of noble self-sacrifice a memorable tradition, for it was he, with his devoted mate of many years, who chose to go down in the wreck of the Titanic that others might be saved.

The elder Straus settled at Talbotton, in western Georgia, where Oscar got his early education. He prospered as Southern merchants fared in those days, but the Civil War wiped out his business. All that was left of his modest fortune was embarked in a shipment of cotton to England. Nathan, who had shown the keenest business aptitude, was sent there to dispose of the precious bales, and with the proceeds of this sale, and after every dollar of debt had been paid, the father started life anew in New York with a clean slate. He founded the firm of L. Straus & Sons, dealers in pottery and glassware.

Now came a characteristic Straus act. Every male member of the family was working hard, because the start was difficult and precarious; but Oscar had been the studious one, and his brothers decided that he should have the career he wanted. They stinted themselves that he might continue his education.

I might add that this tender family feeling has been preserved all through the years. Whenever the brothers have been within anything like easy traveling distance of one another, they have held a family reunion each week.

Despite this close bond, these three remarkable brothers differ in political conviction, and in more than one hot campaign have been arrayed on opposite sides. Nathan is a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, as was Isidor, while Oscar has always been independent and progressive in his affiliations.

To return to Oscar's life. Soon after the family reached New York he entered Columbia, where he graduated fifth in the class of 1871, which included Stuyvesant Fish and Brander Matthews. Strange as it may appear in the light of the men's later accomplishments, Straus defeated Matthews for the honor of being class poet. It is an interesting side-light on the candidate's versatility that during his college years he added to his scant allowance by

writing articles and poems for the newspapers.

He chose the law as a profession, and studied at the Columbia Law School. A year before graduating, he went into the office of Charles O'Connor, then the leader of the American bar, and the man who prosecuted the notorious Tweed ring. He seemed destined for connection with reform, for among his first partners was Simon Sterne, a great advocate who was the original secretary of the New York Committee of Seventy.

#### A PIONEER IN RAILROAD REFORM

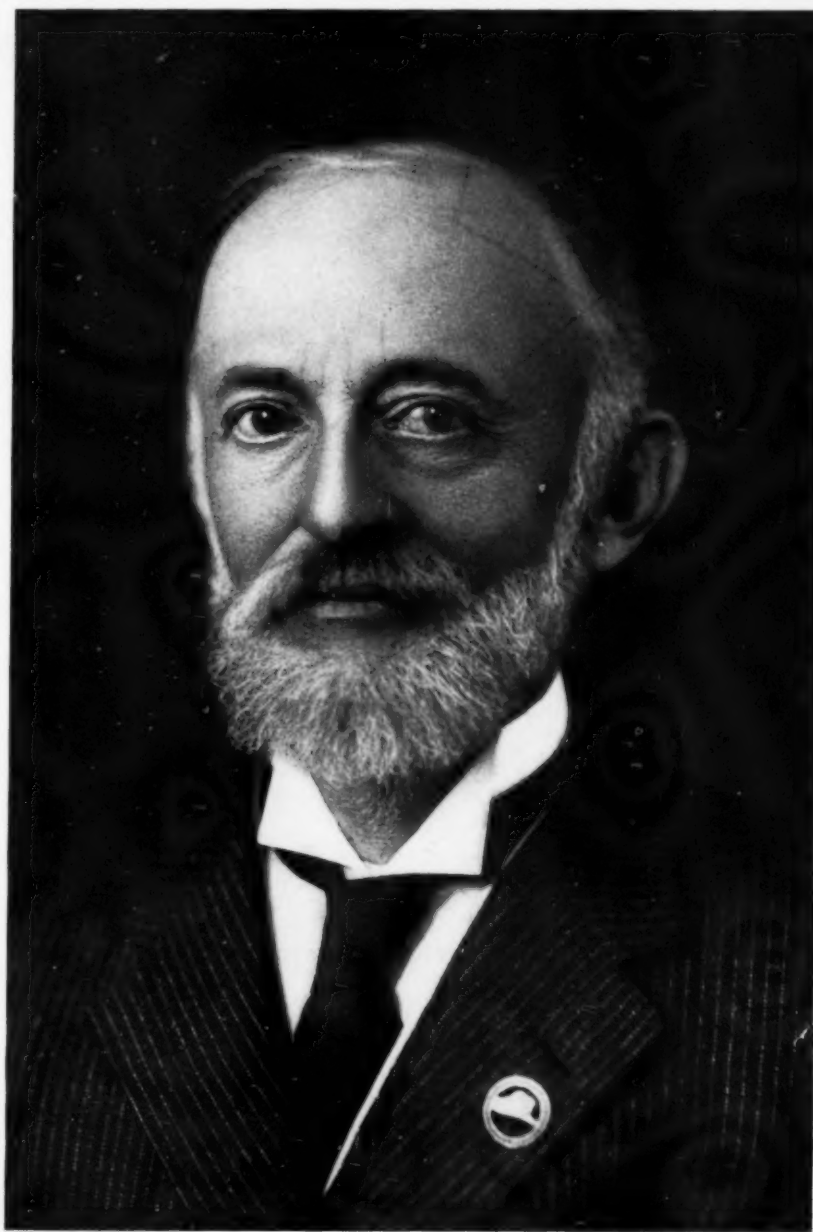
When he was launched into his practise, Mr. Straus made a specialty of corporation work, but in a manner different from that of the sleek servants of big business to-day. The way he was drawn into his first important public service was typical of him.

His firm was counsel for the New York Chamber of Commerce—serving, of course, without fee. Up to that time the railroads had reigned with iron hand; it was the high tide of the rebate and every other abuse that privilege could devise. The Chamber of Commerce, heeding the protests of the small shipper, began an investigation of conditions. A. Barton Hepburn was chairman of the committee; Mr. Straus was the inquisitor. Before him were haled Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, and many of the other leading chieftains of capital and traffic. It was a virgin field that the brilliant young lawyer was plowing, but he attacked the task with all his heart and soul.

Out of this investigation grew the New York State Railroad Law, from which, in turn, sprang the Interstate Commerce Act, the Magna Charta of the American shipper and traveler. In a larger sense the whole vast structure of governmental control of corporations may be said to have resulted from that inquiry.

Mr. Straus paid for his zeal in more ways than one. His health broke down under the long strain, and his railroad practise, which had been very extensive, dwindled to almost nothing. It was not surprising that the railway magnates should turn from the man who had given them some rather unpleasant quarter-hours.

After taking a rest, Mr. Straus entered his father's firm; but he was not essentially a man of business. He has often told his friends that his sole purpose in connecting



OSCAR S. STRAUS, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR IN MR. ROOSEVELT'S CABINET,  
AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY, AND NOW PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE  
FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW YORK

*From a photograph by Maffett, Chicago*



himself with trade was to secure a competency sufficient to enable him to devote the rest of his life to the kind of public work and research that he loved.

He was not destined to have a long respite. The Cleveland campaign came on; the character of the great Democrat fired his imagination, and he took up the candidate's cause with fervor and faith. He became chairman of the executive committee of the Cleveland and Hendricks Merchants' and Business Men's Club. When people asked him what he expected as a reward for his services, he said:

"Only that the President will live up to his campaign pledges."

#### HIS FIRST MISSION TO TURKEY

It was about this time that Mr. Straus published his first important work, "The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States." It affected his destiny in a striking way. Among its appreciative readers was the late Senator Gorman, of Maryland. Meeting the author in Chicago one day, the Senator congratulated him heartily on his work, and then, remembering his distinguished services to the Democratic cause, asked him why he did not accept some appointment. Mr. Straus replied promptly that he was not seeking any office; that he knew of none that he particularly wanted. Gorman ignored this protest, and wrote to President Cleveland recommending Straus for the post of minister to Turkey, to succeed "Sunset" Cox.

A little later, Gorman and Cleveland became alienated; and Mr. Straus thought no more of the diplomatic post until some of his friends took up the idea with the President. One of his strongest advocates was Henry Ward Beecher, who wrote to Mr. Cleveland a memorable letter of indorsement. He urged Mr. Straus' peculiar fitness for the position, and said:

Is it not also a duty to set forth, in this quiet and effectual method, the genius of the American government, which has under its fostering care people of all civilized nations, and which treats them without regard to civil, religious, or race peculiarities as common citizens? We send Danes to Denmark, Germans to Germany. We reject no man because he is a Frenchman. Why should we not make a crowning testimony to the genius of our people by sending a Hebrew to Turkey?

Mr. Straus got the Constantinople portfolio, and with the presentation of his credentials began a diplomatic career full of

service not only to his own country, but to the civilized world.

He stepped into a situation of peculiar delicacy and tension. The mission schools established by our religious workers in the Ottoman Empire had fallen under the ban of the Sultan, and one by one they were being forced to close their doors. The American Board of Foreign Missions was greatly disturbed, for it saw the work of years in danger of destruction.

#### HIS SUCCESS IN DIPLOMACY

Mr. Straus succeeded in having the schools reopened; and, more than this, he established the right of the missionaries to sell Bibles in Turkey. He accomplished this by insisting that the Porte should observe its treaty with the United States for the sale of commercial articles. The feat brought Mr. Straus the thanks of the British government. Thus a Jew won a notable victory for Christianity in the land of the Moslem.

So completely did Mr. Straus master the intricacies of Ottoman affairs that henceforth he was to be almost inseparably associated with all our Turkish relations. He resigned at the close of the Cleveland administration, but President Harrison begged him to remain at Constantinople a little longer, and he did so.

When McKinley came to the White House, he sought out Mr. Straus for advice on some of the complicated Oriental problems that arose when the United States annexed the Philippines. The diplomat had retired—as he thought, for good—and was devoting himself to his own matters and those public works which enlisted his sympathies. Mr. McKinley, however, urged him to return to Constantinople. Mr. Straus said that he could not afford to leave his business.

"But it is a patriotic service that I ask of you," McKinley told him, in substance. "Then I will go," was the reply.

Mr. Straus was on his way eastward in twenty-four hours. I cite this incident to show his unselfish ideal of public service.

Once more he added new laurels to his diplomatic achievements. President McKinley said that his presence at Constantinople was worth more than a whole fleet of war-ships. Mr. Straus successfully exerted his personal influence with the Sultan to secure a pacification of that potentate's coreligionists in the Philippines. The

real story has never been told in print, but when it is finally revealed it will show that this simple, unassuming American envoy, by his discrimination and his tact, saved Uncle Sam from sending a large army of occupation to the Philippines.

#### MR. STRAUS IN THE CABINET

Home again from foreign shores, Mr. Straus sought the kinship of his books, and the beloved association of the public activities which appealed to his enthusiasm. Once more his relaxation was short-lived, however, for President Roosevelt appointed him Secretary of Commerce and Labor. To him came the great honor of being the first member of his race to sit in the Cabinet of the President of the United States. It may be recalled that during the Civil War a brilliant Jew, Judah P. Benjamin, served as Attorney-General of the Southern Confederacy.

In the Cabinet, Mr. Straus found a rare opportunity for the exercise of his sympathies and the employment of his great gifts. The whole vast drama of immigration, with all its human problems, passed before him. He instituted many needed reforms, and always acted with decision and with fairness. Because of his keen insight, and the success with which complicated matters were handled, his branch of the government came to be known as the Department of Humanities.

There was a practical and material side to his administration. Mr. Straus had the vision to comprehend that our commercial bodies were not making the most of their opportunities. Each was an isolated unit; there was no team-work. Inspired by German example, he conceived the idea of a federation. At his invitation, and under his direction, representatives of all our commercial and trade organizations met at Washington and formed the National Council of Commerce, which has uplifted the whole spirit of our trade expansion.

#### A THIRD CALL TO THE EAST

His Cabinet term expired, Mr. Straus made his usual bid for retirement, and once more was snatched back into the domain of public service. The Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor, involving our citizenship, had created a new and delicate Ottoman situation. There was but one man for the post of pacifier. At President Taft's urgent request, Mr. Straus dropped

everything and hurried to Constantinople, this time as ambassador.

His duty discharged, he again sought the privacy of his personal labors; but when the Progressive movement flamed in mighty protest against the old and crooked order, it found him serving under the banner of his old chieftain, and entrenched on the Armageddon field.

He did not seek the nomination for Governor. He was a layman in the ranks when destiny, in the shape of the inspiration to make him the candidate, swept the Syracuse convention off its feet and gave the new party a tradition to cherish.

Long as seems the list of public services that have been enumerated, they are only part of the activities that have engaged Mr. Straus. In his house was born the National Civic Federation. He took a leading part in the organization of the Young Men's Hebrew Association. He helped to put the Society of International Law on its feet. It was through his efforts that the millions of Baron de Hirsch came to America to succor the needy, the down-trodden, and the oppressed of all creeds. His deep and abiding sense of fairness has caused him to be singled out as arbiter of many historic disputes, the latest being the wage question for the engineers of the Eastern railroads, in which he served as chairman of the board of arbitration.

Mr. Straus has been president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation; he is chairman of the council of the Authors' Club; he has been head of the American Social Science Association. Not least of all is his permanent membership in the Hague Tribunal. Perhaps no distinguished man of our day has touched or affected more different kinds of activities that have reached all the people in some way.

He has not had his brothers' millions to spend on charity, but he has given of his time, his ability, and his very soul for the advancement of at least a dozen philanthropic enterprises. He has really and truly contributed to the uplift of the lowly of all religions.

#### OSCAR STRAUS, THE MAN

When you meet this many-sided man of varied affairs, you find a modest, simple, unaffected man, whose personality breathes a sort of intellectual dignity. He greets you with a fine sense of courtesy, and



makes you feel at home. It is rather difficult to associate him with the dark intrigues of Turkish courts, with the bustle of big politics, with the crashing march of world events; yet he has been able to adapt himself admirably to all this shifting environment, and, when the time came, to become a vital actor in it.

If you go to his home, off Central Park West, in New York, you will probably be received in his library, which, as is the case with most real men, is a sort of reflection of himself. From its high, book-lined walls, Washington, Lincoln, and his two friends, Cleveland and Roosevelt, whom he served so well, look down upon you. On the mantel you will see an autographed photograph of his colleague, John Hay, and beside it a big portrait of that beloved brother, Isidor, hero of the Titanic disaster. On all sides are Americana, books, pamphlets, pictures, and souvenirs.

You will see a row of his own books, too, for in the midst of all his public distractions he has found time to be an author. I have already spoken of his work on the

republican form of government. His most pretentious volume, and one which, curiously enough, incarnates much of his ideals and spirit, is a life of Roger Williams, founder of the first Baptist church in the American colonies. This great pioneer of emancipated thought has appealed so strongly to Mr. Straus that he erected a tablet to Williams's memory in the Charterhouse, London, where the famous Puritan passed his school-days. He has also named his only son after him.

Mr. Straus is also the author of "Religious Liberty in the United States," which was originally prepared as an address at Yale.

Kindliness, distinction, sincerity, and, above all, a remarkably disinterested instinct of public service—these are the qualities that stand out in Oscar Straus, the colleague and servitor of five Presidents, who has put credit on American achievement in the far East and the great West. At the basis of his character is unaffected Americanism. He is a practical dreamer who knows how to do things.

## THE CHOICE

BEHOLD the lord in his motor-car  
And the serf who plods along  
In the dust that is born of his might of arm,  
In the sweat of the weakling strong.

'Tis a honk of horn and—"Clear the way  
For the thunder of flying steel!  
Who built the road may use the road—  
But 'ware the master's wheel!

"Who built the road may trudge the road,  
If hardy of heart and limb;  
But only the lords of a thousand souls  
Shall fly like seraphim.

"For they shall ride in princely state  
Above all throng-made laws;  
Yet the throng may live, if the throng will grub,  
With orts for their gaping maws.

"And they shall hold all goodly lands,  
Which the throng shall gladly till,  
Or moil in cell, in mine, at sea,  
In factory, shop, or mill."

Then scornful above the brazen blast

There rang a mighty voice:

"Lord and serf, ye are master or slave  
Each by his weakling choice!"

*Richard Butler Glaenger.*

# EROS AND THE EAR-TRUMPET

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE MONOPOLY OF BARNABAS BEAGLE,"  
"THE MUSCAMOOT ORPHAN," ETC.

TOBIAS SAMPLEBY was without doubt the most noteworthy citizen in China Township, which lies on the St. Clair River, some miles above Marine City. He stood out above his fellows for reasons.

One reason—which may possibly be regarded as an illogical one—was the fact that he was the shortest man in the township. Moreover, he possessed the only ear-trumpet in China; he had owned his own vessel; and he was now proprietor of one of the largest and most remunerative farms along the river. Add to this that he had a collie dog trained to keep women off the place, and a vocabulary which combined the most picturesque marine words with the choicest landsman's expletives, and there can be little doubt that he was a personage in the township.

Yet, withal, he was a kindly sort who never chased the boys out of his orchard, who loved his animals, and who would have walked miles to do a service for any male being. He adored youngsters as soon as they reached an age where their garments indicated their sex. Babies he feared, because of the ambiguity arising from this cause, and because he might, all unknowing, be dandling a girl.

Also he had a keen discernment for the humorous, even when the keen edge of the joke pointed toward himself—unless there were in it a feminine element. If there were, he became a creature to avoid, or to placate from a distance. He was a quaint *Dr. Jekyll* to the one sex, a cantankerous *Mr. Hyde* to the other.

On New Year's Eve he drove down the river road to Marine City, just for a bit of sociability. He saw to the careful stabling of his horse, and then betook himself to the hotel bar—not for the purpose of falling from grace, for he was not a drinking man,

but to foregather with sundry sailormen, companions of his younger days, whom he knew he would find there. They hailed the entry of the captain's short, squat figure with acclaim, and made room for him at the table.

He had scarcely seated himself when Clem Boston, old-time shipmate, slapped him resoundingly on the back, reached for the ever-present ear-trumpet, and roared into its yawning mouth:

"Leap-year's a comin', cap'n! She'll be here in two hour. Then you want to keep your eye peeled, you do. The women has their eye on you, most p'tic'lar they have, and you won't never come through the impendin' twelve months without a consort. Some female craft'll git a hawser aboard of you, and you'll be under a towin'-contract for the rest of your life. Happy leap year, cap'n!"

Now, if Clem had been possessed of full discretion, he would not have breathed such a quip in his friend's presence. The stony look in Tobias's eyes made him realize his transgression.

"What was that?" demanded Tobias. "What was you sayin'?"

"I was sayin' happy new year, and hopin' nothin' would come to you for twelve months that wouldn't be shipshape and satisfact'ry for owners and sailormen," stutted Clem, hoping that his friend had not caught the drift of his first remarks.

Tobias pushed back his chair, rose to his feet, and faced Clem with an ominous glint in his eye.

"I calc'late I almost understood better the first time," he said calmly. "Now"—he proceeded to his task without emotion—"you unseaworthy, unswabbed, fog-brained, rotten-timbered son of a longshore freight-handler; you rusty b'ilered mud-scow with a lyin' compass; you gangle-

legged grampus with a conversation like a ungreased donkey-engine; if ever you dast to speak to me again, I'm goin' to let go all holts and divide you up among them that don't like you—and there's got to be a lot of pieces!"

All this was uttered without crescendo or fortissimo. It was recited without heat or hesitation, but with careful enunciation and evident intention. At the end, Tobias turned his back on the company, stalked out of the room, and in five minutes was driving his horse at an unusual pace toward the farm.

## II

TOBIAS woke up in his own room. He merely opened his eyes, but found that he had no desire to get up. Something was not as usual, and he tried to figure out just what it was.

There was the unmistakable odor of drugs. He shut his eyes, and tried to remember. His last waking memory was of a wildly careening cutter, a dizzying sense of sudden effort, ending in a fall through space. After that was nothing.

He considered the evidence before him, and came to the conclusion that his cutter had overturned, probably hurling him over the high river-bank, and that he was hurt and in bed.

Yes, he *was* hurt—that he could verify. There was a bandage tight around his head, his left leg was immovable, his right shoulder was held firmly by something that prevented the slightest change of position. Tobias had seen men hurt before—and mended—so he deduced correctly that his leg and arm were broken and in splints. Then he wondered who had found him and brought him home, and who was looking after him.

The door opened softly, and he turned his head to look. He winked, scowled, winked again, and tried to raise his head. There, coming toward him, was a woman—a woman in a dress of some sort of blue stuff, with a big white apron covering most of it—a nurse.

Tobias's eyes snapped angrily, but he could not move. He sank back with a moan of despair, and waited for strength to come; but when it came, it served only for one question.

"Where's Shep?"

Shep was the dog that chased women off the place.

"The dog?" said the nurse, bending so that she could put her mouth to the ear-trumpet. "He didn't seem to like me, so I shut him up in the barn."

Tobias grimaced in a futile effort to make plain his rage.

"Lie still, and don't try to talk," dictated the nurse. "You're all broken to pieces, and you won't mend if you aren't careful."

With that she looked to his bandages, forced a teaspoonful of medicine between his reluctant lips, and disappeared from the room, leaving him in a red haze of helpless anger.

For a long time he lay motionless, silent, sometimes dozing, sometimes struggling to remember, but most of the time recruiting his powers for conflict. A woman in his house, and he helpless to arise and cast her out with an avalanche of invective! It was the supreme insult.

Here he lay, scarce able to speak, not able to stir, and at every passing moment discovering new injuries and realizing more fully his deadly weakness. His side throbbed—broken ribs; his head burned and pounded. Sometimes he thought his brain wandered, as it did, for, though he was not aware of it, he had suffered, among other things, a slight concussion of the brain—and that had been ten days ago. So he husbanded his strength and prepared for battle.

At last came a time when he could restrain himself no longer.

"Ahoy there!" he cried weakly. "Aboard the dining-room!"

The nurse heard, and stepped quickly through the door. He eyed her in silence, but menacingly. As he glared, he perceived that she was small, firm of chin, and ruddy of cheek. As to age, he estimated she was safely past thirty. It was her smallness that struck him and held his attention. She was short, but of pleasing figure, in her stiffly starched dress, giving off an air of capability.

"How—how did you get here?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

She put his trumpet to his ear and replied:

"Your friends sent for me. I've been here over a week."

He shut his eyes a moment and breathed deeply.

"In this house?" he demanded.

She nodded.

"Do you want anything?" she shouted into the trumpet.

"Yes," he growled with sudden energy. "Yes, I want somethin'. I want you to up anchor and be off—that's what I want. I won't have no wimmin—"

His head fell back. His force was expended; he could not go on.

She smoothed his pillow deftly, and withdrew. She was too much accustomed to querulous patients to attach significance to his words.

### III

THAT afternoon, Tobias opened his eyes to see Clem Boston sitting beside his bed, wearing a self-satisfied and triumphant expression. The injured man scowled darkly. Clem smiled the more triumphantly, and spoke into the ear-trumpet.

"I done it!" he explained joyously. "Me! You cussed me out for a little joke, you did, but I returned good for evil. I heaped coals of fire onto your bald head till there ain't no more room." He wagged his head with mock gravity. "I picked you up where you was throwed, and carried you home, and sent to Detroit for a nurse. I did! And she's here!"

"You — you fetched that — that woman into my house?"

Tobias's eyes snapped, and his features worked with rage.

"I done so," boasted Clem; "and furthermore and additionally, I want to tell you you're a goner. Yes, sir, a goner! I knowed the minute I see that nurse that she was a marryin' woman—and she's got her eye on you. What did I say about leap-year, eh? What was them observations I made?"

He paused, waiting to see the effect of his words.

Tobias was stricken absolutely speechless. He could only glower; but if the expression of a human face could do physical injury, Clem would have been carried away on a shutter.

"She's got you where you can't move," continued Clem, "and she'll land you just like you was a little fish. She'll perpose, that's what she'll do, and there'll be a Missis Tobias Sampleby around the house. And I done it!"

Tobias turned away his head, and, as a sole defense, withdrew his ear from the trumpet. At least he would hear no more of Clem's gibes.

Clem sat a while, grinning maliciously, and then rose to go. He walked to the door, turned, gave Tobias a farewell smirk expressive of Machiavellian glee, and stamped from the house.

Tobias lay silently pondering the matter. He saw the dangers of his position, weighed his chances for escape, and prepared for a stubborn defense, dubious as to the outcome. What could he do, flat on his back, against the plottings and schemings and proposings of a woman bent on having him for her own? She would wear him down, weaken him, overcome his will, and he would surrender miserably. Tobias was distinctly afraid.

He watched apprehensively for the reappearance of his nurse, and when she entered the room he read her every action in the light of Clem's disquieting disclosure and appalling prophecy.

It was plain to the captain that he was this woman's destined quarry; that she was set on possessing him, and worked constantly to that end. If she smoothed his pillow, brought him appetizing morsels, spoke to him cheerfully, gave him medicine, it was all a part of her insidious campaign. He could read it plainly, and he was an ungracious patient.

Clem Boston dropped in frequently, for Clem was not a man to allow any turmoil to subside that he could keep well stirred. He sat by Tobias and predicted a leap-year proposal and wedding-bells until the sufferer wept tears of impotent wrath and apprehension.

Nor was Clem careless as regarded Miss Shaffer. In the parlor he descanted to her of Tobias Sampleby's goodness and kindness—and loneliness. He related significant incidents; he adduced convincing proof; he made the injured man out to be a very exceptional individual indeed—one deserving both pity and love.

He believed that he had interested his hearer. He left no stone unturned in the pursuit of his revenge.

In spite of Clem Boston's frequent calls and his own fears and suspicions, Tobias grew stronger and stronger. One day Miss Shaffer took up his ear-trumpet, while he watched her with the apprehension that came into his eyes every time she spoke to him, and told him that half a dozen little boys, who had called almost daily to ask after him, were outside, and wanted to see him a moment.

Tobias's face changed. It wore an eager look, its lines softened, and he turned his head eagerly.

"Fetch 'em in, fetch 'em in! So them leetle fellers remembers the old man! Who'd 'a' thought it? Fetch 'em in!"

As Miss Shaffer went to admit the youngsters, she winked repeatedly to get a mist out of her eyes.

She stood in the doorway, after she had let in the boys, and watched them as they surrounded their friend. She saw how softened was his face, how young were his eyes. She saw another man than the querulous, harsh, scowling curmudgeon she was accustomed to serve. In his stead she saw another, soft of heart, merry—one with eyes that looked into the heart of childhood—one with a heart into which the eyes of childhood could look.

She walked rapidly from the room, and stood for a long time looking out of the window across the bleak reaches of the river.

#### IV

AFTER that Miss Shaffer was still more patient and gentle with her charge—much to his consternation. She did her full duty by him, and more, and he began to grow accustomed to having her about. She was not obtrusive; she was capable, silent, and efficient.

Tobias was not more cordial, but he scowled at her less frequently, and tried to do her justice. Over him there always hung his fear of the power which leap-year gave her—and Clem Boston constantly fanned that fear.

Once, on the nurse's entrance, Tobias looked up and smiled. With that involuntary smile on his mind, the ensuing day was one of terror.

With the coming of spring he improved, by leaps and bounds. Every day saw him renewing his body and strengthening his grip on life. The bandages were now discarded from his head; his ribs had knit, but the leg and arm, together with the weakness resulting from fever and internal hurts, kept him in bed.

"Most ready to steam out of dry dock," declared Clem. "Is that towin'-contract settled yet? Be you goin' to have nurse for a consort? Has she up and perposed, and got a line fast to you?"

The captain, with his gaining strength, was not unable to reply fittingly and at

some length. He made Clem Boston fidget in his chair.

"Wa-all," said Clem, when Tobias's invective was exhausted, "if she ain't yet, she's a goin' to. Wait till she's near ready to leave. Then's when she'll pop the question, and don't you forgit it!"

Time for her to leave! Tobias had not thought of it for months. Of course, when he was well, she would go, and—so he told himself—what a relief it would be! Of course it would be a relief; the only fear was lest she should overcome him before that day arrived.

From that instant his gruffness and crustiness toward Miss Shaffer increased; but he watched her a great deal as she went in and out about her work. His eyes seldom left her when she was to be seen; and the eyes did not always scowl, especially if her back were turned.

Sometimes he tried to imagine how good it would feel to have his house to himself again, to have the obnoxious feminine element removed from his life; but, somehow, it was hard to shape the picture. And he was growing stronger and stronger. The day of Miss Shaffer's departure could not be long distant. He drummed on the bedclothes with his fingers and gnawed his nether lip. Life was unsatisfactory; it had a disagreeable flavor; there was a vacancy about the future that Tobias could not account for.

At length he was able to leave his bed and spend his days on the big carpet-covered sofa in the parlor. Next he was able to hobble about the house—it would be no time before he would be able to resume his old life, as well and strong as ever. The prospect seemed to afford him little pleasurable anticipation.

One Saturday afternoon Miss Shaffer sat down near his sofa and patiently read the newspaper to him through his ear-trumpet. Her face was not cheerful, and several times she paused briefly, to wink determinedly or clear a huskiness out of her voice. When the paper was finished, she sat still, looking, as was her custom of late, out of the window.

Tobias half turned his face away and closed his eyes. Something made him discontented; he was a victim of depression; there was that which was not right with him, but he could not diagnose it.

Miss Shaffer reached for the ear-trumpet, and Tobias jumped apprehensively. Per-



haps it was coming now! What should he do? If she should ask him to marry her, what could he say in reply? How could he escape?

"You won't need a nurse any more," she said, with an effort to keep her voice even. "You're pretty nearly well, and — and I suppose I've got to go. Will you—will you hitch up and—c-carry me to town to-morrow, captain?"

His hand clutched the blanket that covered his legs. He caught his breath. It had come, that proposal! It had come at last! Through his ear-trumpet he had understood her to say:

"Will you marry me in town to-morrow, captain?"

To-morrow! She had proposed to him—a leap-year proposal.

The captain put a hand to his face and seized his chin convulsively. What, what should he say?

For minutes he lay perfectly still. Then he realized that he was not afraid—that the proposal had not terrified him. On the contrary, he was happy; life seemed bright; he wanted to get up that very moment and breathe deep of the spring air.

She would not go away—she would never go away. This thought came unasked, al-

most unperceived in its significance. It repeated itself over and over, joyously, until he became fully aware of it—and then he knew. He reached out, took her hand, and looked up into her face.

"Yes," he said softly, "I'll marry you in town to-morrow."

For a moment she was thunderstruck. What did he mean? Was he asking her to marry him? No, clearly not; he was giving her an answer—answering a proposal which he thought she had made. She could see how it was, for she had already had experience of the misbehavior of the ear-trumpet, and guessed that it had made of the simple word "carry" the momentous dissyllable "marry."

She could not restrain a little laugh—a laugh of joy, of relief, of contentment. Then she looked down into his eyes.

After a time he spoke again.

"I—I wonder," he said gently, "if you'd kiss me. I ain't never had no woman do that."

She leaned over and pressed her lips to his; and though Tobias did not know it, he was by that symbol accepted as her husband. Never, never, was he to know that he had not been the victim of a leap-year proposal!

## THE SUBSTITUTES

[A reply to "Come Back to the Land!" printed in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August]

We have heard your call, our fathers—"Come back to the land again!"  
Through the murky cloak of the city's smoke comes the smell of new-thrashed grain.  
You gave us of your hard-won hoard to free us from the soil;  
The debt's full-paid, but the law's not made that frees a man from toil!

From sea to sea our rails we've strung; your grain rides overland,  
And the lightning flows from our dynamos to heed your least command;  
Vast, new-found acres wait for you ere yet you feel their need,  
Where the flood outpours from our reservoirs to quicken your sun-parched seed.

And still you plead for us, your sons, to hold your plowshares true  
That swerve 'neath the hand from a foreign land and a tongue that is strange and new.  
Slovak and Pole and Finn and Dane, Norwegian and Russian Jew—  
Drive them and feed them, tame them and breed them — they're men, and they'll  
work for you!

Fetch them out from our smoky cities that your bitter words deride—  
The alien band that swarms to land in never-ebbing tide;  
Fetch them out to your wide, brown acres, and shout aloud the banns,  
And the fecund earth with each new birth shall bring you—Americans!

*Jacob Fisher.*

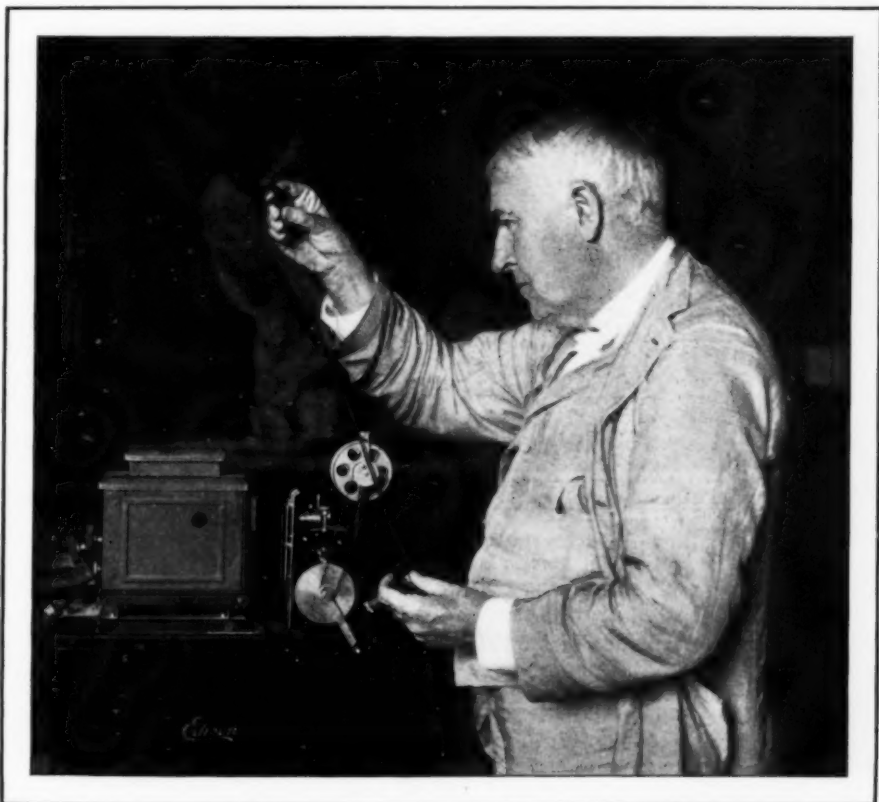
# THE MAGNATES OF THE MOTION PICTURES

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

**I**F you happen to be stranded between trains in some insignificant American hamlet, you know without inquiring that you may find diversion in a motion-picture show. Remote from the high tides of civilization, you will have unfolded before your gaze a variety of entertainment ranging from "Enoch Arden" to "Alkali

Ike"; from the blooming of an exquisite rose to the building of the Panama Canal.

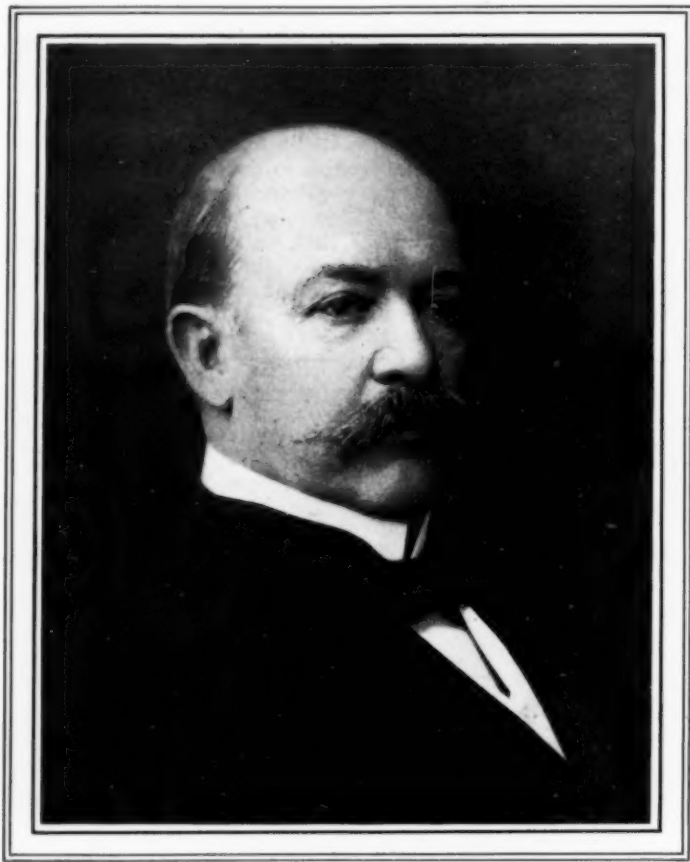
Every day more than five million people go to see photo-plays in the United States. Each week five hundred miles of new film are reeled off to supply the ever increasing demand. During the past twelve months nearly a quarter of a billion dollars was



THOMAS A. EDISON, WHOSE KINETOSCOPE WAS THE FIRST PRACTICAL MOTION-PICTURE MACHINE, AND WHO HAS TAKEN A LEADING PART IN THE SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUSINESS

expended in some way upon the vast industry. A host of people equal to the population of Kansas City are engaged in the production and operation of the "movies." Yet scarcely a decade ago the motion picture was regarded as a joke; it interested only the few, and was regarded with ridicule and even hostility.

history, and bring the march of world events and the kindling vision of world literature to the very doors of the people. It has created a whole new line of millionaires. It has given American enterprise a fresh distinction, and has added a picturesque array to the ever fascinating drama of the self-made.



B. F. KEITH, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE, AND THE FIRST TO  
INTRODUCE THE BIOGRAPH AS AN AMUSEMENT FEATURE  
IN A STANDARD AMERICAN THEATER

*From a photograph by Chickering, Boston*

With the possible exception of the automobile, no other product of human invention has advanced with such extraordinary strides or risen with such amazing swiftness from a toy to a necessity. It has provided a college for the masses; a real first aid to science; a distinct help to education.

But the motion picture has done even more than imprison the rainbow, vivify

The names of a few of these men—such as Selig and Lubin, for example—as flashed upon theater screens, are known to habitués of the picture play the country over. But some of the most powerful forces remain behind the films—silent, obscure, yet dominating factors in a business which is brimful of human interest and replete with spectacular fortune.



MARCUS LOEW, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A NEW YORK NEWSBOY, BECAME A PROPRIETOR OF PENNY ARCADES, AND NOW OWNS OR CONTROLS NEARLY A HUNDRED MOVING-PICTURE THEATERS

*From a photograph by Hall, New York*

Who are these magnates of the "movies"? What was their beginning, and how did they achieve so much in so brief a time?

#### THE BIRTH OF ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPHY

You cannot answer this question without first showing the development of animated photography. Its story, in the main, is their story.

Just as happened with other inventions that have intimately affected our every-day life, one famous pioneer stands at the head of the list. What Bell was to the telephone, and McCormick to the reaper, so is Thomas A. Edison to the motion picture. While others have had a significant share in its exploitation, it was Edison who made possible the first practical and commercial moving-picture machine. He laid the base on which the whole vast industry has been reared.

The forerunner who pointed the way was an Englishman named Muybridge, who, back in the seventies, conceived a plan for making motion pictures by means of a succession of snap-shots. On Senator Stanford's stock-farm, in California, he built a studio alongside the race-track, and equipped it with twenty-four cameras placed in a row. Facing the cameras he erected a white screen. Across the track were stretched twenty-four threads, each connected with a spring attached to the shutter of a camera.

The first subject was a running horse. As he dashed past each camera, he snapped a thread and photographed himself. The sum of these exposures made what may be called the first moving picture. It was a crude and cumbersome process, but it showed what could be done.

When Muybridge showed this and similar pictures in France, one of his earliest



P. A. POWERS, WHO ONCE WORKED IN A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, AND WHO IS NOW ONE OF THE STRONGEST AND ABLEST MEN IN THE INDEPENDENT MOVEMENT

*From a photograph by the Apeda Company, New York*

supporters was Meissonier, the great painter, who saw in them an aid to perfection of detail in his stirring military canvases.

Two problems now developed—to devise a unit camera, and to find a film suitable for practical and continuous pictures. It was at once recognized that the glass plate would not do. Scores of investigators sought the secret. It remained for Eastman, whose name is forever linked with the success of the snap-shot, to perfect a celluloid film with rigid support, flexible and not fragile, which became the standard negative, and which has put a belt of animated pictures all around the globe.

Meanwhile Edison had completed his first camera, and as soon as the celluloid film appeared on the market he produced the kinetoscope. From that time on—it was late in 1889—motion photography was raised from the domain of experiment into that of commercial practicability.

At the world's fair of 1893, in Chicago, the public got its first good look at the kinetoscope. It was made into a nickel-in-the-slot machine. You dropped a coin in

the crack, and it released a film that showed children playing, a man speaking, a horse drinking. It was called a "peep-hole" machine. Most people looked upon it merely as a scientific toy.

Mr. Edison, strange to say, did not even take the trouble to patent it in England. The result of this omission was that two British visitors to the fair took one of the machines home, had it duplicated by Robert W. Paul, and with it started the moving-picture craze in Great Britain.

As a matter of fact, it was on the other side of the Atlantic that the kinetoscope was developed to a point where pictures were thrown upon a screen. Paul called his arrangement the animatograph, while in France another pioneer, Lumière, came to the front with the cinematograph.

But while the foreigners were developing the original Edison idea, and revealing before European gaze the marvel of a crude motion play, the peep-hole machine was performing a significant educational work in the United States. It was creating a public taste for the moving picture.

The kinetoscope was a complete novelty, and novelties appeal to showmen. The man



CARL LAEMMLE, ONCE A POOR GERMAN IMMIGRANT, AND NOW THE HEAD OF THE INDEPENDENT WING OF MOTION-PICTURE PRODUCERS

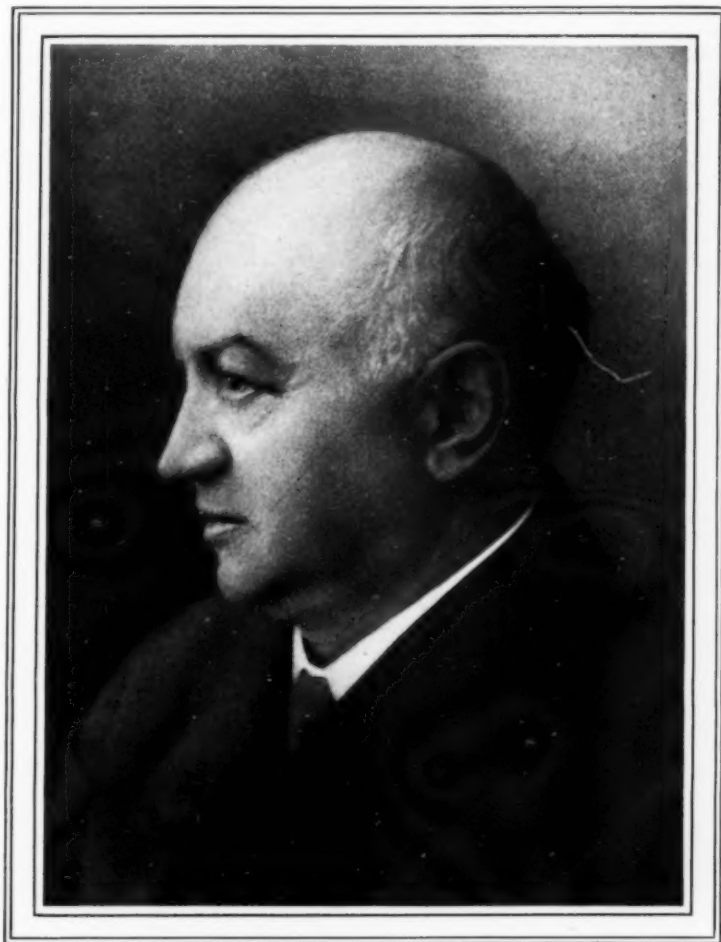
*From a photograph by Sykes, Chicago*



who had been running a shooting-gallery or a small summer park, while in search of some new sensation, suddenly happened on the Edison invention. Soon the peep-hole machine was in the hands of the amusement-purveyor. He rented a small hall, in-

thousand photo-play establishments of all kinds scattered all over the United States.

At this juncture of the business some of the present-day magnates stepped into the game. Men like Marcus Loew and Adolph Zukor left the fur business to start penny



SIEGMUND LUBIN, ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY, WHO GRADUATED FROM AN OPTICIAN'S BENCH TO BECOME A MAGNATE IN THE BUSINESS

*From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia*

stalled a dozen kinetoscopes, and added phonographs operated by coins dropped into a slot. In this way began the "penny arcade," the first of the self-operating "poor men's theaters." The pennies that dropped into the slots of those arcades were the beginnings of the many millions that now roll into the box-offices of the sixteen

arcades, and out of these unpretentious halls they made fortunes.

With Zukor and others, Loew had established a chain of penny houses, one of which was on Fountain Square, Cincinnati. One day his carpenter came to him and said that a man had started a moving-picture show across the river, at Covington. This

interested Loew, who was a born showman, so he went over to investigate.

He found the show rigged up in a private house. The proprietor had fitted out the front hall as a lobby, while the two parlors served as an auditorium. He sold tickets

As he worked the crank, this versatile gentleman gave an impromptu lecture. At the conclusion of the show he made this announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a colored porter here who can do either a monologue



ADOLPH ZUKOR, WHO NOT LONG AGO WAS A WORKING FURRIER, AND WHO IS NOW AT THE HEAD OF THE MOVEMENT TO REPRODUCE FAMOUS PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN MOTION PICTURES

*From a photograph by White, New York*

himself. As soon as he had assembled a small crowd, he closed the rude box-office—which was a dry-goods case—and took in the pasteboards at the entrance to the improvised hall. When the audience was seated—on camp stools—he locked the door and operated the machine.

or a contortion act. Which would you prefer to have?"

Such was one of the first independent moving-picture shows in the United States. It is interesting to contrast its rough-hewn and haphazard environment with the gilded splendor of the million-dollar theaters

which now house the dramas of the films in New York and other cities.

That homely Covington show made a deep impression on Loew. He hurried back to Cincinnati, put his peep-hole machines and phonographs up-stairs, and turned his lower floor into a motion-picture hall. This was one of the first of the thousands of "store-shows," as the original motion-picture theaters were called. They were installed in some vacant store.

It was just about this time that B. F. Keith, the father of American vaudeville, had seen one of the Paul machines at the London Olympia. It appealed to his keen sense for what the public wanted, and he secured the American rights. On his return to the United States he introduced the motion picture in his vaudeville houses, notably in Boston. The films were put on at the end of the program as "chasers"—that is, to accompany the audience as it departed.

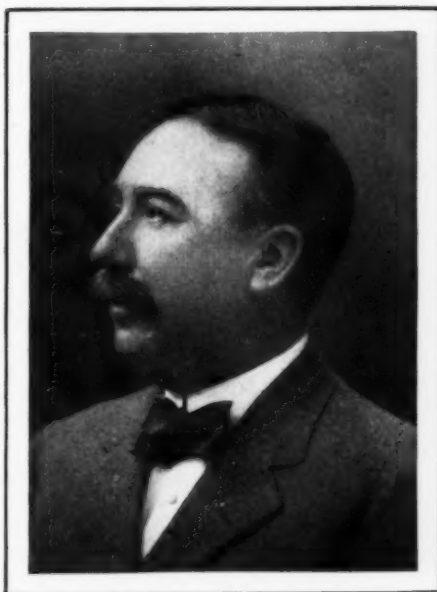
Those earlier methods are distinctly reversed now, for vaudeville has been introduced in hundreds of film houses as an incident to the pictures. Thus the one-time tail now wags the dog.

Coincident with Keith's enterprise was the introduction of motion pictures at the famous old Eden Musée in New York. Trying as it was to the spectator's eye owing to imperfections in mechanism, the moving picture was slowly but surely taking hold.

Now came a curious situation. The people, educated to the new amusement, became dissatisfied with what was being served on the screens. They wearied of watching the waves beat on the rocky shore; of seeing nice old ladies scrub naughty boys; of catching all too brief glimpses of fast-flying trains. They yielded to the human instinct of wanting a "story." They yearned for some dissection of the heart in romance, pathos, and emotion.

At this time Edison, Lubin, and a few others were producing films in impromptu studios made of canvas, or erected on the roofs of buildings. The range of subjects was limited, and conservative people began to see what they termed a dangerous tendency in the output. Boys who ran away from home said they had been influenced by the wild West scenes which they had seen graphically depicted.

The best films were coming from Europe. In France, especially, the Pathé brothers had developed the art to a high degree. They began to draw on the Parisian stage



EDWIN S. PORTER, ONE OF THE MECHANICAL WIZARDS OF THE MOTION-PICTURE BUSINESS

*From a photograph by Scherer, New York*

for actors and actresses, and before long some of the masterpieces of dramatic literature had their interpretation in the "movies."

At this critical period in the industry there came the idea of producing the *Passion Play*. It had a twofold purpose—first, to put the business on a higher plane; second, to overcome the feeling in many quarters that the picture shows were cheap, vulgar, and demoralizing affairs. The great spectacle was successfully reproduced on films made on the roof of the Grand Central Palace, in New York. It cost nearly twenty thousand dollars, and represented what was up to that time the most pretentious motion-picture enterprise yet undertaken. It justified the expense, for, despite a few discordant opinions, the pictures were received with wide-spread approval, and set a new mark in the production of films in America.

The record of the photo-play from this time was one of vast and rapid expansion. The people clamored for the films. Men flocked to the business of supplying the demand. Showmen left their tents, clerks their stores, manufacturers their shops. A curious and motley array of humanity became identified with the industry. The

amusement-purveyor predominated, however, because the evolution of film-production was usually by way of the store show.

Now came the inevitable patent litigation. Edison claimed the basic patents on the camera; and when he saw the business

Out of this turmoil grew the so-called Motion Picture Trust, and thus the industry followed one of the essential traditions of modern big business. Later, an independent movement sprang from the huge merger of licensed interests. Once more history



GEORGE K. SPOOR, A RAILROAD AND THEATRICAL MAN WHO HAS BECOME AN IMPORTANT PRODUCER, ESPECIALLY OF WESTERN PHOTO-PLAYS, AND WHO WAS THE FIRST TO INVADE EUROPE WITH AMERICAN FILMS

*From a photograph by Maffett, Chicago*

growing to such tremendous proportions, it was natural that he should seek to conserve what he believed to be his own. Much of the money that might have been expended for production went into the hungry maw of legal conflict. The business became a seething battle-ground.

was repeating itself, this time the legitimate theater being the precedent.

Despite the clash in court and studio, the industry developed by leaps and bounds. It was like a vast mining-camp in which hundreds had made rich strikes and were toiling day and night to capitalize

every living moment. Expansion came so fast that it was practically impossible to get statistics. The figures of one day became obsolete the next day.

Nor has this kaleidoscopic condition changed. The business presents, to-day, a far-flung spectacle of incessant change. Bulwarked by millions, it provides an amusement that seems essential to the public pleasure. It has supplanted the cheap melodrama, and challenges the saloon for the workman's nickel.

From a hundred lavish studios—indoor and out—issues a continuous stream of animated story and moving event. The original fifty-foot film, portraying some simple and unostentatious episode, has grown into the mile-long record of the histrionic genius of Berahardt in a complete play.

Each week brings forth some fresh revelation, some startling development. You find a manager like Daniel Frohman lending his experience and authority to the elevation of the camera. You discover a whole new constellation of theatrical stars as popular with the devotees of the "movies" as were ever footlight favorites with their audiences. Famous metropolitan playhouses, once the sanctuary of legitimate drama, are yielding their boards to the silent actors of the photo-play.

One wing of this activity is knit by the organizing genius of such a lawyer as Francis Lynde Stetson, while another is dominated by men risen from a blacksmith's shop or a salesman's counter. Nowhere in the world can you encounter an enterprise more picturesque in its evolution, more varied in its human aspect.

Let us see who some of these figures are.

#### A MOTION-PICTURE KING

Less than ten years ago it would have been easily possible to compress into a single magazine article the entire "Who's Who" of motion pictures. Now it would require a book. Within the present limitations of space only a few types can be presented to show how this amazing autocracy of the amusement world has been built up.

It is unnecessary to write anything here about Mr. Edison. His is an oft-repeated tale of wizardry. To the business he brings the glamour of highest scientific attainment and an atmosphere of mental aristocracy which is in sharp contrast with some of his rough-hewn colleagues—men of obscure

origin, who give the enterprise its flavor of real adventure.

Take the case of Siegmund Lubin, called by many "the motion-picture king." Millions of people all over the world have seen his name as the preface to some stirring photo-play; but few know of the personality behind it. Here is a man who is at once optician, electrician, photographer, engineer, inventor, and dramatic director.

It was late in the sixties that Mr. Lubin—a tall, lank, raw German lad—landed in New York from the steerage of an ocean liner. He had come from his home in Berlin, where he had learned the optical business under his father. He worked for a year at the bench in New York; then he got a job in Philadelphia. In three years he had saved enough to start a modest establishment of his own. Though his picture interests now represent millions, he still retains that original store, for purely sentimental reasons.

He handled lenses every day, and became interested in photography. Accidentally he heard of the results of Muybridge's experiments, and the motion-picture idea possessed him. He began to develop a camera, and as early as 1896 built a picture-taking machine. His first series of negatives showed a horse eating hay. This was followed by a vivid reproduction of a flying train. He was among the early developers of the projector—the machine used to throw the pictures on the screen.

All this took time, and ate up the surplus from his little shop. Moreover, the Edison people, in defending their patents, waged a costly war on him, and for a time he had to transfer his picture operations to Europe. He kept his Philadelphia store, however, and on his return from Europe he started a small plant in the outskirts of the Quaker City.

One day he saw a crude reproduction of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The fugitive slave girl was shown walking on sheets of white paper. The lecturer had to explain that the paper was supposed to represent ice.

"If we are going to have motion pictures, let's have the real thing!" said Lubin; and realism became his special study.

Just about this time Carrie Nation had inaugurated her sensational saloon-smashing crusade. Lubin thought it would be a good plan to show her performance on the films. An amusing episode resulted.

It was impossible to get Mrs. Nation, so



he engaged an actress to impersonate her. He arranged with a German saloon-keeper in Camden, New Jersey, to use his establishment as the background for the drama. The man was to put an old mirror in front of his bar glass, and to lay out cracked and discarded glassware to be sacrificed under the crusading hatchet.

The picture was started according to schedule, with the actress making a demonstration in front of the saloon. It was all so realistic that the people of the neighborhood were completely deceived. Wives of working men, who thought their husbands were spending too much money over the bar, rushed to join in the pretended raid. In vain the saloon-keeper pleaded. The game went beyond the bounds of the make-believe, and became a sure-enough smash. The place was almost wiped out. Lubin got a good film, but it cost him several hundred dollars in damages.

#### FILMS THAT AID SANITATION

Lubin made a specialty of subjects connected with hygiene and sanitation. He felt that the motion picture, to be permanent, must have an appeal other than the purely dramatic. It must be helpful and scientific. He was one of the pioneers in showing the evolution of plant and insect life and agricultural activity. His pictures of microbes in milk are typical of the kind of work he has exploited.

His scientific interest led him to the establishment of a significant precedent. He threw his studios open every Sunday for the photographing of patients of Philadelphia doctors. There was no audience save operators and doctors. In this way extraordinary pictures of cripples have been taken, which have permitted close study of certain incurable diseases.

When you go to Lubin's five-hundred-acre place outside of Philadelphia, you get some idea of the equipment needed for a great motion-picture establishment. The Schuylkill River, wandering through the meadows, gives the background for thrilling water scenes. You will find a complete model farm, which is simply a "prop," for amid its sylvan background the heroines of pastoral dramas meet their human destinies. You will see a hundred broncos brought from Texas for the stories of strenuous life; thousands of chickens; a flock of carrier-pigeons; a bit of medieval England done in stone, hedge, and garden; almost any sort

of scene, from palace to pergola. Even an aeroplane is part of the equipment of the place.

Over all this presides a patriarchal man of sixty-two who looks more like a kindly German burgomaster than the dominating head of one of the most dynamic and enterprising of commercial institutions. With a yachting-cap on his head and a half-smoked cigar in his teeth, he gets all over the ground. In the wide range of his interest and the completeness of his detail, Siegmund Lubin reflects the best human element of the motion-picture business.

#### THE ACHIEVEMENT OF SELIG

Not long ago, newspaper readers of the middle West were informed that William N. Selig had sent a special train from Chicago to Florida, to make a series of films. The expedition included a company of actors, three cars of wild animals, a force of stage carpenters, camera men, and directors.

Such an undertaking represented the investment of a small fortune, yet it was a mere incident in Selig's plans for developing the art of the film. He desired to illustrate vividly and accurately a story called "Lost in the Jungle." He wanted to show a tawny-maned lion prowling in the path of a lone heroine astray in the heart of the bush; of fierce leopards springing over wounded lovers; of elephants coming to the rescue of maidens left for dead amid the morasses. This necessitated trained beasts as well as trained people, and a background of tropical vegetation.

Although he is in the amusement business, Selig is an aloof and modest figure. No one has ever seen a portrait of him, though under his direction hundreds of pictures are made every day.

He was born in Chicago forty-five years ago. Early he showed a strong mechanical bent, and before he was out of his teens he had left the parental roof to range in the West. For a time he was an actor in a small road company; then he turned to making lantern-slides, and in this way he became involved in photography.

Along in the middle of the nineties you find him occupying a small room on a side street in Chicago. It was home, factory, and laboratory, for the motion-picture germ had settled in him to stay. He made a living out of the slides, and devoted all his spare time to the perfection of a camera.

Out of that humble beginning grew a business which can only be summed up in millions. He has great establishments in Chicago and in California, including a ranch and a wild-animal farm. He has leased several of the old Spanish missions. In half a dozen Pacific harbors, his ships tug at their anchors. Yet all these holdings are merely part and parcel of his equipment. You begin to see the vast scale upon which this business, which began with the penny arcade, has grown.

#### THE DEPICTERS OF THE WEST

No matter where you live, the chances are that you have seen the name "Essanay" thrown upon a moving-picture screen. It is altogether likely that you do not know just what this means. As a matter of fact, it is a phonetic combination of the first letters of the names of Spoor and Anderson, two of the best-known of the picture kings. They are two picturesque children of chance raised to fortune and eminence by the swift and shifting play of this remarkable business.

George K. Spoor was born at Highland Park, Illinois. As a boy, he became interested in photography. There was no chance to learn the business, however, so he got a job in a theater. At twenty-two he had saved enough to lease the opera house at Waukegan, Illinois.

Here he met E. H. Amet, who had invented the magniscope. When he saw this instrument, which reproduced life in action, in practical operation, Spoor felt that here was something well worth exploiting. He disposed of his theater interest, and joined Amet.

But before a year passed Amet became discouraged; he felt that the temporary setback in the infant business was permanent. Spoor decided to go it alone, and began to furnish summer parks and other places of amusement with crude motion-picture shows. Out of this developed the Kinde-drome, where thousands of people first saw the wonders of the photo-drama.

During those early magniscope days a young Arkansan, Gilbert M. Anderson by name, had been taking courses in Western dramatic schools, principally in St. Louis, and preparing himself for a career on the stage. He finally landed in New York, where he appeared in various productions. During one of those seasons of rest that are so frequent in the dramatic profession, he

consented to pose for one of the first long moving-picture stories planned by the Edison Company. It was a thousand-foot film called "The Great Train Robbery," and was the idea of Edwin S. Porter, of whom you shall hear more later on. The pictures were taken along the Lackawanna Railroad, near Paterson, New Jersey.

Naturally quick-witted, the idea of a long-story film appealed to Anderson. He suggested one to J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, who pooh-poohed the proposition.

"Why, no one will buy a thousand-foot film," he said.

But Anderson was insistent, and Blackton yielded. The result was a film called "Raffles, the Amateur Burglar," in which Anderson took the leading part. It was a big success, and it put the young actor in the motion-picture business for keeps. He went to Chicago to seek capital, and accidentally fell in with George Spoor. One man was the complement to the other, and they made an alliance which has proved to be one of the most successful in the business.

Anderson early saw that the great West was a fertile background for the motion picture. It had the breadth of open space and the opportunity for dramatic action. For a time he used the country around Chicago. Then he said:

"Why not take pictures in the very heart of the real country?"

He took a company to the Rockies, and has remained in the West ever since.

Anderson's face is familiar to millions of picture-goers. You might call him the John Drew of the photo-film, for he has a tremendous following, and his appearance is greeted with applause, just as if he himself, and not his animated reproduction, appeared on the stage. Such is the extent of the illusion of the film.

#### SPONSOR FOR A BIG ADVANCE

The men I have mentioned thus far are all producers; but some motion-picture magnates, in their lives, play many parts. Adolph Zukor, whom we now reach in the chronology of the business, is both exhibitor and producer.

In him self-made history repeats itself. He was born in Hungary, and set out for New York, when he was fifteen, to make his fortune. When he landed from the steerage at Castle Garden, he had less than

twenty-five dollars in his pocket. A boyhood chum, who had embarked in the fur business down-town, gave him a job, and he learned the trade at the bench. Before he was twenty he had saved enough money to start a small business of his own. He was keen, shrewd, far-sighted, and his fortune grew.

His first connection with motion pictures was purely accidental. His cousin owned one of the original penny arcades on Fourteenth Street, in New York. Zukor had saved some money which sought investment, so he put it into the peep-hole machines. It was a lucky venture, for within a year he was able to sell out at a large profit.

His next experiment was to join William A. Brady in an enterprise called "Hale's Touring Cars." The spectators sat in an imitation of a Pullman, which was supposed to move at high speed, and the scenes passed before them as they traveled. The idea was not a success, and Zukor was almost wiped out; but he clung to his faith in motion pictures.

Ripping out the imitation car furnishings, he put in regular theater seats, and set up one of the first "store shows." This was immediately successful, and it developed into a chain of similar enterprises. Zukor early saw that educational pictures appealed to his spectators, and he encouraged the better sort of films from the start.

While Zukor was in the fur trade, he had an enterprising competitor named Marcus Loew. They used to lunch together and talk over business. Loew, too, happened to have put some money into penny arcades. Finally he and Zukor leased the old Grand Street Theater, down on the East Side, and converted it into a motion-picture house. It was the first time that a legitimate playhouse in New York had been thus converted, and it created much talk. That the step was a timely one is attested by the fact that before six months had passed the partners sold their lease at a profit of more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Zukor and Loew then became identified with kindred enterprises, mainly in photoplays, and their connection continues up to the present time, when their joint interests aggregate many millions.

As the film industry developed, Zukor began to wonder just what could be done to

give it a more artistic integrity, and to place the motion picture in closer competition with the regular theater. He conceived the idea of presenting well-known stars in famous plays upon the films. He approached several theatrical managers, but they laughed at the idea, which they regarded as impossible. When he suggested engaging Sarah Bernhardt, they said:

"Why, not one in a thousand people who go to the average picture houses has ever heard of Bernhardt!"

Zukor nursed his idea for nearly two years; then something happened to cause him to go it alone. His Paris representative cabled him one day that Bernhardt had announced her willingness to give a complete play, "Elizabeth," for the films. The astute Hungarian at once wired his man five thousand dollars, with instructions to make a contract and seal it with a deposit.

Having thus launched his enterprise, Zukor realized that he needed the sponsorship of a prominent theatrical manager of authority and character. He persuaded Daniel Frohman to become his managing director. Under the skilled leadership of that master of the theater, a new era in motion photography has been inaugurated, giving the photo-play to a clientele which it had not before enjoyed. Such attractions as *Sothorn* and *Marlowe* in Shakespearian plays, *James O'Neill* in "Monte Cristo," *James K. Hackett* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," *Viola Allen* in "The Christian," and *Mrs. Leslie Carter* will shortly flash on the films.

Allied with Zukor in his present enterprise is *Edwin S. Porter*, a man who has exerted tremendous influence throughout the whole field of motion-picture photography, and who is regarded by many producers as one of the master minds of the art.

He has been a sort of artistic soldier of fortune. He was born in *Fayette County, Pennsylvania*, in the district that produced *Frick*, *Senator Clark*, and *Secretary Knox*. He started out in life as telegraph-operator; then he worked in a tailor's shop. His next step was electrical engineering, and finally he landed in the navy. His term of enlistment expired just about the time when the first crude pictures were being shown on films. The operators needed electricians, and in this way Porter got into the business. He had a keen, adaptable mind, and before long he was producing instead of projecting plays upon the screens.

In putting on "The Great Train Robbery," probably the first long-story film made in America, he set the mark for a whole new epoch of pictures. He had a hand in the production of "Parsifal," and he was responsible for part of the Passion Play.

The Edison people, recognizing Porter's genius, made him their principal producer. In conjunction with W. E. Gilmore, he made history for the whole science of motion photography. Porter introduced trick photography into the business, and is responsible for the "switchback"—the device by which inserts can be put into sustained film stories. He also patented an improved projector, and made a small fortune out of it.

#### A MASTER ORGANIZING MIND

Now turn for a moment from this picturesque panorama of the self-made to an entirely different type of motion-picture history. In J. J. Kennedy you find the master organizing genius of the business—a forceful and compelling personality, whose firm hand has been felt along the whole line of the industry.

Like many of his colleagues, his entry into the enterprise was quite by chance. This sturdy, upstanding figure of a man, with keen gray eyes and grizzled mustache, was trained in two professions—engineering and the law. To vision he brings balance, certainty, and result. He helped to gridiron the West with the conquering steel of the Harriman lines. In those days, if you had told him that he would be one of the dictators of animated photography, he would have laughed at you. But you never can tell what opportunity circumstance is going to put in the path of a strong man; and so it was with Kennedy.

Up at Canastota, New York, was the plant of the American Biograph and Mutoscope Company, an important link in the growing chain of motion-picture factories. Things were not going exactly right, and the backers of the concern—it had been financed in Wall Street—realized that a new and galvanizing hand was needed at the helm. Kennedy did not know much about cameras or picture plays; but he was an engineer, and, best of all, he knew how to handle men. He was put in charge, and before long had successfully reorganized the plant.

The business fascinated him; he saw vast commercial possibilities in it. It was just

about this time that the Edison people were fighting their great patent war. The Biograph Company was outside the patent fold. A born fighter, Kennedy tried to form a combination to combat the Edison forces. Then, and it was very characteristic of him, he made a move for consolidation with them; and the first great merger of the motion-patent industry was achieved under his direction, for he united the Edison and the Biograph under the name of the Motion Picture Patents Company.

But the era of mergers had only begun. Kennedy saw hundreds of isolated film exchanges, establishments that bought and rented the films to the exhibitors. He organized the General Film Company, which the independents call the real octopus, and which established a monopoly on the sale and distribution of all licensed films. Through its operations whole chains of exchanges were put out of business. So drastic was its effect that suit has been instituted by the government for its dissolution under the Sherman Antitrust Law. Once more a part of this marvelous industry takes on a tradition of up-to-date big business, and becomes full brother to the United States Steel Corporation, the American Tobacco Company, and the Standard Oil Company.

Kennedy is still the dominant power in the Biograph interests. He is high in the councils of the trust, and, although he never seeks the spot-light, he remains one of the guiding influences in an activity to which he has given the full impress of his unusual talents.

#### THE INSURGENT MOVEMENT

The consolidation of licensed interests could only have one inevitable result—an independent movement. Insurgents sprang up on all sides. Old exchange managers became producers, and producers, in turn, established chains of exchanges. Organization was now fighting organization; and such is the condition which prevails today, and which is making of the whole business a conflict as animated as any picture story ever thrown on the screens.

Among the original exchange proprietors who chafed under being forced out by the General Film Company was an energetic and muscular young Irishman named Patrick A. Powers. As a youngster he had come over from the old country, had been apprenticed to a machinist in Buffalo, and



by the time he was eighteen he was working in a blacksmith shop. He was thrifty and enterprising. The bicycle was in the heyday of its popularity, so he set up a small shop for selling and repairing machines.

When the bicycle craze waned, he took up the next novelty, which was the phonograph. He had one of the first agencies in Buffalo, and his business grew so fast that he started branches in Rochester and Syracuse. It brought him into contact with the Edison people, and in this way he became interested in moving pictures. He dropped the phonograph for the film, and started an exchange in Buffalo. Things expanded until the heavy hand of the trust was laid upon him, and he could get no more material to sell.

Powers, you will remember, was Irish, and he was not willing to submit without a struggle.

"I'll make pictures myself!" he said. He built a studio at Wakefield, just outside of New York. It prospered from the start, and was one of the first bulwarks of the independent movement.

Here is an incident that shows the mettle and resource of Powers. One June afternoon he was superintending the making of a film in his factory. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire!" Actors and actresses ran panic-stricken from the building, which was soon a mass of flames. Powers alone kept his head. Calling to his camera man, he said:

"Rush outside and get a good picture of this fire. Don't miss a trick!"

Just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, so did Powers click the camera while his property was consumed; but he got a good film, and the proceeds helped him to make a fresh start. Literally from the ashes of his old enterprise rose a new and bigger venture.

Powers is big of bone and brawn, and a dynamo of energy. There are many who believe that in him the independent movement has found its Kennedy. He organized the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company, which has been merged, under his direction, into the Universal Film Company, the "esteemed contemporary" of the General Film Company.

#### THE CLERK WHO BECAME A MAGNATE

In an office adjacent to Powers's, at a simple roll-top desk, you will see an unassuming little man who has the attitude

of a subordinate rather than a chief. Yet he is president of the Universal Film Company and one of the leaders of the insurgent camp.

Carl Laemmle's rapid rise to fortune is one of the many romances of the moving-picture business. Like Lubin, he landed in New York a poor German immigrant seeking work. He got a position in a store, but was forced out. His funds were gone, and he was desperate. He remembered a brother who had run away to America ten years before, and who seemed to have been swallowed up in the big republic. In trying to locate him there developed an almost uncanny coincidence.

The only clue to the missing brother was afforded by the fact that he had occasionally sent home copies of the Chicago *Staats Zeitung*. The stranded boy in New York wrote to the editor of that paper, telling his story, and asking if by any chance it was possible to help him.

The publisher of the *Staats Zeitung* was Washington Hessing, and the boy's letter came to his desk. He read it and handed it to his secretary, whose name was Laemmle, and asked:

"Is that handwriting familiar to you?"

"No," replied the young man.

"Then read it, and tell me if the writer is any kin to you."

After the secretary read it, he said:

"It is from my brother!"

He brought his distressed kinsman to Chicago, where Carl worked as wrapper, messenger-boy, and clerk in various stores. Then he became manager of a shop in Oshkosh. He was a good salesman, and in time acquired a small interest in the business. He seemed destined for a life of serene trade when suddenly the moving picture flashed across his orbit.

One night he went to a picture show in Chicago. He had never seen a photo-play before, but when he came out that evening he decided that here was the business for him. Against the advice of family and friends, he put all his modest capital, about three thousand dollars, into a small store show on Milwaukee Avenue in Chicago. The first week he cleared a hundred and fifty dollars. He started a second show in two weeks, and it also proved successful.

Laemmle then turned his attention to film exchanges. When the trust put a stop to his supply, like Powers, he turned to the



production of pictures; and within ten years he has rolled up a considerable fortune.

But all these producers—and they are only part of the motion-camera brigade—would be absolutely helpless without the exhibitor, the man who finds the consumer for their commodity. This opens up a new human vista, as picturesque in personnel and detail as any you could find. Let me introduce the prince of them with a characteristic episode.

#### THE PRINCE OF EXHIBITORS

One hot afternoon last summer, a big touring-car made its way through the swarming streets of the New York East Side. In the back seat of the motor sat a rather short, stout man, with scant hair, a heavy black mustache, keen, piercing black eyes, and a manner that oozed prosperity. At the corner of Fifth Street and Avenue B he called to his chauffeur to stop. Turning to the friend beside him, he said:

"By George, that's the house where I was born. I think I'll build a picture theater there!"

In twenty-four hours he had closed a deal for the property, and in less than a week the wreckers were at work. The short, stout man was Marcus Loew, and that is the way he does business.

Of all the romances of the film, his career is perhaps the most remarkable. As a boy, he was an East Side gamin. At six he was selling newspapers on a corner; at eight he peddled lemons; at twelve he had started a small periodical called the *East Side Advertiser*. He took the news out of other papers, and solicited the advertisements himself. Indeed, he and another lad did all the work save the actual setting of the type. What little education he had was obtained at odd times during this strenuous boyhood.

Owing to a difference with his partner he gave up his journalistic venture to take a job as errand-boy in a Grand Street store. When he was thirteen, he went to work in a fur shop. There was no power in the plant, and he had to turn the crank of a lathe all day; but he learned the fur business—which, as has already been said, graduated at least one other picture magnate—and by the time he was seventeen he was a foreman.

A year later, with a capital of sixty-five dollars, he started a shop of his own; but he had a bookkeeper who robbed him out-

side the shop and a foreman who robbed him inside, and before he had attained his majority he was bankrupt. Later, however, he began over again and succeeded in establishing himself.

Chance, which had led most of the moving-picture barons into the business, now beckoned to him. A friend named Morris Kohn, now numbered among the leading exhibitors of photo-films, was starting one of the pioneer penny arcades on Fourteenth Street, and Loew invested in it some of his first hard-earned savings. David Warfield, the actor, was a partner in the same enterprise. It caught the rising wave of motion-picture popularity, and paid well from the start.

Before long, Loew had forty store shows in operation, scattered from New York to Cincinnati. As has already been recorded, he was allied with Zukor in opening the first large picture theater in New York. To-day he is at the head of a long list of enterprises. His parent company is capitalized at five million dollars, and his personal fortune is estimated in seven figures. His name blazes in electric lights from a score of theaters, and he wholly or partly controls fourscore more. He has erected picture palaces that rival the finest regular establishments in costliness and splendor. He is the king of exhibitors.

I could continue this gallery of picture fame and fortune almost indefinitely. I could tell how William F. Rock, the one-time circus man; J. Stuart Blackton, vaudeville crayon artist, and Albert A. Smith, magician, combined to form a triumvirate that now represents millions. I could show how William Fox rose from cloth-sponger in a suit factory to be a near rival of Loew. I could explain Edward B. Thanhouser's graduation from manager of a stock-company in Milwaukee into a photo-drama magnate whose business has become the nucleus of a whole new wing of the industry. I could recite the marvelous evolution of H. N. Marvin, drill-maker, and George Kleine, optician, to places of power in the motion-picture world. Nearly every man of importance in this most amazing of business evolutions is a living chapter of achievement.

Now you begin to realize that behind the dumb actor of the photo-film is a vast and highly organized industrial and scientific enterprise, marching militantly toward a billion-dollar magnitude.

# THE LAST JESTER

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN

AUTHOR OF "A SHORT-CIRCUITED STORY," ETC.

AT the top of the "miscellaneous" column in the Paris edition of an American newspaper there stood the following advertisement:

FOR SALE—A fool; fifty thousand francs. Apply by letter to J. G. F., this office.

George Blair, of New York, who was at coffee in the restaurant of the Hôtel des Gobes, stared at it with a smile. It was, to him, the only interesting thing in the whole paper, for it savored of amusement, and he had rushed abroad, a week before, in order to be amused. So far he had found it a serious, nerve-racking pursuit.

"Who has been bulling the fool market?" he asked himself. "I have a few fools on my list that I'd give ten thousand dollars to get rid of. I shall not 'apply by letter to J. G. F., this office.'"

Nor did he, but he drove at once to the newspaper office, told the clerk at the advertisement counter that he was a personal friend of Mr. Bent, the proprietor, and arranged that J. G. F., immediately on arrival, should call up Mr. Blair at the hotel.

At two o'clock Mr. Blair and J. G. F. were at luncheon together.

Jean Gerault Fontaine may have been French by virtue of ancestry, but he was a cosmopolite in reality, and a buyer and seller of anything that would bring him profit.

"Of course," he explained to Blair, "the fool isn't really for sale. That would be slave traffic, and wicked. But I have a fifty-year contract with Arthur, having paid his former master for it."

"Were you ever a baseball magnate?" inquired Blair.

Fontaine ignored the flippancy.

"Arthur can't read or write, and is quite deaf," he continued. "It is sufficient for him that he have three meals a day, a warm room, and good treatment."

"What is he, exactly?" asked Blair, who was still a bit in the dark.

"A fool," said Mr. Fontaine; "a court jester, a buffoon—the last one of the type in the civilized world. He is a lineal descendant of Muckle John, the last royal fool of England."

"Really!" said Mr. Blair, with a rise of the eyebrows. "The last?"

"I mean," Mr. Fontaine hastened to say, "that Muckle John was the last official fool to amuse royalty. He was in the court of Charles I."

"Made Charles laugh his head off, didn't he?" suggested Blair.

But Mr. Fontaine, busily describing his merchandise, paid no heed.

"After the execution of that unhappy monarch," he went on, betraying by his glib singsong that he must, some time in his career, have been a Cook's guide, "Muckle John went to the south of France. In each of his descendants' families there has been one buffoon, trained for court life as Muckle John himself was trained. Arthur is the last of the race. I won't say that he is as clever as Bahahul, and he may not be as bold as the jesters of Montezuma, who kept them because they told him the real truth about himself."

Blair grinned.

"Arthur better hadn't," he said. "I'm a sensitive young man."

The luncheon ended with the transfer to Mr. Fontaine of fifty thousand francs, for which he agreed to have Arthur waiting at the pier a week later, when Blair would start for home. Arthur was guaranteed to be sound in body, and practically so in mind; to be charged with humor somewhat after the manner of a siphon bottle, which does not fizz until you press the trigger; and it was in the contract that he should be so soberly clothed that Blair might take him across the sea in the guise of a valet.

Blair was proud of his purchase. He had had everything else that a bachelor is supposed to desire — health, wealth, and friends galore. Now he would have something in the way of a royal luxury; something that his friends could not duplicate. They could imitate, it was true, merely by putting bells on some of the young men he knew; but his fool would be the only real, blown-in-the-bottle article.

"I can't hope," he reflected, "that Arthur will be as ingenuously idiotic as Bony Van Gruyn, but he will be on the job more regularly, and he won't owe me bridge money. I must try, though, to dress him up more conspicuously than Freddie Kanolyn, and that is going to be some job!"

So "Mr. Blair and valet" sailed away. Mr. Fontaine was at the pier.

"One last word of warning," he said to Blair. "Arthur is in excellent physical trim, but he is, as many jesters have been, sensitive in certain ways. Keep sad things from him. Don't let him know, if you can help it, that there is such a thing as gloom. He can't read, so he is safe from morbid books, and he's pretty deaf, so he isn't likely to overhear depressing conversation. His masters have always kept him in an atmosphere of brightness and good humor. He has been to the theater, but only to performances that were light and airy. He has been guarded against pictures that shock, repel, or make despondent, for it was feared that the sight might not only destroy his faculty for making fun, but, to be perfectly frank, might kill him."

Blair, duly impressed, then and there sent a cablegram to his decorators in New York, ordering the fitting up of an apartment in his house that should suit the temperament of Arthur.

They landed in New York on Easter Saturday, after a voyage in which Arthur's disguise proved to be perfect. Blair liked the little fellow. He was misshapen, but not in a repellent way. His face was thoughtful and not ill-looking. On the steamer he did not utter a comic word or do a comic thing, for Blair had explained to him that the time was not yet.

Arthur's apartment proved to be properly made. Blair had supplied the main idea—cheerfulness—and the decorators had done well with it. The walls were of white and cream, and the pictures on them were chosen to cheer. There were ruddy English prints, with ruddier English faces in them.

The choicest cartoons from *Le Rire* vied with the snappiest cuts from *Fliegende Blätter*. A sour fellow, indeed, who could scan the walls without a smile!

The furniture was of light wood. The rugs were combinations of the brightest and cleanest colors. Great windows let in a flood of light. Mechanical toys were provided to fill out the jester's leisure hours.

Arthur beamed with joy. He would be content, even happy.

Blair spent most of the afternoon of Easter Sunday at his club, hogging a Fifth Avenue window for hours.

"Why this deep study of the common people, old top?" a club colleague inquired.

"I'm trying to get ideas for a costume for a court fool," said Blair.

His club-mate, who did not know about Arthur, uttered a complimentary guffaw. Telling the blank truth is one way to be disbelieved.

At the end of the day's parade, Blair rose with a sigh.

"No use!" he said. "I need something more conservative than anything I've seen."

Next day he went to his tailor and gave the order for Arthur's official wardrobe. The coat was to be short and loose, and made of the latest shirt-stripping; the tight knee-breeches of bright green, suggestive of the comic Irishman on the stage twenty years ago. One stocking was to be orange, one black, for dear old Princeton. The cowl was bothersome to the tailor, because, to conform with what Blair had read in Doran's "History of Court Fools," it must be ornamented with a coxcomb, asses' ears, and bells.

"The bells will be easy to buy," said the tailor; "but asses' ears—"

"There must be more than four million pairs of them in Greater New York," suggested Blair.

"I will try first at the Bucephalus Stables, in Twenty-Sixth Street," said the tailor. "And as for the coxcombs—"

"Coxcombs," said Mr. Blair, "are to be seen in infinite variety in any club."

"I will send to Washington Market for a model," said the tailor, patiently and prosaically.

"Get a nice big bladder at the market, too," said Blair. "That's part of the works. It swings from the end of the staff that has Punch's head on it."

When all was ready in the way of costuming, Blair gave a small coming-out party

for Arthur. The jester was a success at every point. He sat at the head of the table, and the diners roared at him. Old Jarkins, after being beaten on the head with the bladder, offered fifty thousand dollars for Arthur.

"I haven't laughed so," he explained, "since we permitted the public to buy the common stock of the X. and Q."

And so on, far into the night, as other chroniclers have remarked.

## II

In the days that followed, Arthur proved a lively companion for the bored rich man. Even at breakfast he was amusing. By turns he was droll, grave, and ridiculous, but always diverting. His own spirits were excellent, even when he was not professionally engaged.

One day, entering his private gallery, Blair found that Arthur had wandered there by mistake, and was gazing at a rather ghastly Verestchagin. Remembering Fontaine's admonition, Blair was alarmed, and drew the jester quickly away from the gory canvas. Arthur seemed not one whit disturbed, however.

The next night, by way of experiment, Blair took the fool to the opera. Arthur watched the sad goings on of "Cavalleria Rusticana" without a shudder.

Shown the pictures in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," the jester displayed little interest and no alarm.

"I guess," Blair decided, "that Fontaine was away off on that fatal depression business. To-morrow's Sunday, my lazy day, and I'll spend it cautiously trying him out with some illustrations in 'Captain Cook's Voyages,' where the South Sea savage is depicted at his uninspected abattoir."

So he went away to his club, light at heart and proud of his possession.

Blair's Sunday morning came to him sodden and maroon. The barbs of katzenjammer struck in, hot and poisonous. A shave in bed only irritated him. Two baths merely showed him that he might be clean and cool without and a fiery furnace within. A bromid died on its mission.

"Oh, gloom!" he cried.

A pint of champagne, cooled to thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit, hissed down his July throat, and revived him just enough to prove to him that he felt worse than ever before in his life. He barked for a Sunday newspaper.

The first page showed him that his best friend of college days had fallen several thousand feet from an aeroplane; the second, that old Mr. Henshaw, who was his most trustworthy friend in the stock market, had died of galloping senility; the third page, that the Wall Street experts figured on nothing better than a month of dull crashes.

"But where is the funny part of this paper?" he cried in derision. "Where is the comic supplement? Where is that which brings the ringing laugh to the throat of every New Yorker on his day of rest?"

It was not there.

"Good!" cried Blair, and sprang up to dress.

Then he remembered the jewel of his household—Arthur.

"Send my jester here," he commanded his valet, "and hurry! I will strive with my cuff-links single-handed and alone; but bring me my jester quickly, or I will cleave you to the chin!"

Wenks came back, but not very quickly.

"I can't arouse him, sir," he said.

"He's deaf, you know," said Blair.

"Did you knock loudly?"

"Very loudly, sir," said Wenks.

"Open the door and wake him up," Blair ordered.

"The door is locked, sir," explained Wenks, "and no one has a key but you and he, sir."

"Right!" admitted Blair. "I'm ready now and I'll wake the clown up myself."

With Wenks trotting behind him, the sad rich man went to the apartment of the fool. He unlocked the door and flung it open.

Yes, it had been a pretty, cheerful room. On the white walls the Holbein portraits of Will Sommers and Kunz von der Rozen—great kings' fools in their day—looked out from between the rosy prints. Arthur's pet toy, a white biplane, swung from its little white hangar. The big rug, eating up the sunshine, was bright and gay.

Gay, except in the spot where, with the gentle spring sunlight pouring in on his little, tinselled body, the jester lay dead. On the face, usually so calm beneath the motley cap, it seemed written that sadness, melancholy, and horror had struck their lethal blows together.

And beside him, hideous in its brilliancy of reds and blues and greens and yellows, lay guiltily the comic supplement that Blair had missed.

# BUDDY FINDS BOHEMIA

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE AGITATION OF DAVID MAWES," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY WILL GREFFÉ

**B**EFORE Burden Potter was half awake that morning, he was already oppressed subconsciously by the tragedy of the coming day. He opened his unwilling eyes like one who is aroused from sleep to the certainty of physical pain; and as he became dully aware of the ceiling of the boarding-house room, and of the shabby patent rocker beside his bed, his mind suddenly sprang into convulsive action with the irresistible vigor of an alarm-clock. He rolled his head miserably on the pillow.

The operation of dressing was interrupted by periods of abstraction, during which Buddy stood motionless in front of the narrow mirror and gazed grimly at the presentment therein of his stout figure, and of his spiritless face, crowned by no hair worth mentioning.

"You poor old fossil!" he said to the reflection. "Do you know what day it is? It's your fortieth birthday! Your fortieth! And you're still a clerk in Deacon Horton's grocery, where you were twenty years ago!"

The mirror was bordered by decorous photographs of actresses. Potter had never seen any of them in the life; no theatrical companies journeyed to North Oatville. But when the Mobile Bell-ringers, or Comical Crane, appeared at the town hall, Buddy always occupied a front seat. To the latter celebrity he once had submitted a song, written by him in collaboration with the Congregational organist.

He finished dressing and went down to breakfast. It was Thursday, and he knew, of course, what to expect. Nevertheless, he stared at the veal cutlet with a deep concern. This morning the cutlet seemed to him to be significant and symbolical. He knew that he would see veal cutlet on his

breakfast plate a week from to-day, and two weeks from to-day, and so on for every Thursday of his North Oatville life.

Nothing ever changed in North Oatville. Everything was as monotonous as the veal cutlet.

The vista had often discouraged him, but now that he contemplated it from the view-point of a bachelor of forty, Buddy Potter was more than discouraged—he was overcome. At thirty-nine, he could still feel that he was a young man with an uncertain future. At forty, he felt abruptly that he was a fat, bald, grocery clerk in a fixed and permanent rut. He laid down his fork and groaned aloud.

"Ain't you well, Burden?" asked the landlady with a roguish glance. "I seen you to the ice-cream festival last night, and buggy-riding afterward. You was out real late!"

"Oh, I'm all right, Miss Vawlin," said Potter.

He pretended to attack his breakfast; but his gloom was redoubled. Ice-cream festivals! Buggy-riding! Such were the social relaxations of North Oatville. They would not change; they were as unalterable as the Thursday veal cutlet.

Potter nearly groaned again, when he remembered that next Sunday afternoon he was going to walk around Green Pond with Ella Stannard. On Sunday afternoons in summer, he always walked around Green Pond, and if it was not with Ella Stannard, it was with one of half a dozen insipid spinsters precisely like her, so far as Buddy could perceive. They would never change, either; Buddy was sure of that, and he was forty years old.

"You'll be home this evening for early



tea at five thirty, Burden, won't you?" said Miss Vawlin. "It's Thursday, you know—band-concert night, and we'll all sit out on the porch and listen."

"Yes," muttered Potter, rising wearily from the table.

He foresaw that after the concert, at ten o'clock, they would drink soda-water, with a kind of rakish air, at the drug-store. On Friday night they would attend prayer-meeting, and Buddy would escort some sedate Ella Stannard or other to her residence.

He started for Horton's grocery that morning in a state of complete revolt.

## II

To Potter's surprise, he saw an automobile touring-car in front of Horton's. Touring-cars came very rarely to North Oatville.

Inside the store, Buddy found three of the tourists assembled at the pickle-barrel. One of them had thrown aside her dust-wrap, and stood revealed in a purple gown of amazing brevity and adhesion. She greeted the clerk uproariously.

"Voilà!" she cried. "*Monsieur le directeur!* What price pickles?"

"Oh, pickles be pickled!" exclaimed her companion, a sharp-faced fellow in a suit of extraordinary brown checks. "I sha'n't squander a season's salary on pickles, Gwendolyn." He turned gravely to Buddy. "Mr. Siegel-and-Cooper," said he, "it is my desire to purchase five sticks of red sugar-candy, with the bark on."

The third visitor pirouetted languidly across the floor.

"I played two years ago in 'The Belle of Frog Landing,'" she said. "This is the first act set, props and all"; and she hummed a song, as she danced.

Buddy Potter, with a gasp, blindly rummaged in the candy-case. He was hardly conscious of what he was about. Here they were, here in Horton's grocery—stagefolk, Bohemians, wonderful beings from that wonderful, changeful world of happiness, which he craved so passionately. His tremulous hand produced a box of licorice-sticks.

"Not a bit like it, dear old top!" decided the man. "Red or nothing, and I'm rotten particular about my color-scheme, Mr. Wanamaker!"

But Gwendolyn, now perched on the counter, and swinging her dainty shoes in a

way to paralyze North Oatville, still contended for pickles.

"They make me think of Ramba's on Lexington Avenue," she explained. "Don't they you, Clarice?"

The other girl stopped dancing, and smiled radiantly.

"I wish I was there this minute, for all your new auto, Jack," said she. "Good old Ramba's, the best diggin's in New York! I wish I was in my second-floor room, with the sketch-teams and song-writers beatin' pianos all around me, and the flavor of onion soup curlin' gracefully up the stairs. What ho!"

"There's such a genuine onion soup, Bohemian atmosphere about Ramba's boarding-house," agreed Jack.

He bought a paper pail of pickles, and presently the touring-car bore the party out of sight.

Buddy watched the departing car as if it were an enchanted chariot. He felt, for the first time in his life, that his vague desires had a definite rallying-point. He felt that the motor-car had brought to him the key to the gate of a paradise. Ramba's! The name dominated Potter's imagination until he could think of nothing else.

When Mr. Horton entered the grocery, he looked twice at his clerk's curiously flushed cheeks.

"Sort o' peaked this morning, Buddy?" said the deacon.

"I need that couple of days' vacation we were talking about," replied Potter. "I'll begin to-day, if you don't mind."

He smiled inscrutably, being fully sensible of the fact that he meant never to see the store again.

"All right," said Horton. "I'll expect you Monday morning. I presume you'll go to your mother's, over to Oatville Center, won't you?"

"No," answered Potter. "I'm going to—to—"

But the magical name of Ramba seemed almost too sacred to be spoken.

"To Bohemia," substituted Buddy.

## III

He caught the noon express, which delivered him in New York at three o'clock. Potter had been there twice before—once with his mother to attend the funeral of a relative in Brooklyn, once with Deacon Horton to buy a carpet for the Sunday-school room.

Buddy went immediately to a clothing-shop. He had visions of a suit of extraordinary brown checks; but when he emerged, he found that he had purchased nothing extraordinary at all. The calmly insistent salesman had fitted him with sober garments of dark gray.

In a haberdasher's, Potter examined flaming neckties, and finally bought a black cravat; he did not want it, and yet he seemed oddly unable to buy anything else. He asked eagerly for a fuzzy hat with a colored band, and when the attendant placed one in his hands, Potter dropped it, and fled. He could not tell why. He began to be discouraged.

A directory, however, advised him of the number of Mme. Ramba's, and Buddy walked up Lexington Avenue with rising spirits. They rose to the point of effervescence when the landlady herself showed him to a bedroom.

"Baggage?" inquired Mme. Ramba.

"I'll send for it," said Potter. "What time is tea—dinner, I mean?"

"Regular dinner at seven," she said. "Performers' dinner at five thirty."

Buddy was thrilled.

"And a lunch after the show, unless you're out real late," added Mme. Ramba, with a roguish glance.

He gave a tiny shudder, for her glance was not in the least unlike Miss Vawlin's. After she had gone, he sat down in the shabby patent rocker beside the bed, and surveyed the room somewhat uneasily. The room might very well have been one of Miss Vawlin's, too.

At half past five he presented himself at the dining-table. He expected to see it thronged, but he had only a single companion. She was a slender girl, and her delicate face might have been pretty, were it not disfigured by rouge. She did not notice Buddy until the waitress, having removed the remnants of Potter's soup and fish, placed before him a section of veal cutlet.

"Well, shucks!" sighed Buddy.

The girl across the table looked up, with a slightly amused expression in her tired eyes.

"You haven't begun to kick already, I hope," she said. "You've got to get used to cutlet on Thursdays at this ranch, neighbor. What show-shop are you working at? I see you're on hand for the early eat."

"I—I am not a performer, ma'am," confessed Potter. Then, opportunely, he remembered the manuscript in his trunk. "I am a song-writer," he went on. "I presume you have to be at the theater pretty soon, now, don't you?"

"No, I'm not working," said the girl, in a queer voice.

For a moment, her penciled eyelashes fluttered nervously; then, seeming to recover her self-possession, she planted her elbows on the table, and gazed straight at Buddy over her interlaced fingers.

"My name's Izetta Rocardo. What's yours?"

Buddy informed her, although he was so excited that he could hardly pronounce the familiar syllables.

"So you're a song-writer, Mr. Potter," she resumed idly. "Well, now, I'll tell you what the trouble is with a lot of you fellows. Most of you don't take pains to find out what the people like—the real people, I mean, the people of the street."

"How can I do that, ma'am?"

"How?" repeated Miss Rocardo. "Walk around with your ears open, that's all." She manufactured a bread-pill thoughtfully. "There are two or three German street-bands," said she, "that float up the avenue every evening, giving folks the music they like. What do you say, we sit out on the stoop and listen?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I say yes," assented Buddy rapturously.

On the boarding-house steps, time passed that evening with a swiftness incredible to Potter. When they were not entertained by street-bands, Miss Rocardo told him lively yarns of stage life, of Bohemian gaieties in town and on the road, and of privations, at which she laughed bravely. They were, in reality, thoroughly commonplace little stories. There would have been, to an auditor less naive, an undertone of pathos to them; but to Buddy they were veritable tales of fairy-land.

A church clock struck ten. The chorus-girl, who had just finished an account of a supper-party in a Butte restaurant, concealed the suspicion of a yawn. Potter shifted his seat on the step. He recognized the obligations of the occasion, and he had read of such resorts as lobster-palaces and rathskellers.

But at the next corner there gleamed the red window-jars of an old-fashioned drug-store.

"Will you have a glass of soda-water, ma'am?" asked Buddy mechanically.

Miss Rocardo started and smiled. Darkness hid the rouge, and her face was that of a grateful child.

"Why, I think that would be fine!" she said.

#### IV

ON the next day, Potter had planned to gladden a song-publisher with his manuscript, but he hung around the boarding-house instead, hoping to see Miss Izetta Rocardo.

He did not see her until after seven in the evening. Buddy was sitting alone on the front steps, when she walked rapidly along the avenue; and with her was a flashily dressed young man.

"Good-by, I tell you," said Miss Rocardo to her escort. "This is my house, and I'm going in."

"No, you're not, without I go in with you," denied the young man, thickly. "You're going to be a sport. I'll flag a taxi!"

The girl raised her eyes and observed Potter, who arose, bowed, and came a step nearer.

"Good evening, ma'am," said Buddy. "You've got an engagement with me, haven't you?"

It was her eyes which had marvelously given him his cue. They made him think of the helpless eyes of a hunted animal. When he descended the steps and tucked her hand inside his elbow, according to North Oatville custom, he knew that she was trembling.

The flashy young man was dumfounded, and followed them down the sidewalk, mumbling hoarse protests.

"He's drunk," whispered Miss Rocardo tremulously; "but he's a big chief in the theatrical agencies. I—I can't afford to have a row with him!"

"Don't you be scared," Buddy rejoined. "We'll turn into some place, where he won't bother you."

"But he'll trail us into any place, the way he is now!" she groaned. "Any place in New York!"

Across the street stood a massive stone church. The broad doors were hospitably open, lamps glowed within, and an organ chanted restfully.

"Friday night prayer-meeting," said Buddy. "Here we are!"

From the vestibule, they saw that their pursuer had halted impotently on the curb, like *Mephistopheles* before the cathedral. Potter chuckled; but when he looked at the girl, his smile disappeared. Her cheeks had no rouge on them now, and she was haggard and pale.

"I guess you don't feel just right, Miss Izetta. Have you had your supper?" he ventured.

She shook her head, and Buddy scanned the vestibule desperately. On the wall hung a small placard. It read:

#### ICE-CREAM FESTIVAL AND HOME-MADE SUPPER IN THE PARISH-HOUSE

A friendly usher directed them through a corridor in the basement to a cheerful church parlor, temporarily equipped as a restaurant. Izetta had two large cups of steaming coffee before she was able to deal with the chicken pie; but then she raised and lowered her fork with the regularity of a machine.

"I didn't—didn't have time for lunch," she stammered.

Potter ordered more chicken, and the ice-cream, and grinned contentedly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do to-morrow afternoon," said he. "I'll hire a rig at the livery, and take you buggy-riding!"

The homely proposal had a strange effect on Miss Rocardo. Her eyes grew soft and pensive.

"I haven't heard that word for a century," she murmured, "and I'd just love to go with you; but to-morrow's my busy day. If I don't land a job somehow, I don't know—I—"

Her voice thinned out to silence, and her mouth dropped piteously; but Potter did not understand. His heart was full of happiness. He thought that he had found Bohemia.

"How about Sunday, instead?" she suggested. "Listen! Did you ever walk around the lake in Central Park on Sunday afternoon? Shall we?"

Buddy nodded emphatically; but before he could speak, the truth flashed across his mind with the dazing brilliance of lightning. He had undoubtedly found happiness, as of Bohemia—and he was doing exactly the same things that he had always done in North Oatville! The discovery almost stunned him.

He stared blankly at Miss Rocardo. Then another and mightier discovery began to illumine his soul; but the second revelation did not come like a flash of lightning. It came with a slow, glorious splendor, like the vast emblazonment of a mountain sunrise.

When they left the church, she took his arm of her own accord, and she clung to it until they were hidden by the darkness of the lodging-house doorway.

"You can't ever know how good you've been to me," she said wistfully.

"Why, that's all right, Miss Izetta!" Buddy returned.

"Don't call me that!"

"Not—call—you—that?"

He was chilled with terror lest he had offended her. She had turned her back; her shoulders quivered.

"No!" she faltered, between choked sobs. "That's only been my name for a year. My real name's Mary Jones. I ran away from the farm, a year ago, when father married again. I went on the stage, and now I can't get work, and I'm sick—starved—and you put me in mind so of home, and—"

But the strong clasp of Potter's arms interrupted her tenderly.

"Poor little girl!" he breathed.

## V

DEACON HORTON was compelled to open the grocery himself on Monday morning; and now, late in the forenoon, he was dismally worrying over Buddy's unexplained absence. He wished that he had told Potter his plan of making his trusted clerk a partner in the business.

A gay whistle trilled outside, and Buddy strode into the shop.

"Well, you're looking great!" exclaimed the deacon. "That place did you a pile of benefit. I couldn't locate it on the railroad map."

"What place?" inquired Potter.

"Bohemia, I think you said," replied Mr. Horton.

"It's over to my mother's," said Buddy. "I moved it over there last night. It's name is Mary Jones. It'll be in North Oatville next month, for good!"

"You're in love!" accused the deacon.

"That's a good way to find Bohemia," said Buddy.

## MENDING THE NETS

BUSY our mates with boat and seine,  
Where the sea waves churn and splash,  
Where wide-winged sea-gulls wheel amain  
And the jeweled breakers flash,  
While at the sheltered cottage door  
We sing, till the red sun sets,  
Our lilting chorus o'er and o'er  
As we mend the fishing-nets.

The sea may sigh, the sea may rave—  
No coast-born soul forgets  
That some its changeful moods must brave,  
And some must mend the nets.

When the wild gull's scream of fright is lost  
In the billows' boisterous roar,  
And whistling wraiths of foam are tossed  
To the sheltered cottage door,  
The one whose soul grows numb and gray  
With stress of its bodeful threats  
Is not that one the sea may slay—  
'Tis the one who mends the nets!

The sea may kiss, the sea may kill  
When aught its spirit frets;  
And happier he who dares its will  
Than she who mends the nets!

*Harriet Whitney Symonds*

# THE AWAKENING OF OUR SCHOOLS

HOW VOCATIONAL TEACHING IS FITTING BOYS AND GIRLS TO MEET THE PRACTICAL DEMANDS OF LIFE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AMERICA has long taken pride in her public school system; and yet, at least in some respects, her public school system has been undeserving of it.

The trouble with the system was that it failed to educate at least four-fifths of the pupils. Otherwise it was all right. A great many people who have given the matter no thought still believe it is all right. But, fortunately, our educators, and in recent years even our legislators, have become progressives—in school matters, at any rate. They have felt the great, new urge toward a better adjustment of society—all society, not a few chosen members—and our schools are now entering upon a new development.

The first quarter of the twentieth century will be momentous in the history of American education. It will be known as the period when we made our schools vocational; when we adapted them to the needs of *all* the pupils, not a meager one-fifth; and, let us hope, when we took them out of the hands of little local school-boards, composed of ignorant and unprogressive men, and put them into the hands of the State, or at least the county, and gave each smallest school enough money to run it properly.

Every educator knows in his heart that the distinction generally made between cultural and vocational education is a false distinction. The curriculum of the old régime, leading through high school to the university, was, when it first took shape, just as vocational as a course in cabinet-making. It was designed to fit boys to be ministers, or followers of other professions;

it was designed to give the requisite equipment for an intellectual vocation.

Since then it has become a fetish—and nothing more; and it has wofully broken down as a means of meeting the needs of our complicated modern society. It is this fetish that we are now overthrowing.

Let us take first the case of the rural or small village school. The "little red schoolhouse" of hallowed tradition still exists, alas!—though it is usually painted white. It is utterly inadequate to-day, and a disgrace to our country. Why?

## THE PROBLEM OF THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

In the first place, rural social conditions have changed. Boys and girls are leaving the farms and going into the cities. Home industries are no longer practised. The country side, too often, is stagnant, poverty-struck, degenerate.

To make the farms pay, modern scientific methods must be applied. To make the boys and girls contented, they must be brought to see how to make the farms pay, they must be made alert, they must be given fresh interests to compete with the lure of the cities, they must be educated out of their sloth and squalor. Can you do this by putting an underpaid, undertrained female teacher over an ungraded school, housed in an unsanitary box, with no equipment, no contact with the outside world, no life in the curriculum, which is the old rehash of the three R's? Of course you cannot.

But neither can you have a better school if you leave each rural community to do the



work itself. In the first place, the average rural community cannot afford anything better. In the second place, it wouldn't if it could. Anybody who has ever tried to start a rural "school committee" on the progressive path knows that they are the most conservative, penny-provident, stubborn folks on earth. What was good enough for their grandfathers is good enough for their grandchildren, by gosh, and you may talk at them till you are blue in the face without changing this conviction.

The children from these schools, however, go out into the whole State, or, if they remain at home, vitally affect the welfare of the whole State. Therefore it concerns the whole State to educate them. It is a hopeful sign that, in the past few years, State after State throughout the Union—even Massachusetts, where the right of each town to run its own schools is most jealously guarded—has waked up to this fact and passed remedial legislation.

#### SCHOOLS THAT TEACH FARMING

Agricultural education in our rural schools is fast becoming a rule rather than

an exception. In more progressive communities, schools are being consolidated and graded, the teachers better paid and better equipped, and the little red school-house is yielding to something that really educates, really improves the rural communities.

Goodness knows, there is still much to do; but so much has been done that we have bright hopes for the future. In 1911 thirty State Legislatures considered or enacted laws providing for agricultural education in rural schools.

Let us look at a few examples.

Under the leadership of County Superintendent Z. V. Judd, Wake County, North Carolina, has begun a "school farm movement" which promises great good. It comprehends the establishment of small farms, of from two to ten acres, in connection with every country school, to be cultivated by the children and their parents, working together.

The work is done, for lack of adequate teachers, under the supervision of the most successful farmer in the district. The income from the sale of crops is applied to



STUDENTS OF AN INDUSTRIAL CLASS AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, TAKING A PRACTICAL LESSON IN HOUSE-CONSTRUCTION

*From a photograph by Whitman, Bridgeport, Conn.*

the schools. At each gathering of children and parents, a community dinner is cooked and eaten, thus bringing out the social side, making the school a real community center, and giving a chance to teach mothers something about food. In eleven schools, two years ago twelve hundred persons participated in the farm work, and raised almost twelve hundred dollars. Six more farms

Several counties of North Carolina have already taken advantage of a recent legislative act in that State providing State aid of one-half the cost of maintenance for county farm-life schools, teaching agriculture to boys and home-making to girls, either in separate schools or in connection with established high schools. Teachers must pass their regular test, in addition to tests in the



THE INDEPENDENT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS—A BOYS' CLASS IN THE MACHINE DEPARTMENT

have since been established, and the farm income has already resulted in better buildings and a longer school-term.

Michigan, in 1907, authorized the establishment of county agricultural high schools, and in 1910-1911 four-year agricultural courses were given in ten such schools. It is now proposed to incorporate this work, together with manual training and home economics, into the regular high schools.

Wisconsin, in the past year, has provided State aid of two hundred and fifty dollars for each department of agriculture established in connection with any free high school.

vocational subjects. When we consider how poor the schools of the South have generally been in the past, this is a great advance.

North Dakota, in 1911, passed a law providing for the establishment of departments of agriculture, manual training, and domestic science in State high, graded, and consolidated schools. Each school taking advantage of this law gets twenty-five hundred dollars a year from the State. Texas, also, in 1911, voted State aid to all rural high schools establishing adequate departments of agriculture, which includes three acres of land and competent teachers.

Indeed, agriculture is now a required



THE INDEPENDENT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS—THE WOOD-WORKING SHOP

subject in all the common schools of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Wisconsin; and in all the

rural schools of Missouri, North Dakota, Ohio, and Texas. Too often, however, as yet, this means that it is simply taught from a text-book. Special agricultural schools receiving State aid exist in sixteen States.



THE INDEPENDENT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS—THE PRINTING-SHOP, WHICH TURNS OUT NEARLY ALL THE PRINTED MATTER USED BY THE LOCAL SCHOOL DEPARTMENT



THE STATE TRADE SCHOOL AT NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT—THE MILLINERY CLASS, IN WHICH GIRLS ARE PREPARED TO BECOME ASSISTANTS IN SHOPS

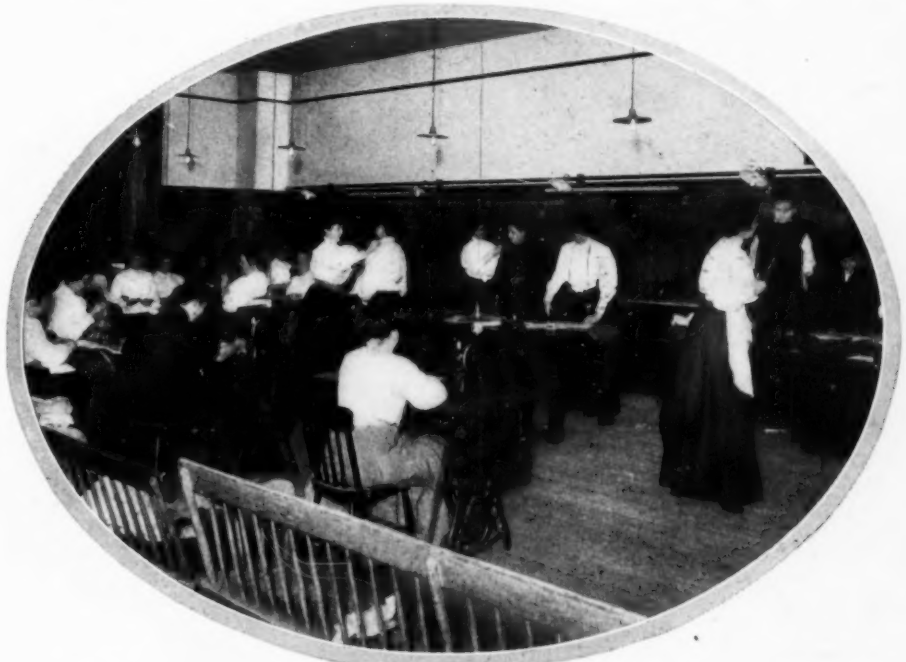


THE INDEPENDENT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS—A BOYS' CLASS IN MECHANICAL DRAWING

Massachusetts probably has the best schools and the worst schools in the United States, because its schools are maintained by the individual townships, and it has the richest and most progressive towns, as well as about the poorest and most degenerate in some remote corners. A special committee of the State Board of Education recently made an investigation of rural

Instruction in gardening and in other matters relating to the farm should be encouraged and guided in all the elementary schools of the State, where the home environment or the school facilities make productive work and personal observation by the pupils practicable.

As an important aid to liberal education in all the high schools of the State, particularly in those which have a rural environment, guidance and encouragement should be given



ONE OF THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS—AN EVENING COURSE IN DRESSMAKING

*From a photograph by Stebbins, Boston*

needs, and reported, among other things, as follows:

There is a decided lack of and a pronounced demand for agricultural training of a scientific and very practical character, suitable for boys, and perhaps for some girls, fourteen years of age and older, who expect to gain their livelihood from and to spend their lives on Massachusetts farms.

The growing commercial and industrial facilities open to boys and girls fourteen years of age and older tends to lure away from the land and into the congested centers, in the absence of competent agricultural education, young people whose natural aptitudes would make them, if properly trained, better and more prosperous citizens in the country.

with a view to the incorporation of generous proportions of agricultural subject-matter in science instruction, and to the sympathetic correlation of certain parts of the instruction in English, history, civics, and hygiene with rural life and labor, institutions, and progress.

Accordingly, Massachusetts is now training agricultural and rural domestic science teachers in three normal colleges, and is granting State aid to at least two secondary agricultural institutions.

Massachusetts does not grant State aid to vocational schools unless they are independent of the regular system. Perhaps this is a mistake, but it was felt that if vocational schools were conducted by the old school-



boards, they would be in danger of becoming impractical. The State-aided agricultural schools at present are the Petersham Agricultural High School and the Smith Agricultural High School at Northampton. At the latter, three courses are given—in agriculture, mechanics, and housekeeping, to any boy or girl fourteen or over, who

The farmers cry for the trolley. What they need is schools that really educate for farm life, and these they will not get till the State steps in and gives them.

Before we turn from the rural schools to the cities and industrial centers, where vocational training has made the greatest advance, let us pause a moment to consider



THE BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS—THE WOOD-WORKING SHOP

shows fitness. The endowment yields thirteen thousand dollars and the State provides nine thousand each year.

But such work is only a scratch on the surface. In many little rural schools in western Massachusetts, the teachers trained at the North Adams Normal School try to teach domestic science and agriculture. It is pathetic to see the girls working with oil-stoves set on a soap-box, and the boys scratching in the barren, stony school yard.

Even if these poor, run-out hill communities could afford the equipment for proper schools and garden-plots—and sometimes they could, by consolidating their schools—they wouldn't do it. The proposition would be voted down at town-meeting—and then the farmers would continue to wonder why their ill-fed children go as soon as possible from the scraggly farms and squalid, dirty farmhouses, to the towns and cities!

this question of vocational training on its educational as well as its economic and social side.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHING FOR FARM BOYS

The farm boy goes to school till he is fourteen, and in ninety out of one hundred cases, probably, not a day thereafter. When he isn't needed at home, he is sick of school, or wants to get to a city, or can't see what education holds for him which is either attractive or helpful. As a matter of fact, what has it held? Nothing. A little reading, a little writing, a little geography, a little drawing, a little "nature study"—all badly taught; and that is our boasted "education"!

Now, let us consider a vocational course for this same boy, or for his sister, the farm girl.

After the elements of geography come questions of soil, transportation, drainage,



A COOKERY CLASS FOR GIRLS IN ONE OF THE SCHOOLS OF THE NEW YORK CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

and so on—all with direct local bearing on the problems which face the child's father, and which will face the child if he remains in the district. Arithmetic is no longer a

figuring on how long it will take the dog to catch the rabbit if the rabbit runs twenty feet in one second, and the dog runs twenty-one feet in one second and starts



A SIGN-PAINTING CLASS FOR BOYS IN ONE OF THE SCHOOLS OF THE NEW YORK CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



VOCATIONAL TEACHING IN THE BEAVERHEAD COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL AT DILLON, MONTANA—  
A GIRLS' SEWING CLASS

one hundred feet behind and three seconds later. It becomes a reckoning of how much profit there will be in raising apples, if transportation to New York costs so much, and Bordeaux mixture so much; or how much loss the farmer incurs if he leaves his mowing-machine out of doors all winter—as shiftless New England farmers do—and has to spend fifteen dollars yearly in repairs, and loses at least three days' time.

Doesn't geography, doesn't arithmetic, take on a new meaning? Isn't it more, rather than less educational? What is education if not the training to use your brain better to understand and to master your environment?

Take "nature study." What a farce it often is in our schools! Any one who has looked into some of the school literature on the subject knows that for sentimentality and unpracticality and piffing pretty-pretty, it holds the palm. But suppose your boy studies nature *via* a cold frame and a garden-plot, instead of a book and a flower-pot on teacher's desk. A great many old-time New England farmers, by the way, never have a hotbed or cold frame on their place, and then wonder why they can't get garden products before frost!

The boy now learns by actual observation the whole germinating process of the seed; he learns the principles of soil heat and fertilization, of plant care, and so forth. You cannot properly study the raising of an onion without learning many allied subjects; and all the while it is the boy's *own* onion that is growing, it is *real*, it is related definitely to his life and interests. Hasn't he learned, really learned, more about nature from that process than from a whole volume of Bryant's poems?

When we get into high school subjects, the case for vocational instruction becomes even stronger. Take the subject of chemistry. You and I studied chemistry in high school, dear reader, didn't we? I remember I did, anyhow. I used to be sent to a sink, where I manufactured sulfuric acid, I think it was, in school periods, and sulfureted hydrogen—I'm sure of that—out of school periods. The latter useful accomplishment is about all that remains to me from my ten months of chemical instruction.

But suppose chemistry is taught to girls with relation to cooking and home sanitation. Suppose it is taught to boys with relation to soil conditions and crops. Every

chemical principle learned is directly applied then, and will be applied all the rest of their lives, to the practical conditions of existence. They will *know* chemistry, because they will see its real bearings and grasp its practical significance. They will be truly educated chemically. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a student under the old régime has to study chemistry as a specialist before it means anything more to him than algebra does, before it ceases to be an intellectual abstraction.

Did you ever try to explain to an old-fashioned Yankee farmer the litmus paper test for sour soil, or the action of nitrogen-gathering bacteria on the growth of garden peas? If you did, you came up bang against the stone-wall denseness which is the answer to the education of the little red schoolhouse. Your new agricultural high school makes litmus paper not a mystery, nor a form of insanity, but a necessity, just as it abolishes the open sink drain, the fly-breeding privy, the air-tight sleeping-chamber, the doughnuts and maple sirup for breakfast.

Knowing chemistry, the pupils know better how to *live*. How any human being can say that that is not the noblest end of education, passes ordinary comprehension.

#### THE PROBLEM IN THE CITIES

The problem of education in the cities and industrial centers is, in principle, exactly the same as in the rural communities—to fit the boy or girl for a better and happier life, that he or she may be a more useful citizen and better serve the community. But the working out of this problem, of course, presents a thousand new perplexities. That our cities are striving manfully to meet them now is one of the fine things in American life. Mayors and bosses and corrupt police come and go, but our municipal school-boards, and, still more, our school-teachers, are going devotedly about their task of revolutionizing our school system to meet the new needs of the twentieth century.

Almost the first thing which strikes the investigator in our school system is the appalling percentage of children who never get beyond the eighth grade—beyond the grammar, or elementary school, that is. Such is the case with more than eighty out of every hundred young Americans. Of this number, too, a great many who are mentally deficient, or unfortunate through

illness, reach the legal school age of fourteen without advancing even so far as the eighth grade. In other words, eighty per cent of our population enter on life with only so much education as the elementary public schools can supply, with but one teacher to every thirty or forty or even sixty pupils, and consequently no individual instruction.

Now bear in mind that ninety per cent of our population have to work with their hands. As the ten-per-cent remnant of professional men and the leisured classes all belong to the minority who have gone beyond the grammar grades in their education, it will be readily seen that nine-tenths of our working classes, factory laborers, clerks, shop-women, motormen, conductors, farmers, road-makers, mothers—especially mothers—have had no secondary or advanced education whatever.

*They enter upon their life-work at fourteen years of age with absolutely no equipment for it except the smatterings of the hallowed three R's taught in the grammar grades.*

That, in cold, bare terms, is the problem which confronts our schools. How can we babble about "cultural studies" when what these millions want and need isn't "culture," but an *education*—a means whereby they may be fitted to earn their living?

In the old days of hand labor and small shops, or even of individual industries, where each man owned his tools, the apprentice system flourished, and a boy had a chance to learn a trade. But such conditions absolutely do not exist any more. Centralized machine industry and cheap foreign labor have effected a revolution in our whole economic structure; and, of course, they have affected the status of the schools as well, though it took the schools a long while to realize it.

#### FITTING BOYS FOR THEIR LIFE-WORK

If a boy is to enter life equipped with a trade knowledge, the school has got to give him that knowledge. If we want better and more skilful laborers, the State, through its schools, has got to train them.

Why do eighty per cent of all children leave school at the earliest legal opportunity? Frequently it is from economic necessity. Their parents need the wages the children can earn.

Even more frequently, however, it is because the child—particularly the boy—

having just begun to enter the period when reality appeals to him, sees no connection between school and reality. He cannot see that algebra and Caesar and French irregular verbs in high school are going to aid him to make a better living as an iron-worker or machinist. School means nothing to him but an enforced and disagreeable contact with the unreality of books. So he quits school as soon as ever he can.

What does he do? What can he do?

He has not been trained to do anything. If he gets a job, it is of the simplest kind, at very low wages. There is little or no chance for him to learn any trade. Factories haven't time to teach trades. He drifts dissatisfied from job to job; he often loaf. He becomes that most pathetic of objects—a boy in his ripening teens, when he should be learning, merely drifting without anchor toward a stupid if not a degraded manhood.

Where's the answer to this very real and very terrible problem, in your old "cultural" school curriculum? There is no answer. The curriculum has utterly failed.

The new education is finding the answer, however, in vocational instruction. Of course, Germany is leading the way. What the world would do without Germany to show how things ought to be done is hard to see!

One of the first aims of vocational instruction, then, is to prolong the period of schooling, to keep boys and girls in school as long as possible during this "dangerous age" between fourteen and eighteen, as well as to fit them for a life-work. They do it primarily by making education practical instead of bookish, by showing the pupil that study has a direct bearing on life, and can result in a better income and so a happier future.

To do this properly, however, vocational instruction ought to begin before the fourteenth year, before the high school. It ought to begin back in the sixth grade. Educators have been dimly realizing this for years, and hence the prevalence of sewing, cooking, and manual training in a majority of our elementary schools. But we have not gone far enough in relating such instruction to practical life, and not nearly so far, the new experiments have proved, as the child itself is capable of going.

California has, perhaps, the best general average of schools in the country, ow-

ing in part to the county system of management, as opposed to the township system; and among the best schools in the State are those of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles has established what are called intermediate high schools, in addition to the conventional academic system. Instead of eight elementary grades, and then four high-school grades, making the age of graduation eighteen years, Los Angeles has in its vocational system, for those children who must go to work as soon as possible, but six elementary grades, so that the pupils begin specialized vocational work at the age of twelve, and thus experience two years, at least, of practical training before they can legally leave school. The chances are that after these two years, in which each boy and girl finds out pretty well what his or her natural bent is, fewer pupils desire to leave. They wish to go on for two years more, and qualify as skilled workmen.

Los Angeles has vocational courses, thus led into early in life, in marine biology, in boat-building—for which there is no apprenticeship whatever in America—in surveying, and in the more common industries. The boys recently surveyed all the new school lots for the city, and tallied exactly with the city surveyors. The classes in marine biology have done research work worthy of a scientific college.

In the girls' building of the Hollywood High School of Los Angeles are all the rooms of a house—parlor, bedrooms, kitchen, laundry, and so on, and the girls are taught every department of housekeeping. They are taught household arithmetic, dietetics, sanitation, cooking, buying, and the like. As the great business of women, votes or no votes, is and will remain motherhood and housekeeping, such vocational training is of the greatest practical value.

These intermediate high schools are also a part of the school system of San Francisco.

#### A CINCINNATI EXPERIMENT

That is one way to bring a real vocational interest into the grades, and so hold the pupils a longer time in school. Another way—which twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, would have been considered nothing short of revolutionary—has been described, in a recent number of the *Elementary Schoolteacher*, by O. P. Voorhes, principal of the Oyler School, Cincinnati,



who devised the scheme. We will quote his own words:

Our boys and girls from the sixth grade up were getting one period per week of manual work, but, to my way of thinking, not enough to establish either habit or efficiency along this line. Also, I noted that I had within my school some fifty boys and girls below the fifth grade who were from two to five years behind the normal grades. That is to say, they were—most of them—of that unfortunate class that had seen more trouble in their short lives than most of us see in a lifetime. I was constantly asking myself:

"Where do these folks come in? What is our school doing for these that shall help them to function in life?"

In order to hold them in school, I was keeping the Truant Department and the Juvenile Court busy. After thinking it over carefully, the superintendent gave me *carte blanche* in putting into operation a plan of which the following is a brief description:

All pupils of the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades, under the new regulations, are getting two periods per week of an hour and a half each. The subnormal pupils found in the fourth, third, and second grades are getting three periods per week, the boys in the shop, and the girls studying all phases of domestic economy, including cooking, the simpler scientific values of foods, sewing, the use of the sewing-machine, the simpler forms of cutting, fitting, and so on.

They miss much of their regular class work while in the Industrial Department, but this is more than made up to them in the following manner:

When the eighth year pupils go to the Industrial Department, the subnormals leave their regular grade rooms and go to the eighth year teacher for special work in arithmetic and geography. The work in arithmetic is such as will help them in the Industrial Department. When the pupils of the seventh grade go to the Industrial Department, the subnormals go to these teachers for special work in English, history, and so forth. Thus through segregation and individual work, in which they are treated according to age, and not according to grade, these pupils are getting work which is not only highly pleasing to them, but such as many of them would never get under the old régime; for a child aged fifteen in the second or third grade will scarcely reach the upper grades, even of the elementary school. What we are trying to do with every student is to treat him as though each day were his last with us.

The work of the eighth grade is so different from the others as to require special mention. These pupils give one-fifth of their time to industrial work. During this time the boys get

twenty lessons in cooking, learning not only the scientific values of foods, but also their preparation into meals necessarily plain but substantial. Along with this they are given instruction in improvising camp equipment, such as the utilization of cast-off cans for cooking utensils. Besides this, they will get twenty lessons in the simpler forms of sewing, such as hemming, darning, sewing on of buttons, and the like.

The girls, in turn, are given the same number of lessons in the use of the simpler tools.

The work done even thus far would do credit to boys of any grade. What about these pupils when they go to high school? We expect that they will not only be as well prepared, but even better than under the old methods. If they are not, our whole scheme fails. We are confident, however, that it will not fail.

In none of our shop work are we doing what is usually seen—the making of set pieces. On the other hand, everything made or done has intrinsic value. To illustrate, this fall—1911—the eighth grade made two dozen bookbinding presses for the pupils in the bindery of one of the high schools. The seventh grades made one hundred looms for the salesmanship class of the Continuation School. The sixth grades made thirty botany presses for high-school students. One fifth grade made sixteen window-boxes for a neighboring school; the other fifth grade made fifty desk book-racks for teachers. The subnormals of the fourth grade, and the subnormals of the third and second grades, each made sixty of the book-racks, and to their credit be it said, the work was as good as the best.

Besides this more or less formal work, the boys are given opportunity to work on pieces of their own designing, after the plans and specifications have been approved by the master. Also repairing of all sorts is going on all the time, either on things belonging to the school, or on broken furniture or what not brought from the homes. This constitutes another means of uniting more closely the school and the home.

There is a real effort, then, to make the elementary school meet the real needs of all its pupils, in an industrial center—for Mr. Voorhes's school is in a factory section of the city.

#### VOCATIONAL TEACHING IN BOSTON

Boston has perhaps kept its educational system abreast of the times better than any other American city, though a good many people suppose that its schools are now living on their past reputation. The New England metropolis has worked out a plan of vocational instruction in all the grade

schools. Such pupils between twelve and fourteen as teachers and parents agree would be better off studying vocational subjects give from one-quarter to one-half of each school day to manual training, machine-shop work, sheet metal work, printing, bookbinding, woodwork, sewing, cooking, and so on, according to their individual capacities.

What is the result? The first of these elementary or pre-vocational classes was established in 1907, with a membership of fifty boys of the sixth grade. At the end of the third year, thirty-eight of the fifty graduated from the elementary grades, and twenty-four of these entered high school. That is, almost fifty per cent went to a higher institution.

Now thirty-eight out of fifty to graduate from the grades, and twenty-four out of fifty to enter high school, is a vastly better percentage than holds under ordinary conditions. By getting hold of these boys along the lines of their interests and capacities, by giving them something real to do, their period of schooling was prolonged, they acquired genuine habits of study, and got an education which, in their cases, books could not have given them.

#### HELPING BOYS WHO NEED HELP

A vocational school has been started in Springfield, Massachusetts, in a section of the city where two-thirds of the boys left school before reaching the eighth grade. A mere hour or hour and a half of manual training was not enough to hold these boys, nor did it count for enough to promote those naturally deficient in "book" capacity. What has the school accomplished, even in its first year?

Let me quote from an article in *Vocational Education*, written by W. H. Henderson, director of this school:

The principal of the Bunn School objected to having the boys come to her building. The printer complained that they were stealing type from the cases, and the teacher of academic subjects asked to have a wash-basin installed. By the last of December, there were twenty-eight boys enrolled, eight of whom had previously been in trouble, and were under the supervision of the probation officer of the Juvenile Court.

One boy had run away from the Home for the Friendless because he did not want to be sent to the common grade school. It is interesting to note that this boy has not been absent a day since the second week of school,

although the home is nearly two miles from the school.

Three other boys come over two miles to the school, although there is another school within six squares of their homes. One carries morning papers, and has to get up every morning at three o'clock. Another delivers meat mornings and evenings.

We found that one little fellow comes almost every morning without his breakfast. In the homes of two they have no butter, as it is expensive. The boy from the detention home became very much interested in his school work, and the matron of the home said that the only threat that was at all effective was the threat to keep him home from school.

One day a boy came with tears in his eyes, and told his teacher that he would have to leave school and go to work. He felt so bad about it that we made a few inquiries about his home conditions. His father died before the boy was born, and the mother died at the time of his birth. An uncle who is an operative in a factory, is giving the boy a home. He appreciated what the school is doing for the boy, but there was sickness in the family, and it was impossible to buy clothing.

At that time the Board of Education was needing an assistant janitor for the school building, so an arrangement was made whereby the boy could sweep and keep the two schoolrooms in order for seven dollars a month. He is still in school, and the rooms never were so clean.

One boy was carrying messages in the afternoons and evenings at four dollars a week, and came to school in the mornings for the instruction in printing. In a few months he went to work feeding a press in one of the newspaper-offices at nine dollars a week.

In other words, this pre-vocational school is proving a positive preventive of delinquency. It is keeping boys from the streets, from idleness at that dangerous age of fourteen, and giving them a serious bent toward life. It is fitting them, even thus early, for some useful occupation.

A large proportion of our better elementary schools everywhere already have one to two hours a week of manual training for boys and cooking and sewing for girls. These subjects were installed some time ago, not primarily because they are vocational, but because a certain familiarity with the practical manipulation of natural objects is a part of liberal culture.

An hour a week of manual training, however, is not enough to establish real vocational habits of mind or hand. It is not enough to fit the boy or girl for a vocation if he or she leaves school at fourteen,

and it is not enough to enable a boy dull at books to use his manual proficiency as a passport to admit him to high school. Neither is it enough to enable a boy to find himself—to find where his natural talents lie. In short, it does not answer to the needs of a great percentage of school-children.

The new watchword in elementary education is pre-vocational instruction between the ages of twelve and fourteen, as a means of helping the children of the poor, and deficient children, to find themselves, to be better fitted for the industrial struggle, to get advanced education where they cannot get it now.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHING IN HIGH SCHOOLS

We come now to the high or secondary schools. At least the grammar-schools always have offered, and always must offer, certain elemental instruction which every literate man and woman is bound to receive. But of what use is the old-time high-school instruction in Cæsar, Greek, history, algebra, and the other subjects required for college entrance, to the boy or girl who must go to work in factory or store?

None whatever, of course. We may talk about "culture" till doomsday, but common sense knows better.

Well, we have recognized that fact. We have installed courses in stenography, bookkeeping, manual training, and the like, in our high schools, in the endeavor to make the schools more attractive and useful. But still the great proportion of our boys and girls do not go to the high schools. What shall we do?

The answer is twofold—enlarge the vocational scope of the schools, by getting teachers from the industries, and making the work definitely practical; and compel attendance till the eighteenth year at continuation schools.

The first we are rapidly doing. The second as yet is a dream of educators, though it is a fact in Germany. However, some States—Wisconsin, for instance—practically compel education up to the sixteenth year, a two-year advance over our old and still general standard of fourteen.

#### BOSTON IN THE VAN

In the matter of high schools, as in that of elementary schools, Boston is still in the van. Besides the boys' and girls' Latin schools, which fit for college, and the Eng-

lish High School, which fits for the advanced scientific institutions, Boston has a Mechanic Arts High School, which aims to fit directly for skilled work in the various manual industries; a High School of Practical Arts for girls, where a complete house is installed for teaching all branches of domestic science, and designing, art, millinery, and dressmaking are taught practically; and finally a High School of Commerce, down in the heart of the financial district.

There is in this last school a system of summer apprenticeship, making the work still more practical; and a fifth year of advanced instruction is given to all boys whose employers will let them work on a cooperative part-time basis, studying at school in the morning, and working in the office in the afternoon. The school teaches the usual high-school subjects, except ancient languages, but all with a direct bearing on commercial industry. Of course, in addition, there are such definite commercial subjects, as bookkeeping, auditing, commercial design, and so on. Last summer one hundred and eight boys of the senior class, or eighty-eight per cent, worked as apprentices in regular commercial houses, and so did sixty per cent of the rest of the school.

In addition to these regular high schools, Boston also has a special trade school for girls—like the Manhattan Trade School in New York, started by private endowment and then taken over by the city—an industrial school for boys, and numerous evening and day continuation schools, for both sexes, related strictly to practical industries.

The continuation schools, of course, aim to give a chance for further education to boys and girls who have to go to work when they have reached the legal age of fourteen. At first they were always evening schools; but experience has taught that the evening, after a hard day's work, is no time for real schooling. They ought to be part-time day schools. Germany compels attendance at such schools to the eighteenth year. Scotland permits local option in the matter of compulsion. Our boys and girls can only come by day when their employers are willing to allow it.

How much good continuation schools may do is well illustrated by an anecdote related to the writer by Miss Sarah L. Arnold, former supervisor of schools in Boston, and now dean of Simmons College, a vocational college for women.

To an evening continuation school came

two girls to learn stenography. They had slipshodded through the old-fashioned grammar grades, and at fourteen had gone to work as cash-girls in a store—about the poorest kind of unskilled child labor. They wanted to better themselves, but they wished to study only stenography.

Well, they began to study stenography. They studied a few nights, and discovered that they needed to know a great deal more about grammar and spelling. Then they found they needed to know a lot of other things besides, if they were to be of any intelligent assistance in a business office. For the first time in their lives, education became definitely related to the problems of existence. It took on a new meaning for them, a new interest, a new purpose, by becoming vocational.

Until it does this for all our children, our schools are not doing their full duty.

But Boston does not stop with offering varied courses to her pupils. It offers vocational guidance as well. To every one hundred pupils in the vocational schools there is a "vocational assistant" whose duty it is to advise the boys and girls as to the choice of studies, and even the choice of jobs and the conduct of their after life. There is a privately supported Vocational Bureau in the city, as well, which cooperates with the schools; and the teachers are imbued with the idea that it is as necessary to guide a boy into the right channel as to provide the channel. This noble feature of the work is being taken up in other cities—New York, Detroit, and many more.

#### THE FITCHBURG PLAN FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

Another interesting development of the movement to make vocational training practical is the so-called Fitchburg plan for high schools. It really originated with the University of Cincinnati, but was first applied to a public high school in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Under this plan, the manufacturers of a town cooperate with the school, and the boys work in groups of two. One boy

spends a week in the shop, doing practical work, and then a week in school, doing theoretical work. The other boy takes his place in the shop every alternate Monday. Thus the manufacturer gets one steady apprentice; each boy gets half pay to help him through school, and both practical and theoretical training; and, finally, the school gets its machine-shop equipment for nothing.

This plan is now working in several high schools through the United States, with much success so far as the training of the boys is concerned. There has been opposition on the part of the labor unions, who declare that it puts the public schools into the hands of the manufacturers, and is a breeding-ground for strike-breakers.

Space does not permit much further description of the various kinds of vocational high-school courses; the trade schools; the State-aided independent industrial schools of Massachusetts; the State trade schools for girls, first established by Connecticut, which in the past half-decade have suddenly sprung up all over the country, in a great effort to make our popular education of real value and service to the great masses of our children.

Practicalness is the new key-note in all these schools, and to secure practicalness a whole new staff of teachers must be trained. The "schoolmarm" of tradition will not do. The teacher of dressmaking must have been a dressmaker. The teacher of printing must have been a printer. But—and here is the great problem—each must have a pedagogical training as well. The best printer may be a bad teacher; though the vocational school seldom presents the old problems of discipline, because the pupils are always seriously interested in their work.

President Eliot has declared:

"School life should enable a boy to say, 'I can!'"

In that sentence the famous veteran summed up the aim and the ideal of vocational training.

#### YOUTH'S PASSING

WHEN did you pass me, Youth? I knew  
No change, but wakened with a start,  
Dismayed by years that seemed so few;  
Yet you are here within my heart!

*Nellie C. Herbert.*

# HIS GREAT DAY

BY CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

AUTHOR OF "WHEN A WOMAN WON'T," ETC.

SEATED in the quaint old college library, fast darkening as the sunlight faded from its mullioned windows, Professor Hascall lay back in a great cushioned chair and permitted himself the luxury of a happy sigh.

It was over at last! The struggles of ten years or more were finished. The pinching economies, the miserable cheese-parings, the heart-breaking self-denials of a decade were ended. That very day had seen their conclusion. Not till the strain relaxed did the professor realize how great it had been.

Very small and insignificant and shadowy he looked as he sat there, almost invisible in the gathering dusk. No one had noticed him. The few people who came and went through the lofty rooms ignored him as completely as if he were a part of the old-fashioned furnishings.

The professor did not mind. He had always been ignored, by associates and by scholars alike, except by a few homesick freshmen, still more shy than himself, and by a few older men frightened by the approaching consequences of some more or less serious misdeed. He preferred being ignored—or thought he preferred it, which comes to the same thing. Certainly he was used to it.

On this particular occasion he would undoubtedly have preferred it, if he had thought about it at all. The fruition of ten laborious years filled him with a great happiness, and the intrusion of any one, at that moment, would have jarred upon the peace of his rejoicing.

Any one but Mary, of course! But then Mary could not have intruded. An hour before he had sent her the great news. He would have liked to wait and tell her himself, but that would have been to postpone Mary's happiness for an hour or more, and he would not do that.

It had been very kind of young Prentiss to take the note for him. An able fellow, young Prentiss! Professor Hascall was glad to hear that the lad had had the offer of a post at Yale. Prentiss was worthy of it. He would surely make his mark some day.

The professor smiled sadly, but with no trace of bitterness, when he recalled that some foolish, loving people had once thought that he himself would some day make his mark. They had been mistaken in him, but he was not mistaken in young Prentiss. If he was nothing else, he was a judge of young men.

He ought to be. He had had experience enough. More than thirty generations of college men and women had passed beneath his mild-eyed observation. He had seen them come, shy and awkward; he had watched them develop, each according to his kind; and he had stood by wondering as they went out into the great world—the world from which he had always shrunk away.

Up or down they had gone, some of them to great destinies, some to ignoble fates, while he had remained stationary. He was not even a professor, except by courtesy. He was merely an instructor. What was it, he vaguely wondered, that carried some men up and some down, and left others stranded and motionless while the flowing tide passed by them?

He did not complain because Oldham College had failed to advance him. Rather he was grateful that it had permitted him to hold his place on the rolls. He knew that he compared badly with some of the brilliant young men who had come in beside him and had passed up, meteorlike, to higher posts. A salary of twelve hundred dollars a year was not much, but he had made it suffice for himself and for Mary. And now—



Mary! The professor's heart glowed as he thought of her. Ten years before she had come to him, a shy little maid, in short skirts of solemn black, with big eyes and white, tear-streaked cheeks. He had loved her father, a handsome, dashing, irresponsible fellow, and he had loved the child, first for her father's sake and then for her own. And now she was a child no more.

He had never regretted the self-denial necessitated by her coming into his home. In fact, he never thought of it. He took it for granted, as he took most other things for granted.

A professor, or even an instructor, in a great college must live decently, no matter how small his salary. He must live in a certain part of the town; he must dress in clothes of a certain quality; he must educate his children in a certain manner; he must carry life-insurance to protect those dependent upon him. Professor Hascall did all these things. If they consumed practically all his salary, leaving almost nothing for pleasure, that was indeed to be regretted, but not to be altered.

Later, as Mary grew and her wants increased, he cut down his own expenditures more and more. But he did not really feel the pinch until the time came when he was compelled to deny her things that "all the girls" had.

For years, of course, Mary had not understood. Like all children, she had taken many things for granted. Later, she had taken charge of his finances. He had turned them over to her thankfully.

A year later, she came to him in an agony of self-reproach, declaring that she was a wicked girl; that she had just realized how he had been sacrificing himself for her, and that she was going to leave school and go to work. He had no small difficulty in quieting her and persuading her to finish her education. He could not understand her trouble. What he had done seemed to him so absolutely and unavoidably just that he was unable to see wherein it was a great self-sacrifice.

But now it was over. To-morrow Mary was to be graduated *summa cum laude*. That very afternoon he had learned that Miss Carter, the women's dean, would not come back the next year, and he had secured the promise of the post for Mary. It would pay fifty dollars a month, and that, added to his own salary, would spell positive affluence for them. They could live as

heretofore, he reflected, on his salary, and she could enjoy herself with her fifty dollars, as a young girl should.

## II

THE minutes wore on. Here and there in the library a light winked out upon a table, illuminating the face of some eager student; but most of the room was quite dark. The day had been exhausting to the professor, both physically and emotionally; and the relaxation, almost the first he had dared to permit himself for years, was insidious. His eyes closed, and he dozed gently.

The sound of voices, low-pitched but distinct, roused him. Unconsciously he listened; then, with a thrill of terror, he realized that he was hearing what was not meant for him to hear—realized, too, that to betray his presence would be worse than to continue listening.

Mary was standing at the tall window immediately behind his chair, and she was talking to Harry Prentiss.

"I can't, Harry," she was saying. "I simply can't. Even if I did love you—"

"You do! I know you do!"

The young man's voice was eager. The professor's face blanched. Never once had he thought of this—of this, so natural, so inevitable! It came upon him almost like death. He strained his ears for the girl's answer.

"Even if I did," she went on, deliberately, but with a pitiful tremulousness, "even if I did, I should have to say no. I couldn't leave father. I wouldn't leave him for all the gold—nor all the love—in the world. You don't know how he depends on me. It would kill him for me to go away!"

"I know it would be hard on the dear old chap!" There was real feeling in Prentiss's voice. "I know it would be hard; but—but—well, it's life. Everybody has to leave somebody—'leave father and mother and cleave to her only,' you know. I'm sorry, but—"

"There is no 'but' about it, Harry," interrupted the girl firmly. "It's different with most fathers and mothers. They have somebody left. But father has no one—no one in all the world but just me. Harry, if you were a soldier, and were stationed somewhere, you wouldn't desert, would you? Girls can't fight, but girls can stay on post. This is my post, Harry! Don't ask me to quit it."

"Professor Hascall isn't your real father, you know," objected the young man weakly.

"Not my real father! Oh, Harry! Harry!" The girl's voice quivered. "He's more than my real father could ever have been! And don't you see the very fact that he isn't my real father makes me stand by him all the more. Just think, Harry, what he has done for me! I was only eight when father died. I hadn't a dollar or a relative in the world—nobody to care whether I lived or died—nobody. Father—my real father—had no claim at all on Professor Hascall. He was just a friend; and father owed him money, too. But father wrote, when he was dying, and asked the professor to come and get me and take care of me, and he did it." The girl's voice quivered with feeling. "Oh, what didn't he do, what hasn't he done for me? I didn't know, I didn't guess, till lately. He stinted and almost starved, and gave up every pleasure, that I might have this and that and the other. Everything I own, every rag I wear, everything I know, every mouthful of food I eat, stands for some act of self-sacrifice and self-denial on his part. You say he isn't my real father! Oh, Harry! Harry!"

The professor's face was ghastly, but blended with his pain was a wonderful joy. He did not try to formulate his thoughts. They were far too confused for that; but he felt that that moment paid for everything—for all the struggle that had been, and for all the loneliness that must be.

Prentiss was speaking again.

"I didn't mean it, Mary," he protested, remorsefully. "I didn't mean it. I only—"

But the girl would not let him go on.

"Do you know what was in that note you brought me an hour ago?" she cried. "It's a secret till to-morrow, but I'll tell you. He's got me the post of women's dean for next year. I'll have fifty dollars a month of my own, and—and oh, he's so happy over it. He says now I can get all the pretty things he has had to deny me. He thinks—I know he thinks—that I will live on his salary and spend my money for clothes. Clothes! And this—is this is the time when you want me to desert him!"

"I don't. I only don't know what to do. If I refuse that post at Yale—"

The girl's protest was immediate and positive.

"Oh, you mustn't refuse it!"

"But if I accept it I must leave you, and—"

"Miss Hascall!"

Absorbed, the two by the window had not noticed the approach of the librarian. At the low call they turned and advanced to meet him.

"Yes?" answered Mary.

"Do you know where your father is? The president—"

The words trailed off indistinguishably as the three walked off together. The professor could not distinguish them. He did not try. His head was in a whirl.

Mary, Mary was grown up! She was a little girl no longer. He had known this before, but he had never realized it as he did now.

Prentiss wanted to marry her, and she wanted to marry Prentiss. She must do it. Prentiss was a rising man, and could take care of her as the professor had never been able to do. Only he himself stood in the way, and somehow he must get out of it. But how? How?

Gropingly he rose from his chair and slipped unseen from the room. "How? How?" rang in his brain as he trod the shadowy walks, still warm and sweet with the fragrance of the departing day. How? How? How?

### III

THE answer came at last—the answer that would have suggested itself only to a simple, loving heart, ready to crucify itself for the sake of its beloved. Almost firmly, Professor Hascall strode up to the doorway of his house.

Mary met him in the hallway.

"Oh, father!" she cried. "Where have you been? The president—"

The professor frowned.

"Where's Prentiss?" he interrupted.

"Mr. Prentiss?" Mary looked her surprise. "He's gone—"

"Gone! What? Without—without—didn't he ask you to marry him?"

"Father!" Mary gasped.

"Yes! Yes! Didn't he? Didn't he?" Sharp disappointment rang in the professor's voice. "Don't tell me he's gone without asking you, after courting you all winter. It's disgraceful to leave you on my hands like this!"

"Father! Are you crazy?"

Mary's eyes were big and her cheeks blanched.

"It's disgraceful! Disgraceful! I suppose you know that Miss Carter has decided to stay for another year, and of course your appointment as dean has been rescinded. And now Prentiss has gone! And I've got to take care of you for another year on my poor salary. I won't! I won't!"

"Father!" Mary caught him by the arms. "Father! Look me in the eyes! You can't! Oh, you can't!" The girl was both laughing and crying. "Oh, you dear, foolish, loving father! Did you really think you could fool me? Not you! Who told you, father?"

For a moment longer the professor tried to protest; then he broke down.

"I only wanted you to be happy, Mary!" he quavered. "I didn't want you to sacrifice yourself for me—"

"And you wanted to do all the sacrificing yourself!" interrupted the girl. "Oh, you foolish, loving father! I wouldn't trade you for the dearest husband in all the world!"

"It won't be necessary, Mary!" Unseen, Harry Prentiss had entered the hall behind the two. "It won't be necessary. I saw the president, and I told him about the Yale proposition, and he's offered me the same salary to stay here. I'm going to stay—that is, if—I have guessed what you and your father have been talking about"—the young fellow's eyes twinkled—"and if the professor will let me come and live here with you both!"

The professor's eyes shone through happy tears.

"Gladly! Gladly!" he sobbed.

"Mary can refuse that post as dean, and—"

"I won't need to, Harry! Miss Carter is going to stay. Father has just told me."

But the professor blushed and shook his head.

"I—I'm afraid I told you a falsehood about that, Mary," he explained penitently.

"You darling!"

Mary squeezed his arm lovingly.

"Will you two kindly listen to me, and defer your love-making till I am not present?" Prentiss was fairly dancing with excitement. "I'm not half through with my news. I've brought President Forbes along with me. He's got something delightful to say to you, professor. Here he is!"

The young fellow stood aside, making room for a tall man with a keen, peremp-

tory face who stood behind him in the doorway, and who now came forward and held out his hand.

"I won't apologize for this informal way of calling, professor," Dr. Forbes began. "The end does sometimes justify the means. Besides, I wanted to say something that I can best say in your own house. Oldham College hasn't treated you well, professor. We—all of us—have imposed on you shamefully. We've let you toil on and on and grow old at a pittance of a salary. Don't think we haven't been ashamed of it, for we have; but you don't know how close to the wall Oldham College has been running for years. We had to promote other men and raise their salaries to keep them. We couldn't afford to let them go to other colleges, and let the public think we couldn't keep a good man. We had to pay and pay and pay, and after we did pay we had not enough money left to be generous, or even just, to men who seemed contented. But now"—the president's eyes gleamed and his frame expanded—"now things are going to be different. A hundred of our old graduates have joined in raising a million-dollar endowment fund for Oldham. They have made one condition, and only one—one in which I myself and the whole faculty are delighted to concur. What do you think that condition is, professor?"

The president's pause was distinctly oratorical.

The professor shook his head in happy bewilderment. Emotions had crowded on him too thick and fast for him to master. Mary's eyes sought Prentiss's; and at his happy nod, she looked back eagerly to the president.

"The condition," resumed the president, "is that the faculty shall immediately offer a full professorship, with an appropriate salary, to Frank Rodgers Hascall, for thirty years the best-loved man in Oldham College—the best-loved man in Oldham College. The characterization"—the president smiled—"the characterization was that of the donors of the fund, but the faculty finds it apt, and is delighted to concur." The president raised his hand, with his fingers pinched, as if holding a glass. "This is a local option city," he resumed; "but—but, gentlemen—and lady—I give you herewith the health and long life of Frank Rodgers Hascall, the best-loved man in Oldham College!"

# EDITORIAL

## ANYHOW, DON'T FAIL TO VOTE!

WHEN this magazine appears, the Presidential election will be only about ten days ahead. The great quadrennial plebiscite that bellwethers all our other elections, that gives direction and tone and color to every political activity of the nation, is at hand.

If you are a voter, it is your duty to vote. There is no excuse for failure. If you think you are "too good" to mix in the sorry business of governing your country, then you're too bad to live in that country. If you think you're too intelligent to take part in such a common performance of low-browed folk—well, if you think that, you just merely aren't intelligent at all. If you think you're too ignorant, then it's up to you to inform yourself as best you can.

Anyhow, vote. Vote your opinions and nobody else's on earth. Don't make excuse that "my vote will make no difference." Even if that be so, and it may not be, you'll be a better citizen for taking the trouble to do your part.

It ought not be necessary to fine people for not voting, yet there are hundreds of thousands who regularly and deliberately neglect this important duty. It might be worth while to impose a capitation tax, and remit it to those voters who vote, making the non-voters pay. Still, a vote that must be penalized to get it out might be of doubtful value. The thing needed is to get every voter to do his duty *from a sense of duty*, and nothing more.

If you have a neighbor who threatens not to vote, persuade him to do it. Even if he votes against you, it will be good for you, for him, and for the community for him to vote.

---

## A SAD CASE OF MISAPPLIED ECONOMY

THERE has just closed, in Washington, the world's congress of demography and hygiene; which means, a gathering of specialists in improving the condition of mankind. Some three thousand delegates attended, it being the first time, in a career of half a century, that this body of specialists has met in the United States.

The work of the congress is one of the most practical that could be imagined. It deals, among others, with such matters as suppressing the housefly, with his load of typhoid germs; circumventing the hookworm; conquering consumption; teaching mothers how to care for babies; educating farmers to produce better and safer milk; suppressing frauds in foods and drugs—in short, doing everything that will help to make people healthier and happier.

Last winter, when arrangements were making for the entertainment of this gathering, Congress was asked for a modest appropriation of forty thousand dollars to help to organize the exposition that was an important part of the affair. Congress refused, and gave not one cent.

---

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of September

Other countries—indeed, we understand, many cities—have liberally aided the congress when it has met with them. That this great nation, so urgently in need of the sort of work promoted by the health specialists, should refuse them any recognition whatever, is humiliating and exasperating.

It is such gatherings, such splendid cooperations, as this congress, that bring the world closer together, that promote real civilization, that make universal peace a possibility. They need to be dealt with by men big enough to realize what they are about.

But most of the health specialists, being foreigners, cast no votes in the United States, and are not constituents of the parochial statesmen who refused to offer them any official hospitality.

---

### A PARCEL-POST AT LAST

**A**T last the long and costly express monopoly seems likely to be broken, for, on January 1, the United States will enter upon its first experience with a parcel-post. While the service is to be somewhat restricted, and is largely in the nature of an experiment, the fact remains that a breach has finally been made in the bulwarks of an autocracy whose grip on the transportation of parcels has imposed a heavy penalty on the purse of the people.

Under what is known as the Bourne-Lewis plan, the United States and its territories, including Alaska, but excepting the Philippines, are to be divided into eight zones for parcel-post purposes. The charges for the transmission of parcels are regulated by this division. For local delivery within a zone, the rate will be five cents for the first pound or fraction of a pound, and one cent for each additional pound or fraction of a pound. The charge is graduated according to the distance traversed. For the longest haul—that is, to our colonies—the rate is only twelve cents for the first pound. It is interesting to contrast this modest sum with the present express rates.

Under the parcel-post legislation, fourth-class mail matter will embrace all other matter, including farm and factory products, not exceeding eleven pounds in weight. This admits of considerable latitude in the parcel-post, and may in time place the United States on a par with the service in Germany, where even such staples as fresh meat are sent by mail.

The big significance of the introduction of this long-needed change is that slowly but surely the American people are shaking off the bonds of monopoly. It could not have begun in a better way than with cheap parcel-delivery.

---

### THE SUCCESS OF THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANK

**M**ANY financial people gravely feared that establishment of postal banks would injure the savings institutions; but at the end of a year and a half of what is still rather elementary experience with postal savings-banks, the bankers seem to have been converted. The recent convention of the American Bankers' Association left little doubt of this. The postal banks were reported to have gathered, to that time, deposits to the amount of about twenty-five million dollars; and it was testified that, instead of taking the money from other banks, they had brought it out of hiding.

Nobody knows at all accurately how much cash—the very life-blood of business—is kept in hiding by ignorant people. It is a vast amount—enough



to reduce materially the real, circulating, working stock of money. Business needs it. It is largely drawn off from use by people who fear all save government institutions, but who are willing to deposit in a postal bank. The money goes promptly from the postal to the national banks, and thus is returned to regular channels of business.

Thus far the government permits only five hundred dollars in a single postal account. It has been proposed to take off the limit on deposits, but to pay interest only on the first five hundred dollars. Hundreds of people have tried to deposit more than is permitted; and most of these rejected deposits probably went back into stockings again.

That is just where they ought not to be. The postal banks should put an end to the hiding of gold and currency, and if the present limitation needs to be removed in order to attain this end, it should be removed without delay. The hoarding habit is a detriment to business and a relic of a lower civilization.

---

## THE COST OF DISCOVERY

NOT long ago there was dug out from among some old Spanish archives a set of parchment ledgers which were said to contain the business records of Columbus's justly celebrated trip to America. The interesting fact was revealed that the cost of that epoch-making expedition was only seven thousand dollars.

Here was a discovery which changed the map of the world, which opened a new era of history, and it was achieved for what we should to-day consider a mere pittance of money, a price that the average American millionaire would regard as cheap for a six weeks' European junket.

It will be seen that the cost of living is not the only thing that has advanced in modern times. Exploration and discovery have come to be expensive luxuries. Commodore Peary's invasions of the Arctic cost a sum total that would have equipped a hundred Columbus expeditions. The conquest of Darkest Africa took its toll of millions and of men. Even the South Pole, which was considered a rank outsider in the discovery stakes, cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to bring down.

The good Queen of Spain, who is said to have pawned her jewels to finance the discovery of America, may well have considered herself fortunate not to have had her altruistic impulse in these present times of costly equipment, high salaries, and all those other luxurious by-products of pioneering expeditions.

---

## A MUNICIPAL COAL-MINE—WHY NOT?

THE city of Grand Junction, in Colorado, is twelve miles from a great coal-field which in large part belongs to the national government, being within the public domain. Coal is sold in Grand Junction at prices running from three dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per ton. Investigation has convinced Grand Junction that this coal could be mined and sold at a dollar a ton, and that there is a combination among the mine-owners to restrict supply and maintain prices. So the town has asked the Secretary of the Interior to give it six hundred and forty acres of the coal land, on which it is proposed to open and operate a municipal coal-mine. The secretary favors the plan, and it will probably be carried out.

Why not? Towns are going in for municipal lighting-systems and gas-plants, which mean, in effect, the same as a city-owned coal-mine. If every town had a coal-field handy, and would adopt the Grand Junction plan, there would be no complaint of coal combines.

Not every community is so fortunate; but hundreds of towns have at their door water-powers which could provide electricity, power, and often heat. Congress, moreover, has displayed a disposition to favor towns that want to develop these resources for municipal uses. Of course, the local corporations that own plants and franchises to supply such necessities will object; but in the end the manifest reasonableness, economy, and business soundness of municipal development will probably overcome such selfish protests.

Eight miles from the city of Washington are the Great Falls of the Potomac. High engineering authority has reported to Congress that this fine water-power would light Washington and run its street-cars, at a vast economy. Yet a Congress that claims ambition to make our national capital a model city will not adopt the suggestion because franchised corporations in Washington stand in the way. It seems curious that Congress encourages other cities to do that sort of thing, but will not apply the same rule to its own city.

## AT LAST, GOOD-BY TO SHAKESPEARE

THE last shred of the curious myth about Shakespeare writing the works that bear his name has been blown to the four winds. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence has done the blowing.

Two years ago Sir Edwin published "Bacon in Shakespeare," which, he amiably assures us, "has carried everywhere the news of the decease of the myth." Now he is sending all over the world "The Shakespeare Myth," a little pamphlet evidently intended to be an epitaph on the tombstone of the dead and buried tradition.

Sir Edwin proves Bacon's authorship from study of the 1623 folio of plays. There were thirty-six plays in it, and thirty-six was a pet number of Bacon's; he used it a great deal. Could anything be more convincing?

Again, fifty-three was a cabalistic symbol with Bacon; and Sir Edwin chases it to its lair. On the fifty-third page from the beginning, *Dame Quickly*, in the "Merry Wives," says:

"Hang-hog is Latten for Bacon, I warrant you!"

That might not completely prove the case; but note now that fifty-three pages forward from the back end of the folio, in "Antony and Cleopatra," are three lines whose initial letters, reading downward, spell "Pig"! There you have it all—hang-hog, Bacon, pig—stowed away just where they were sure to be found by Sir Edwin or some other gigantic intellect, in time to give Bacon, at last, proper credit for his great work.

It is an epochal discovery, and no whit of credence must be denied Sir Edwin by reason of the fact that Bacon might have concealed his authorship during his lifetime, had he wished, and got due credit with posterity by a more secure procedure than taking the long chance that so wise a man as Sir Edwin would ever be born to discover the key.

Also, the fact that equally satisfying ciphers could be figured out to prove that Lord Tennyson wrote "Roughing It" will be cited by none save captious and small-minded fanatics who will insist that Shakespeare constructed the

plays, in the face of the final assurance of Sir Edwin that Shakespeare couldn't write his own name.

## THE BOOKS OF BOYHOOD

IN all the tumult of these turbulent times, when political passion and economic discord rend the nation, a man may well seek a quiet backwater of content by reading one of the books of his boyhood. Life holds few more serene or comforting compensations. The ability to turn back the pages of time with keen zest and hearty relish is an evidence that old faith has survived the long and disillusionizing journey from youth.

Who can forget that joyous day when "Robinson Crusoe" burst upon our delighted minds, when "The Swiss Family Robinson" thrilled us with its record of adventure, when "Treasure Island" opened up its enchanted vista, filled with the glamour of buried gold and piratical villainy? And so with that haunting gallery which ranges from Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen down to Henty and Barrie.

These books, read when time and the world seem young, are like certain other experiences that embed themselves in grateful and affectionate remembrance—like that swelling moment when the sound of the sea first smites the ear, or when the eye first beholds a snow-capped peak amid the clouds, or when love first comes winging into the heart. To go back to them is a liberal education in faith and simplicity. It means a rebirth of illusion.

## THE PERILS OF THE STREET

WHEN Frank Coffyn, the aviator, returned to consciousness after being injured in an automobile accident in Central Park, his first exclamation is said to have been:

"The perils of the air are nothing as compared with the dangers of the New York highways!"

The menace to life and limb on the thoroughfares of our larger communities is becoming greater all the time. In New York, for example, four hundred and twenty-three people were killed and more than two thousand injured on the public thoroughfares last year. This almost doubles the human price that the whole American army suffered in the battles of July, 1898, around Santiago.

This shocking destruction of human life is not entirely the fault of the motorman, the chauffeur, or the driver. The average American pedestrian is rather a careless individual, though he is disposed to blame his folly on the other fellow.

Kansas City, which is a very enterprising community, has set in motion a somewhat picturesque agency to curb the growing carelessness of people on the street. An ordinance has been adopted by the city council which makes the person who dodges past a policeman's hand, and cuts through a congested stream of traffic, a breaker of the law, and subject to a fine. Violators of this ordinance are called "jay walkers," and a number have been haled before the municipal courts. The result has been a decrease in street accidents during the last six months.

It is highly desirable that pedestrians should be educated to greater carefulness in the city streets. Aside from the saving of human life, there would be a tremendous economy in time, worry, and money, the three factors which figure so heavily in the litigation that inevitably follows such mishaps.

# HOME

BY BANNISTER MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "PHARAOH'S HEART," "THE NURSE," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE GIBBS

A FRAIL little figure came fluttering into the post-office—a figure of a woman in rusty black. Under her green bonnet her gray hair, with its yellowish tinge, was scarcely distinguishable from the outlines of her seamed face. Her nose looked pinched; her mouth was a vague line; her eyes wandered aimlessly, resting no more than an instant on any one point. One could not say that those light-blue eyes were expressionless; but the meaning in them came and went with flickering uncertainty, like the light of a candle that is almost gone.

The new minister, looking up over his glasses from the letter he was reading, found himself wondering whether the November wind had blown her in from the street in spite of herself; for, once over the sill, she had hesitated. He intercepted a swift, troubled glance, that seemed to say:

"I know who you are—or I ought to; but my poor mind is too busy to think it out just now."

Then she darted forward to the letter-slit, and tremulously mailed the letter which she had clutched so closely to her breast. As it rustled into the box on the other side of the partition, she laughed softly to herself, and hurried out into the wind, to be blown, as the minister put it to himself, Heaven knew where else—to the butcher's or grocer's, perhaps, or—home. And what kind of a home?

The postmaster, from his little window of "general delivery," broke in on the minister's thoughts. Being certain that every human being is curious about every other human being, the postmaster saw a pleasurable opportunity to anticipate a question.

"That's the widow Varnum," he said.

"You'll see her at church every Sunday—rain or shine."

"The widow Varnum?" repeated the minister.

"She's been like that for twenty years, to my knowledge," the postmaster went on, settling himself on his elbows. "Just a little—you know." He tapped his temple with an inky forefinger. "Not enough to harm, of course. She's right enough to do dressmaking, and earn her living."

"Pathetic!" said the minister.

"Ye-es, I suppose it is. But you get used to it after a while. And then, as I say, she's harmless."

"The pathos is hers, not ours," remarked the minister incisively.

"Oh, well!" The postmaster nodded his recognition of the view-point of the specialist in human suffering. "It all came of losing her son," he continued. "Twenty-five years ago, or more, he was killed in an accident somewhere out West. She don't realize he's dead. Every few days she writes a letter to him and brings it here. Sometimes they're addressed to Chicago, and sometimes to Denver, and sometime to New York. She never stamps them. Years ago I used to give them back to her, but now I just tear them up. She's better off for not knowing," he added, as a concession to the ministerial mind.

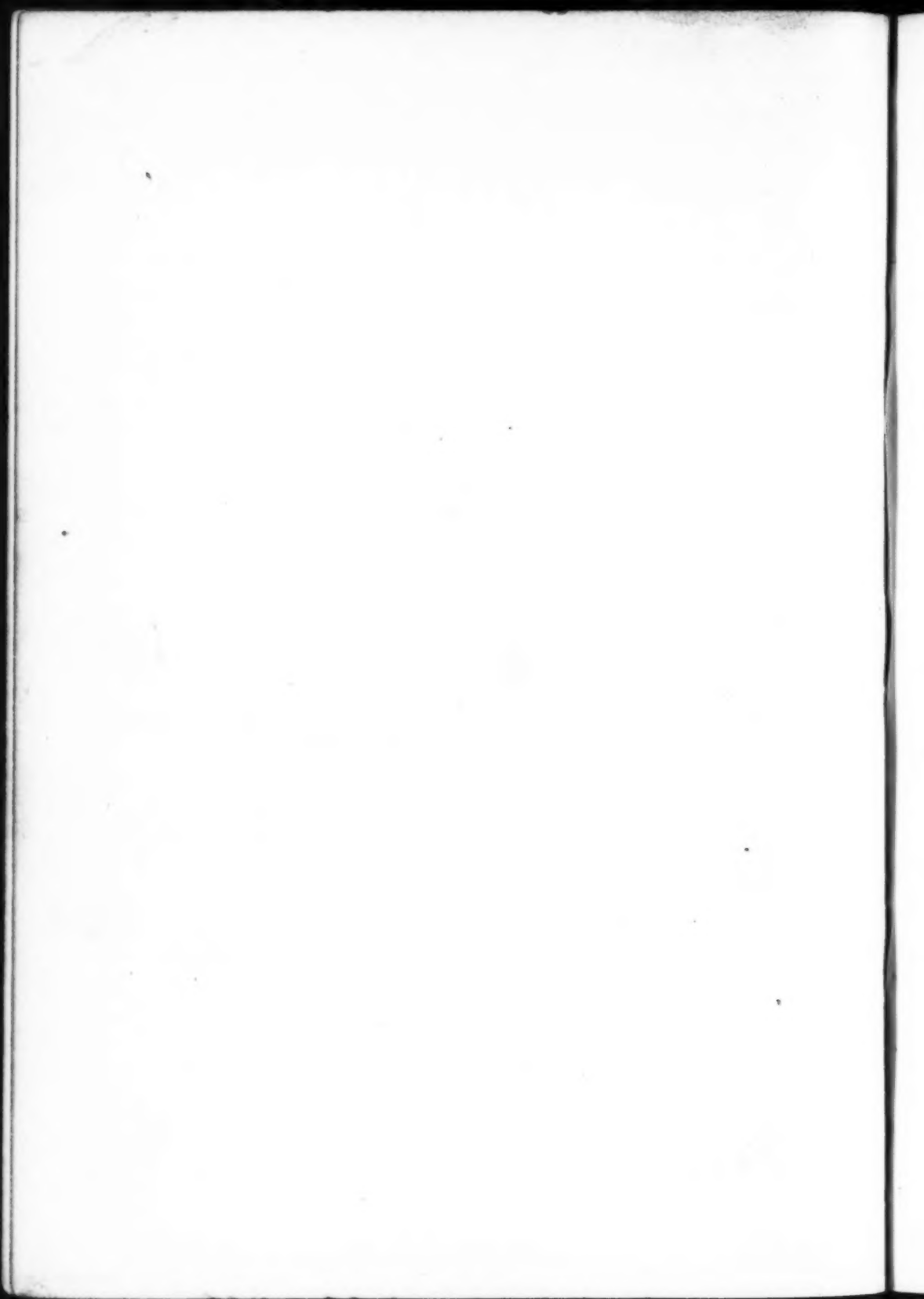
"Yes," the clergyman slowly admitted.

"Now this one"—the postmaster dived down behind the partition and came up with the letter—"you see, it isn't stamped. It's addressed to—hello! Well, I'll be—" He looked at the minister with the startled eyes of a discoverer. "Say, she's addressed this to the New York *Evening Star*. Well, what do you think of that?"



"I'VE JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING, HARRY. I CAN'T GO OUT WITH YOU, AFTER ALL."





"I think you'd better send it," said the minister.

"I believe I would, if it had a stamp," replied the postmaster doubtfully. He hefted the letter, and raised his eyebrows in fresh surprise. "Two stamps!" His fingers pinched at the envelope. "Why, there's money! Well!"

The minister took some stamps from his card-case, and handed them to the postmaster.

"I don't know as it's exactly legal," remarked the postmaster, "but anyway"—he moistened the stamps with his well-developed tongue—"but anyway, here goes!"

## II

BRIGGS was tired. One cannot be managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper without occasional fatigue, and Briggs was managing editor of the *Evening Star*.

He expected to be tired, as a matter of course, every afternoon about the time the first edition came off the press; for the *Evening Star* had clung with dignified persistence to its early traditions, and never put out its first edition till three o'clock. But for the last week or two he had felt tired in a different way, and all the time. He had gone to bed tired; he had waked up tired. There had been a strange, dull aching at the back of his neck. He had discovered that in odd moments he was developing the habit of lapsing into thoughts of things he had always wanted to do and had never had time for—things like trout-fishing, and reading Balzac, and—yes, even marrying.

He tried the effect of denying that he was tired. It did not work. Then he began to knit his brows. He dared not ask for a vacation. Would not that be an admission that he needed one? Would it not be another way of saying:

"I've had my warning, Mr. Proprietor. I'm not going to be fit for many more years of this work, but a little rest now will mean lasting just a little longer later on!"

And good men were waiting for his job.

So Briggs tried miserably to hide from himself the truth about himself. And this afternoon he fought with his work so viciously that he was not surprised to overhear the Cub whisper to Bill Mayo:

"Say, what went wrong with the old man's lunch?"

The city editor came in to discuss the handling of the truckmen's strike.

"You're looking a little seedy, Briggs," he suggested cheerfully.

"Seedy nothing!" retorted Briggs. "The only things that give me gray hairs are the mistakes of that dub crew of yours. Why don't you get a seasoned man or two?"

He realized that the retort lacked his usual snap, and he read malevolence into the city editor's answering grin.

An interruption whipped him back to his routine. The first copy of the first edition was flapped wetly on to his desk by the grimy foreman. Briggs took it up mechanically, shook it open, and held it critically at arm's length to study the effect of the headings.

"All right, Marsh," he said; and the foreman went.

Briggs began to scan the paper more particularly. Too much space to this drowning—too little to this society wedding. Yes, and when *would* that new copy-reader learn not to pass a phrase like "in our midst"?

He opened out the paper and skimmed the inner pages—drama, sports, editorials, advertisements. His eye lingered for a moment on the personal column. One item suddenly seemed to stand out from all the rest. It burned into his heart.

My child, come home. Come home for Thanksgiving.—MOTHER.

Briggs slowly raised his eyes from the paper. The office wall became for him the background of a picture in far perspective. How well he knew that white-haired figure seated in that comfortable armchair! And the room, how familiar it was, even to the Rogers group on the mantel!

Distant Illinois; and yet it was here. And he had not been there for ten years—had not seen that kindly, loving face for ten years! He had been too busy! Too busy!

He folded the paper briskly. He got up from his chair, and marched straight to the office of the chief.

"I am going to leave you, Mr. Farley," he said. "I'm going home—for Thanksgiving."

"And where is home?" Privately the chief was a man, after all, though in public he never seemed able to forget that he had once been United States minister to a foreign country. "And where is home?" he repeated.

"A thousand miles from here," said Briggs. "And I'm going. Clendenning can take my work."

"Don't worry," said the chief. "You're entitled to a rest. Come back in a week or two, if you're ready—but whatever you do, come back!" He studied the younger man's face with smiling comprehension. "I can't spare you long, Briggs. I'm getting old."

"I'm going to-night," said Briggs, hardly taking in what the chief's words implied. "Home, Mr. Farley! Just to think of it!"

The ache was gone from the back of his neck. He was smiling as he set his desk to rights. He slapped Bill Mayo on the back. He gave the city editor a special cigar, and he commiserated the flustered Clendenning. When at last he disappeared, the force was still dazed. The Cub, as an afterthought, wondered why the managing editor carried with him the smudged first copy of the first edition.

Briggs, as it happened, had a sentiment for that smudged paper. He meant to keep it. Nevertheless, he forgot it, and left it on the Subway train.

### III

WHEN Delaney went aboard the Subway local at Grand Central, his first act was to pick up the paper that was lying on the empty seat.

"Somebody must have rubbed this across the bar," he remarked to himself, noting the smudges on the first page.

He opened to the financial column, and read it with the yawning indifference of one who knows more about Wall Street than do the reporters. At Fiftieth Street he got off, taking the paper with him. He made his way to a non-committal side street in which stood a non-committal apartment-house, built before the days of steel and concrete. He pressed the third button from the end, over the row of inset letter-boxes in the entry, and presently the door clicked open for him. He slowly climbed the creaking stairs, regaled *en route* by the ascending odors of the janitor's dinner.

The door at which he ultimately knocked bore the information that Miss Clare lived within. It was opened an inch, and a high voice said:

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Surest ever," replied Delaney.

"Well, stay there till you hear my door

shut," said the voice. "Then come in, and wait for me in the sitting-room. Lucille is doing my hair."

"Any old thing," agreed Delaney. "Where'll it be this evening?"

"Rector's?"

"Right oh!"

Slipped feet pattered away, and a door was shut. Delaney entered discreetly, went into the sitting-room, and bestowed himself among the bright green plush upholstery. He cast a blasé eye toward the photographs on the wall—photographs of Miss Birdie Clare as *Sylphine* in "The High Rollers," of Miss Birdie Clare as *Cupid* in "The Arrows of Love," of—but why enumerate or describe? A score of Miss Birdie Clares smiled their set smile at the nonchalant Delaney.

He lighted a cigarette and unfolded the newspaper. Perhaps he was a little bored. He was taking Miss Clare to dinner because it was quite the thing to take Miss Clare, or some other Miss Birdie or Miss Fifi Somebody, to dinner. It was part of the routine of a dozen years of his history. Meantime he read the paper.

Miss Clare appeared at last. Her hair was a masterpiece of well-arranged disarrangement—thanks to Lucille. For the rest, she was tailor-made, with emphasis on the slender waist. Her eyes were tantalizingly cool and saucy; her mouth a bit hard.

Delaney eyed her with a degree of satisfaction. Of course, it was her business to look that way, but he felt obliged to admit to himself that she did it very well. It occurred to him that he might kiss her; and then it occurred to him that, if he kissed her, he would disturb a relationship that was already satisfactory—a relationship which was free from entanglement. Wherefore he grinned at her casually, and, observing that she still had something to do to her hat, dipped again into the paper.

"Here's a queer one," he remarked presently. "What do you think of this?"

He pointed to an item in the personal column. Miss Clare paused in the operation of adjusting a veil. She stepped to the side of his chair and glanced down at the fine print, bending till the plume on her hat brushed Delaney's cheek. She read. Slowly she straightened up and in silence moved across the room to the window.

"How's the che-ild going to know?" inquired Delaney. "Mother ought to have signed her name—what?"

Miss Clare did not answer at once. She was looking out into the darkness; but at last she spoke measuredly.

"Harry, haven't you any home?"

"Sure thing!" he answered. "New York, U. S. A."

"New York?"

"I'm the fellow that was born here," he added. "Why?"

She was silent. He looked at her curiously.

"If you've got anything on your mind, little one," he said, "you might as well unload it."

"I?" She turned and showed him a preoccupied face. "I've just remembered something, Harry. I can't go out with you, after all."

Delaney grinned.

"Who is it, Birdie?"

"Nobody. Don't ask questions. Be a good fellow and run along."

He got up.

"What are you trying to hand me?" he inquired.

"Nothing that's likely to worry you," she answered with a hint of weariness.

"Oh, well!" He surrendered easily, and took up his hat. "I'll phone you in a few days, Birdie. Hope you have a good Thanksgiving."

As soon as the door had closed behind him, Miss Clare summoned her maid.

"Lucille," she commanded, "take my purse and go and get tickets and a state-room for Portland, on the midnight."

Delaney, strolling down the street, began to be angry.

"The nerve of her!" he muttered. "Throwing me down like that—me!"

He flung the folded newspaper from him. It sailed off in an eccentric curve and dropped lightly into the tonneau of a big, shiny motor-car that stood by the curb.

#### IV

As she went out to the motor-car with her husband, Mrs. Edgerton's taut nerves were tingling with this latest annoyance. Why did he inflict his wishes on her with such irritating placidity? Why was he always proposing the impossible?

Her sharp chin was held disdainfully high as she stepped into the car and seated herself as far away as she could on the farther side. She was careful not to look at him. It seemed to her that she would scream if she had to recognize the good-

natured patience which his face was most certainly expressing at the moment. If only she could hold herself together till they got to the Carson-Smiths'!

Meanwhile Edgerton settled down in the seat. He understood well enough that he had blundered; but his mind admitted no defeat. It was merely, he said to himself, that he had brought the question forward at an unfavorable moment. Later there would be a better opportunity.

He picked up the folded newspaper beside him. He did not remember putting it there. Without even troubling to unfold it, he glanced indifferently at the column exposed on the broadest fold, seeking to decipher a few words by the casual light of the passing street-lamps.

Suddenly he lowered the hand that held the paper, and stared thoughtfully before him. With heavy deliberation, he took a pencil from his overcoat pocket and laboriously ringed the item he had read. He turned on the wide seat and spoke to his wife. The car had stopped at a Fifth Avenue crossing, blocked by a flow of transverse traffic.

"Phyllis," he said, "read this."

She moved slightly. Then, conscious that he had thrust the paper almost under her nose, she took it and read. As she read, she tried to harden herself against the tenderness that crept into her heart.

"That's universal, Phyllis," said Edgerton in a low voice. "'My child, come home'—the cry of the mother. Here we are, in this big, homeless city; but, thank God, we've got a place to go to for Thanksgiving! Of course, it will interfere with engagements to spend the rest of the week at Cleveland. Of course, it will bore you; my family always bores you. But, Phyllis, it will do you good to be bored a little—to blunt the edge of all this nervous excitement of the great American pleasure-hunt. And my mother wants us, Phyllis. Isn't that worth something?"

Mrs. Edgerton unconsciously placed her hand on the edge of the tonneau. The folded paper slipped from her relaxing fingers and fell to the street. She bent her head. "You needn't say more," she whispered. "We will go!"

The car moved forward.

#### V

MISSOURI BILL picked up the newspaper that was threatened with obliteration by

hoofs and wheels. In the Third Avenue hotel to which he was bound—a hostelry in which, for ten cents, he would get as good a bed as he desired—he would be glad of reading-matter. Also, a newspaper, after perusal, might come in handy to eke out the scanty bedding.

Missouri Bill was puffy—and forty. His eyes were watery; red bristles adorned his face. His means of livelihood were so simple as to require no paraphernalia other than a fairly glib tongue and a husky earnestness of voice.

At the Hyperion Hotel, that evening, Bill sat as near as he could to the flaming gas-jet in the "office," and read his paper like a philosopher. He had early observed that a certain item in the personal column was encircled by pencil-marks, but he forbore from comment, because it was not his custom to offer comment unless he had a properly responsive audience. Thus had he learned from experience.

Young Charley drifted into the Hyperion about ten thirty. Here, to Missouri Bill's eyes, was youth—youth still unhardened, still impressionable. For Young Charley was still in his twenties. What though his face was evil, his eye undependable? Was he not young?

"Come 'ere, Young Charley," said Bill, as soon as the newcomer had successfully proved to the clerk his right to remain.

Young Charley ambled over to the vacant chair beside Missouri Bill.

"Kid, where you goin' for Thanksgiving?" inquired Missouri Bill.

Young Charley yawned indifferently.

"Salivation Army," he replied.

Bill shifted his quid, and regarded the young man solemnly.

"Kid," he said at last, "where did you blow from anyways?"

"Schenectady."

"Long ago?"

"Four years."

"Folks live up there?"

"Guess so. Did, the last I knew."

Young Charley yawned again. "The old man's in the works. I was, once."

"Kid"—Missouri Bill slowly held out the newspaper and pointed to the marked item—"here's somethin' that might 'ave been wrote for you. Listen to this, now: 'My child, come home. Come home for Thanksgiving.' He read with impressive deliberation. "It's signed 'Mother,' he added.

Young Charley shifted uneasily.

"Cut it out!" he muttered.

"Why don't you take the bet?" persisted Missouri Bill.

"Take it yourself!" retorted Young Charley.

"Naw, kid, that's different," said Bill.

"I couldn't act the part. I been livin' on husks too long. But *you* now—you've only been out four years. Beat it back there; give your old mother a sight of you. Enjoy the fatted turkey an' the cranb'ry sauce. Smoke a pipe with the old man. Tell 'em you got a job with J. P. Morgan, an' don't get time to run up often, but you're glad to see 'em when you can. It's a grand con, kid! It won't hurt you any, an' it may do your mother good. What say?"

Young Charley squirmed.

"What's the use?" he demanded.

"How do I know?" Missouri Bill wisely disclaimed all definite knowledge. "I got a hunch, that's all. You beat it on up there to-morrer. Hurray for the grand time! Talk big and make 'em happy. An' then, kid, cut out from 'em as soon as the dinner's over! Make your getaway while there's still somethin' left to the fatted turkey beside the bones. You know that prodigal son stuff, don't you, kid? I heard a gink talking it to a bunch o' boes one night in Union Square. It's all to the good, that spiel; but it leaves out somethin'. Take it from me, kid, if that prodigal boy was a wise one, he beat it next mornin' in a side-door Pullman. He wouldn't 'a' had no business to stay there an' let the old folks come to know how different he was. It wouldn't 'a' been fair."

"I guess you're talking all to the good," said Young Charley soberly.

## VI

A WISP of a woman with yellowed gray hair stood at the window of a cottage in a Connecticut village. In the room a snowy table was laid. From the pot on the back of the stove came the smell of good things simmering; but the woman stared with vague wistfulness out into the street.

The new minister, passing, saw her at the window.

"Poor widow Varnum!" he said softly. "What a pity there's no one to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her!" And as he remembered the first time he saw her, that day in the post-office, he added: "I wonder what happened to that letter she sent?"



# THE SACRIFICES AND REWARDS OF POLITICS

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA

"THAT law ought to have been on the statute-books long ago. It is so plainly right, so urgently necessary, that all that was needed to enact it was for some person to present it. No doubt Senator Blank deserves credit for having drawn and introduced it; but nobody will ever convince me that it required either trouble or labor to get it passed!"

Thus spoke a man of substance and unusual intelligence—one who is a very good citizen indeed; and his remark shows how little understood is the difficult and often health-destroying labor which public men who really try to serve the people must give in putting through legislation conspicuously required by the people's interests and, indeed, by common honor and common sense.

Public service of the genuine and worthwhile sort is undoubtedly the most perplexing and toilsome, as well as the least understood and rewarded, of all human activities. Indeed, those men who whole-heartedly give themselves to this task find their reward almost exclusively in their own knowledge of clean and fruitful service rendered for the common good.

Suppose, for example, that a public man finds on the statute-books a law by which a certain powerful and evil interest actually is authorized to transfer almost a score of million dollars every year from the nation's treasury to its own treasury. Precisely this has been the case within very recent years. An attack on that robber law means that every possible force, every imaginable influence, which the mighty concern that profits from the law can bring to bear, will be employed to save the criminal statute. In saving it, this great interest will have the help of any other great interest which

is profiting from some similar law, or which hopes to prevent some other legislation which may affect it.

This means that party organizations are swung into line for the bad law and against the faithful public servant who dares to attack it. For such interests always are heavy contributors to the campaign funds of both parties. Too frequently, they are the financial powers behind individual Senators and Congressmen.

## THE TOIL OF HONEST PUBLIC SERVICE

So, first of all, the public man attacking such a law must be sure of his facts. He must get all the facts; not the smallest must escape him. He must verify each one of them again and again, until there can be absolutely no question whatever as to the accuracy of every statement he makes, from the moment he begins his fight until he ends it. If he falls into even a small error of fact, his whole position is assailed as unjustified and unwarranted. On the other hand, if the defenders of the interest involved make glaring misstatements of fact, it is not considered important—"just a little slip," which the man attacking the abuse is unfair to notice.

This means toil of the most drudging and monotonous kind. Almost always it means the ferreting out of some hidden fraud in a perplexing maze of figures. And the champion of justice must do his work personally, without any aid. He is not likely to be able to afford the hiring of expert help.

The mere preparation for an assault upon a vicious law means weeks, and sometimes months, of continuous, painstaking, and minute research. Almost always this is done at night; for during the day, if a

member of Congress is attending to his duties, he must be present at committee-meetings and on the floor of the Senate or the House. I personally know of instances where public men have toiled in their studies or offices from nine o'clock at night until two or three o'clock in the morning, every night for two or three months.

#### IN DEFENSE OF THE FOREST SERVICE

Very frequently, in a hot fight to save some good law or destroy some bad law, a public man of this type must remain at work all night long. Precisely this thing happened some years ago, when a carefully planned attack on the forest service was suddenly launched in the Senate. The assault was so swift and unexpected, so skillfully arranged, and so well timed, that it appeared that nothing could stop it. It occurred at the end of the consideration of the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, and came like a flash of lightning out of a blue sky, about three hours before adjournment.

The men who had determined to wipe out the forest service had seen to it that every militant friend of that service was at work in committee-meetings, or otherwise absent. It was only by chance that one of them happened to be present; and that one was not familiar with the facts necessary to refute the statements on which the attack was based.

It therefore became necessary for this one man to take the floor in desultory and uninformed debate until an adjournment was forced. After that he communicated with Mr. Pinchot, the head of the forest service, and plunged into a study of the subject. To this he devoted the entire time from eight o'clock that night until just before the Senate convened, at noon the next day, without an instant of rest or sleep.

By doing so, he succeeded in mastering the necessary facts. Figures were marshaled that could not be refuted. Maps were made which were accurate to the smallest shading. The whole history of the forest service—just what it means, just what its savings are—was gone into just as carefully as any lawyer goes into the testimony and the law of the most important case which he has to present to court or jury.

#### THE TARIFF BATTLE OF 1909

In the historic tariff battle of 1909, the small group of progressive Republicans, who alone waged that great contest, went

through work which temporarily impaired the health of every one of them, seriously injured the eyesight of most of them, and sent the greatest of them all, Jonathan P. Dolliver, to his grave.

This tariff fight was the first in the history of our country in which the schedules were critically studied from a strictly economic view-point. Before that time, the passage of a tariff bill meant that the Democrats, on one side of the aisle of the Senate, would make furious speeches about the "robber tariff," without any accurate knowledge of the facts; and the Republicans, on the other side of the aisle, would make even more furious speeches about the "pauper labor of Europe," also without any accurate knowledge as to what the schedules contained. Meanwhile, the four or five master manipulators of both parties, behind the scenes, would arrange the schedules.

In the tariff battle of 1909, all this was changed, and, indeed, rendered forever impossible hereafter. But to search out the real facts of these complicated schedules meant months of work almost as strenuous as the example I have given in the brief fight to save the forest service. No business man, in the conduct of his private affairs, would be willing even to consider the doing of such work, no matter what the reward. In the practise of the law, no lawyer would be tempted by any fee to undertake such a burden as those progressive Senators willingly and eagerly took upon themselves.

Senator Cummins, of Iowa, has one of the best legal minds in the Senate, if not the best. As everybody knows, he was the most successful lawyer of his State, and at the head of his profession in the middle West, at the time when he became Governor. Had he seen fit to continue the practise of the law, instead of devoting his life to the people's service, there is no doubt that Senator Cummins would to-day be one of the leading lawyers of the nation, and many times a millionaire—for he could have commanded practically any fee he chose. Yet his work in the tariff session of 1909 was far more difficult and strenuous than any dozen cases which any dozen of the leading lawyers of the whole country undertook during the same period.

There were other Senators whose labors in this fight were literally herculean. If I were to describe them in detail, the descrip-

tion would seem to be a gross exaggeration. The work of Senator Bristow in investigating and exposing the sugar scandal was of the same quality. Night after night have I seen Senator Dolliver go to his office and remain there at work until dawn.

Remember now that during the day every one of these men had to be on the floor of the Senate, keenly alert to every move, prepared for exhausting debate, in which they were frequently engaged. This will give you an idea of the desperate work which such public men must do to get the simplest kind of decency written into law, or to prevent the most glaring indecency from being placed upon the statute-books.

#### A SPEECH THAT WAS A TREATISE

Senator La Follette's speech on the railroad rate bill, in 1906, gives us a faint idea of the immense labor—the unbelievable mountains of research—that he undertook and accomplished on that single measure. His address, which required three or four days to deliver, was not a speech at all, but a treatise. It could not have been made without the preparation of years of study and investigation; yet it is a fact that, in addition, Senator La Follette spent months of fresh study to master the whole subject anew and bring every detail down to date. Not one of the eminent lawyers whom the oil and tobacco trusts employed to defend them in the suits against them—which, alas, have ended so sadly for the country and all other business—did anything to compare with what this diligent Senator did in that one matter.

Another illustration is the work of Senator Cummins to correct the very bad railroad bill which the administration sent to the Senate in 1910. For weeks Senator Cummins fought that bill in debate on the floor; and during all those weeks he worked every night to be ready the next day. He literally overwhelmed the administration forces, not only by the brilliancy of his attacks, but by the sheer power of his reasoning and his comprehensive mastery of the facts.

The Tobacco Trust could not have hired a lawyer to do the work that was done for the people in 1909, during the fight to correct the infamous tobacco legislation which crept into the statute-books at the close of the Spanish War. These illustrations are given to show the sacrifices demanded from every public man who in whole-souled

fashion tries to do the people's work in public life and to fulfil the people's commission.

#### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ACTIVITIES

Immense as was and is the labor daily performed by such men as those I have named above, perhaps the efforts of none of them equaled in magnitude and variety those of Theodore Roosevelt while he was President. Of course, there was this difference—that while the work of the legislators involved brain-fagging research and fatiguing analysis of complicated figures and facts, President Roosevelt could have such work done for him by experts in the executive departments and other officials at his command.

But while he was relieved of the most burdensome drudgery, he took up, and made his own, the facts on practically every public question that came before Congress. Among them were the Panama Canal, the railroad question, conservation, meat-inspection, irrigation, the Cuban tangle, our foreign relations, the Russo-Japanese War, the vexatious and hitherto insoluble San Domingo complication, and literally hundreds of other lesser but still perplexing questions.

Roosevelt went about this diverse and multifarious work with an intensity which, in other men, would appear abnormal. In the fight for the passage of any law which the people's necessities demanded, he threw himself into the struggle with a fierce and sustained energy which would have exhausted the physical resources of most men, however strong. I well remember, at the conclusion of the successful but positively desperate battle to save the meat-inspection law, that even this astonishing man, for once in his life, almost felt fatigued—but not quite.

In addition to all this, of course, was his supreme work in crystallization and direction of public sentiment, in the management of men, and in the endless personal interviews which the latter task involved.

On most of the nights during his seven years as President, Mr. Roosevelt held conferences with public men or department officials on vital questions or difficult situations until very late hours.

He has declared that he got fun out of it all. In this Roosevelt is an exception—as, indeed, he is in most other respects. President Cleveland's work was not fun to

him, nor was that of Lincoln or of Washington. Gladstone's work was the hardest kind of toil, and Pitt's immense labors made him somber. There were few flashes of fun in the careers of Bismarck, or Napoleon, or William of Orange, or Richelieu, or Cæsar.

I cite Colonel Roosevelt's vast activities, and the lightness with which he carried them, merely to show that no public man, whatever his disposition, if he faithfully serves the people, can escape tremendous toil. To all other public men whom I have personally observed, and especially to legislators of the kind I have described, public service means an outgiving of energy, and an expenditure of heart-beats, that are life-taking in their terrible exaction.

#### PERSONAL ATTACKS ON REFORMERS

But this is not all, or the worst, that they must endure. They are personally subjected to every imaginable attack which can be invented by the ingenuity of hostile interests and which can be sustained by their enormous resources.

As I have said, the wrath of the party organization is brought down on the heads of the reformers. They are made to feel exceedingly uncomfortable, not only in the official life, but also in the social life of the capital. Political back fires in their home States are started against them. Personal slander is a familiar weapon. Usually this latter consists of shameful falsehoods about these men's private lives. Rarely is their financial integrity questioned; but in the case of Senator Dolliver, those whom he was so brilliantly fighting did not even stop at that. On the floor of the Senate it was broadly intimated, in open debate, that he had been retained by the importers; but the holocaust of wrath with which the great Senator swept away the slanderous insinuation ended it instantly.

The circulation of slander to injure faithful public servants is, of course, an old trick. The nation remembers with bitter indignation the attacks made upon Washington, Hamilton, Webster, Grant, and Cleveland. But the personal attacks upon fearless public servants of to-day are much worse than the historic examples I have named; because the enemies who now indulge in such serpent warfare are inspired thereto by their lust for criminal money.

Somehow or other, a man who is getting wicked wealth by criminal means fights

more ruthlessly and more unscrupulously than any one else. An attack on such a man appears to arouse a sort of demoniac frenzy. In his retaliation, he literally stops at nothing, and employs every weapon. One of the most unfortunate things in our public affairs is the fact that the plain people can never know the brutal ferocity, the concealed but deadly cunning, the base and too often effective devices, with which evil men and evil interests assail those who attempt to end their selfish encroachment upon popular rights.

So we see that in the first place the people do not know, and, indeed, cannot possibly know, of the tremendous labor which their real servants in public life must perform. In the second place, the people do not know, and, indeed, cannot possibly know, whether the slanderous falsehoods circulated about these faithful servants, solely because they have been faithful servants, are true or not. Of these two facts the evil interests and their agents and representatives take full advantage.

Furthermore, the American public man who really serves the people cannot practise law for himself, if he is a lawyer, or give his personal attention to business affairs, if he is a business man. He has no time to do anything but his public work, if he does that work well. So nothing is more certain than that such a man will end his life broken physically and wrecked financially.

Bad as this is, it is not the worst; for so utterly does genuine public service absorb every moment of his time and every ohm of his energy, that any real domestic or social life becomes impossible. Perhaps he meets his family for an hour at the evening meal; but, aside from a passing glance at other times, this is about all.

To sum the whole thing up, genuine public service in this country at the present time takes the whole life of the public man—takes it to the entire exclusion of all the things that make other men's lives worth living.

What, then, are the rewards?

#### THE REWARDS OF HONEST SERVICE

From the material point of view, they are less than nothing. From the point of view of living one's life, they are less than nothing. After many years of careful observation and study of such public men as I have described, I am convinced that their only



reward is the inward feeling of having done their duty.

We are apt to ascribe their activities to personal ambition. I once thought this myself; but a long period of watching them at work has shown me that it is a mistake. Personal ambition may have been one cause for their beginning public work; but so fierce are the fires through which they pass that this motive is quickly burned out of them, and nothing but the pure gold of duty remains.

Such men see a wrong; and, seeing it, they can no more help attacking it than they can help breathing. Their instinct of righteousness is aroused. And even though that inspiration may at first be feeble, it soon comes to possess them utterly.

#### DOLLIVER'S SHINING EXAMPLE

Take the case of Senator Dolliver. For a quarter of a century he was the ablest popular speaker whom the Republican party could put upon the stump, the most eloquent and entertaining; but it was in the last two years of his life that he did the really great work which won the heart of the nation.

When he began that work, he did not know that the priceless reward of the people's faith and affection was to be his. Indeed, he was convinced that if he did what he determined to do, the doing of it would absolutely end his career. For at that time party organizations were still all-powerful; the interests whose vengeance he knowingly brought down on his head were still the strongest practical influence in our politics.

All that Dolliver had to do, as the situation then appeared, was to "go along," as a machine Senator put it, and it is probable, if not certain, that he would have become President of the United States. Yet from a sense of patriotism as pure as ever inspired a soldier to charge to death on stricken field, he chose what he and most others believed to be a ruinous course.

Duty, and nothing but duty, led Dolliver to do what he did. His most intimate friends personally know this to be true. During these last two glorious years of the Senator's life, he said to one of his closest friends—a statement which he repeated in more general terms on the floor of the Senate:

"I can stand it no longer. I am going to do this work. It will drive me out of public life; but I would rather go out of

public life knowing that I have done my duty than stay in public life feeling that I am nothing but a yellow dog under the party wagon, shirking my duty to the people, and defending, in the name of my party, villainies which certain men, who pretend to be Republicans, and who control our organization, put into our laws."

It is often said that to the man who does clean and effective public service there must be great satisfaction in the sheer doing of battle, and in seeing the things for which he fights prevail. But the fact is that the public man who is actually in the fight never has a moment for such comforting reflections. It is literally true that from the moment when he rises in the morning until the moment when he retires at night, he is at work. As soon as one thing is done, another crowds forward, so that effort succeeds effort and anxiety succeeds anxiety, without break or relaxation.

Whenever the sacrifices of faithful public servants are mentioned, one hears the cheap retort that "there seem to be plenty of patriots anxious to make such sacrifices."

"If these men have to work so hard," people say, "and give up so much, and get nothing for it all, why do they do it?"

Why, indeed? From the purely selfish point of view, the question is unanswerable. Why should a man possessing the ability of any of those I have named, or of a score of others like them, give up his life to unrequited public service, when, with a fraction of the same effort, he might easily have become an eminent lawyer, a successful business man, or a distinguished author?

#### THE SPUR OF PUBLIC DUTY

I repeat that no matter what motive inspires these men to begin a public career, yet, once it is begun, there is an imperious sense of duty that drives them forward. There is a divine compulsion that makes them glad and eager to spend all and give all in serving their fellow men. Remember that these men are not fools. On the contrary, they are uncommonly able men, frequently highly educated, rich in experience of life, seasoned by decades of contact with hard situations, and therefore entirely without illusions.

It is our common American habit of thought to ascribe to them a desire and an expectation of great political advancement, and, in the end, of the Presidency itself. Though I may shock credulity in saying so,



yet I must declare that not more than one or two of all these men, whom I have known intimately, have entertained any such idea.

Practically every one of them understands perfectly well that, in the instability of American politics, his career will probably be ended in the very middle of his work for the people. Nearly all of them see—are forced to see—that the average business man or lawyer, in private life, will have a far more comfortable and personally satisfactory ending than they will have. And yet they go on.

#### MEN WHO GROW RICH IN PUBLIC LIFE

Of course, there are public men of another quality who get much out of public life; there is another kind of so-called public service which does yield its reward. We see men go to the House or the Senate very poor financially. At the end of a few years, we find them rich men; sometimes they become millionaires.

There is hardly a State which does not furnish illustrations of this—occasionally grotesque illustrations. A young lawyer happens to be elected to Congress; he is so poor that he has to borrow money to get suitable apparel; he is so meanly educated that he cannot either speak or write the English language grammatically. But he has a way about him—a gift for manipulation, a talent for intrigue, a low genius for ingratiation, a truckling but effective subserviency to any power above him; and he sees to it that these powers above him are very profitable powers. He is one of the sort that “bends the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.”

The first thing that his constituents back at home know, their impecunious representative has developed into a capable politician. Soon the people of his district read of him as being in high favor with the “leaders.” Finally he is represented as being a “leader” himself.

Not a leader of thought, not an originator of measures for the common good, not a captain of righteous public opinion! Oh, no—but a leader in the sense that he is one of that crafty dark-room cabal that “manages things” in Congress. In the end, by degrees so slow that they do not shock his home folks, he has become a man of wealth, a citizen of substance.

This is only the ordinary type. The greater ones finally emerge from public life

as members of the House of Money Lords guiding the nation's financial destinies.

#### SELFISH NONENTITIES IN OFFICE

Then, again, there is the man who, fairly early in life, has amassed a considerable fortune, before he openly asks for a public office. Such a man is always afflicted with the insanity of personal ambition. He wants to be on some public pedestal. He is eaten by an insatiable craving for notoriety. So he pours out his money right and left. He helps his party financially. Incidentally, he builds up within it a personal organization which, by his money, he makes the party organization. He invests in newspapers.

Invariably he is a citizen of unimpeachable personal morals. He sees to it that his church membership connections are good, and his pious activities well advertised.

Finally, when he reaches the House or the Senate, a man of this type invariably affiliates himself with the organization. He alines himself with the conservatives, and carefully refrains from taking part in any fight for the people's interests.

Then, again, there is the man who, having spent most of the years of his life, and all of life's best energies, in building up his private business and making a fortune by legitimate means, wants to “round out his career” in public office. It is curious that there is always some public sympathy for such senile ambition. It is said: “The old man has worked hard, and has built up a great business. Now let us give him a term in the Senate to gratify his legitimate ambition.”

When a man of this type gets to the Senate, or to any other public place, he is sure to become a defender of things as they are, no matter how bad they may be; because to keep things as they are means, to him, keeping his fortune as it is.

Of course, these men amount to nothing whatever, except in their vote. They have literally no influence on those masterful insiders who arrange and put through the programs of the interests. They are not even considered as an active force by their colleagues, whether radicals or reactionaries. They exist only in their votes. And very seldom do they vote for any reform.

If they do so, it is from the instinct that their action may help them to stay in public life. For these men come to be consumed by a passion for official life in Washington

which is quite unknown to the faithful public servants of whom I have spoken, and which they can scarcely understand.

To the man who uses his office to make him rich financially and powerful politically, to the vain and madly ambitious official who must see his name in the newspapers and be applauded as a "big man," and to the elderly person who wishes to round out his career by a term in the Senate, so that his posterity may read of him as a public force in his time—to all these, Washington offers all manner of fascinating delights.

They love its gaieties, its diversions, its ceaseless excitements. Above all, they worship and adore its social life—if only they can get into it.

True, very few of these men can even approach the driveway to the door of the real social life of Washington. Occasionally there is one of them who, by birth, or good breeding, or real wit and entertaining qualities, is admitted within the magic circle; but, speaking by and large, not one in a hundred of them ever gets a chance to attend anything but an official dinner—which is the dreariest imaginable function in the whole world. Nevertheless, these excluded ones like to make "the folks back home" think that they are in the social swim of Washington.

It goes without saying that no man of these three latter types ever does any real work. They never sit up all night long, searching through endless volumes for the real facts of public questions. They never bother their heads or strain their eyesight by summing up, checking off, comparing, and analyzing endless columns of dreary figures. Why should they?

To such men public service has immediate and tangible rewards—rewards that show in their bank-accounts; rewards of creature comforts; rewards of all kinds of pleasure. But all these rewards are at the expense of the people.

Just how the people are going to work out their own welfare in the selection of their public servants is a question yet on the knees of the gods. The public men in

Washington who secretly—or sometimes openly—betray the public interest go back to the people at election-time and loudly and aggressively proclaim that they are the most fervent champions of the national welfare. None so patriotic—on the stump; none so pious—in church; none so correct—in private habits; none so obligingly kind as they—to the newspapermen; none so polite, deferential, and considerate in contact with their fellow citizens; and none so powerful with the financial interests, and therefore with the business world at large.

#### THE NEED OF A PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

The upshot of the whole thing is that here in America we have got to develop a public conscience, a righteous public opinion, the very instinct of which will ferret out existing evils, and which will demand a new type of public servant. When this is done, our public service must take on a permanence such as the English, German, or French public service has. For, although we have been fond of saying that we Americans have led the world in political affairs, yet the truth is that for the last quarter of a century modern European nations have been far ahead of us in this respect. Every modern European nation, during the last twenty-five years, has been able to give us Americans lessons in laws concerning labor and human conditions, in laws which solve social problems, and, above all, in laws which deal in a common-sense and effective way with business conditions.

This is proved by the fact that the entire program of the Progressives—whether that program deals with such human and economic problems as child labor and the safety and protection of the toilers, or whether it deals with industrial and business questions, such as the regulation of capital—this entire program, if all of it were enacted into law to-morrow, would still be at least a decade behind similar laws already enacted by Switzerland, France, Germany, England, and even Italy and Austria.

#### LOOKING FORWARD

MANY there are that brood on glories gone,  
Or in the sunset varied wonders see;  
Friend, let us rather face the coming dawn,  
And think upon the marvels yet to be!

*Clinton Scollard*

# THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY'S APPEAL TO THE BUSI- NESS VOTE

BY JUDSON C. WELLS

IT is a tradition that the Democratic party always elects its President in August. Sometimes it lasts into October. Occasionally it shows in the running even down to November.

The opening of October, when this article is written, sees the Democrats and the Progressives dividing the stock of confidence. The Republicans are out of it. There are two parties in the race, and only two.

The Democrats are handicapped by their feeble hold on the confidence of the business community. Nobody knows this better than they do. They cavil against it, but have to admit it. They insist that the "lack of confidence" argument is a libel, but they know it hurts. They protest that the soup-house reminiscence of 1893-1897 is a calumny, but they know that it sticks in the public mind. They rage against the full-dinner-pail tradition of Republican times. They charge that it is a blasphemous assumption of partnership with the Providence that gives the country fat crops.

But the hard, cold fact stands that the lean years have been under Democratic control. This is a business country, and it doesn't forget solid business facts. It is afflicted with a persistent prejudice in favor of good times and expanding production. It has an utterly unacademic appetite, long trained to the unsentimental habit of three square meals a day. It leans powerfully toward the steady job, and violently opposes any school of economic thought which has become associated with the notion that we eat too much, or that a vegetarian diet would conduce to the public health.

These may be sordid considerations.

Viewed by well-fed and scholarly persons, they may indicate a sadly materialistic attitude. But they suggest accurately the conditions that public opinion imposes on whatever party shall get its vote of confidence.

Oratory and rhetoric may protest in behalf of our sacred liberties, may appeal to the wisdom of the fathers, may declaim about arks of the covenant and other receptacles wherein eloquence assumes that we keep our treasured institutions; but at the end, the practical community has almost invariably indorsed the party which convinced people that its success meant good business and good times.

## A GLANCE AT TARIFF HISTORY

It is worth while to glance at political history for a moment, to recall what different parties and policies have done for business and done to business. From the beginnings of Federal government, there has always been party difference as to the proper attitude of the nation toward encouraging home industries. That started the tariff question in Washington's time, and it has been a political issue ever since.

Hamilton gave us the first tariff, and it started our industrial development. The War of 1812 brought an excessive tariff, which caused overstimulation. Instead of giving moderate readjustment, the act of 1816 slashed duties, and one of the severest depressions in our history followed.

The country came back to the protective program in 1824 and 1828, and prosperity returned, too. Then 1832 brought another excursion into free trade, and another period of business disaster, which ended after the protective measure of 1842 was enacted.

The low tariff of 1846 followed this, and is the one bright spot to which advocates of similar policies always point. The country was prosperous in the ensuing period; no doubt of that. It was prosperous, protectionists aver, because of the stimulus given by a successful foreign war, a great accession of territory, the flow of new-found gold from California; because Ireland's famine, Europe's short crops in general, the Crimean war, and the revolutionary disturbances of 1848 reduced Europe's producing capacity and made her a better customer for our surplus.

At any rate, when these influences were withdrawn, prosperity collapsed, and the great panic of 1857 ensued. In 1860 the Republicans, pledged to a protective program, came into power.

I have summarized this glimpse of antebellum business conditions from Mr. Blaine's history. The record since the Civil War is just as bad a recommendation for the Democratic program in dealing with business.

#### SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

The Democrats came into power in 1884, with the country prosperous. They were turned out in 1888 because business had suffered. The Republicans came in again, passed the McKinley Tariff Act, saw good times restored again—and four years later were turned out again. That brings us down to 1892, Democratic victory, and the ensuing panic of 1893!

After that experience, the country in 1896 turned back again to the party of good business, and the Republicans had the opportunity to sweep up the fragments of a demoralized business fabric and patch them together again into a working structure. Since that time prosperity has ruled, save only the acute disturbance of 1907, forced by overstrained business and speculative conditions.

No wonder the voters have hesitated to assume the responsibility of experimenting with a policy and a party that have made such a record. No wonder that many thousands even of loyal Democrats always fear the results if they win.

The record is long and unmistakable. The best that can be said in attempting to explain it away is that "luck" has been against the Democrats. It has been that way so long and uniformly that the responsible partner in this national business

enterprise, the plain voter, is afraid to gamble on it.

Rail as they may against the perverse fate that has brought their business policies into disrepute, Democrats know that right here lies the grave weakness of their party. And on the other hand, protest as they may against abuses that have grown up under Republican rule, business and professional men, salaried people, wage-earners, farmers, laborers, investors, have invariably hesitated to exchange the traditional business efficiency of Republicanism for the uncertainties, and worse, that have attended Democratic control.

So much for the Democratic party. Now let us look at the case for the Republican party as it stands to-day.

#### A PARTY IN MORAL BANKRUPTCY

In the long political duel for national control, the Republicans have justly claimed that theirs were the better business methods. Are they so to-day?

The Republican party that asks support this year is not the party it has been in the past. That party went into moral bankruptcy at Chicago, and the bosses were made its receivers. It had been going to the bad for some time before the Chicago convention. It had been behaving in a way that made the country doubt whether it could be trusted to administer the policies that it claimed as its own. This year, the nation has been seized with a keen realization of the moral shortcomings that make it an unsafe manager.

We—the nation, the average voters, the whole people—have come to realize that government has a moral as well as a business side. Indeed, its business and its moral aspects are so closely related that they cannot be separated. Good business policies, dishonestly administered or badly betrayed, become bad and dangerous. No administration, no party program, can be much, if at all, better on its business side than on its moral side.

Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy for the Republican nomination represented the effort of aroused moral sense to rescue the party from the degeneracy into which it had fallen. But because the fall had been so complete, the people were swindled out of their moral victory, and the party lost its chance of salvation. Instead of reforming itself, repenting, and turning toward the light, it drove out the element that had

sought to save it—the only element that could show it the way to be saved. The fact that that theft was possible proved the hopelessness of further effort to save the party.

It is not necessary here to discuss the theft of Chicago. That is not the question now. The fact is enough—the moral movement within the Republican party failed. Its failure cost that party all of its best elements—its youth, energy, progressiveness, vitality, and character. These, driven out, united with similarly orphaned elements from other parties, and the Progressive party is the result.

As a result, the country faces a new political condition. Three political parties of the first rank, instead of two, entered in the race for national control. Eighteen millions or so of voters were brought face to face with the question:

"What are we going to do about it?"

#### THE NEED OF A NEW PARTY

On the side of morals, the question is not hard to answer. Neither of the old parties deserves consideration on that ground. Both have fallen into a condition of moral enfeeblement that has cost them all their hold on public confidence. It's a toss-up between them.

The Democracy has never held any worth-while fund of confidence in its business capacity. The Republican party once held such confidence, but has lost it.

The new Progressive party has gathered to itself those elements, from the other parties, that are determined to end the era of immoral control in public affairs. It stands pledged not only to decency and honesty, but to sound business policies. It has not forgotten the bread-and-butter, workaday affairs with which a great political organization must deal. It has kept its economics on straight, as well as its morals. It has sought to keep its sanity as sound as its sentiments.

Therefore the Progressive party rejected no policy, in legislation or administration, merely because it had previously been among the tenets of some older party. Instead, it picked out the soundest, safest, best-proven, and most fully tested proposals from them all. It supplemented and reinforced these with progressive measures that look to the betterment of human conditions and governmental methods. Into all this mass of doctrine, program, and pur-

pose it breathed the inspiration of a new and genuine zeal.

It would have been sheer idiocy to do less than this. It wasn't a new party name that national affairs needed; it was a new view, a broader outlook, a truer vision, an emancipation from old superstitions. Only a new party could provide these. It must be new, because it must be free from the shackles of tradition. It must be wise to see good wherever it was, and free to adopt it.

It must be a party of to-day and of the future. It must discriminate between what is and what was. It must cut out the dead wood, rasp off the barnacles, forget what was behind, look ahead, think straight, and be courageous enough to tell the truth.

Hand-me-down dogma and doctrine are not wanted merely because they have been unthinkingly accepted for a long time. Neither should we retain hand-me-down prejudices against things which, though long rejected, may be good, useful, and entirely right. Only a new party could enforce this rule of refusing everything bad, however old, and of taking everything good, whether old or new.

#### USELESS TO DENY THE LAW OF PROGRESS

Because it has enforced this very rule, the Progressive party is as safe on the tariff and the business issues as the Republican party would be. It is vastly safer, better, more trustworthy than the Republican party in other ways, because it recognizes the great forces of unrest. Recognizing these, it is prepared to deal with them. It is going to treat the disease, not the symptoms; to get at the fundamental disorders, not to content itself by applying quack lotions to surface irritations.

To deny men and women the right to want better conditions of life is to deny the whole law of human progress. To set up cast-iron regulations and limitations upon these proper aspirations is to invite explosion. To shut the eyes to things that a blind man must see is the last refuge of Bourbonism.

This unrest, this outreaching and up-reaching for a bigger and wider life, is here. It will not be denied. You can't satisfy complaints about the cost of living by replying that this generation would be comfortable enough if only it would content itself with the simple life of its grandparents. This isn't grandfather's era; it's



ours, and we have a right to want to make it better than it is.

These facts must be recognized. Conditions as they are must be handled squarely, honestly, considerably, candidly. You can't remove distrust and unrest with fine phrases; you must get at the causes, and cure them.

To suppress these great, elemental, volcanic forces is as unwise as it is impossible. They must be reckoned with. That is the Progressive party's plan and ambition. It is going to bring better conditions by wisely directing forces which, if bottled up, would blow up the social structure.

These forces are the steam in the boiler. Confine it there, and it wrecks the works; control, direct, utilize it, and it runs them.

This illustration of the steam, the en-

social steam; it has been put at work running a big social engine of production. There's nothing to be gained, certainly, by wrecking the machine. That's one thing to keep in mind when you vote who shall be the engineer for the next four years.

This social engine has been grinding out the raw material of social comfort and advancement at an astounding rate in recent time. There isn't much complaint on that score. During the period when Theodore Roosevelt was at the throttle, prosperity, as indicated by the production of the industrial machine, was at its high tide. Here are some figures on the increase of population and wealth in the United States for the decennial period 1900-1910. During three-quarters of that period, Roosevelt was President:

	1900.	1910.
Population .....	75,994,575	92,174,515
Wealth .....	\$88,517,306,775	\$137,000,000,000
Savings-Bank Deposits .....	2,389,719,954	4,070,486,247
Postal Receipts .....	102,354,579	224,128,658
*Capital invested in Manufacturing .....	8,975,256,000	18,428,270,000
*Wages and Salaries paid in Manufacturing .....	2,726,045,110	4,365,612,851
*Products of Manufacturing .....	13,004,400,143	20,672,051,870
*Materials consumed in Manufacturing .....	6,575,851,000	12,141,790,878
*Persons employed in Manufacturing .....	5,076,883	7,405,313
Value of farm lands .....	13,058,007,995	28,475,674,169
Value of farm buildings .....	3,566,639,496	6,325,451,528
Value of farm implements and machinery .....	749,775,970	1,265,149,783
Exports .....	1,394,483,082	1,744,984,720
Farm value of corn produced .....	751,220,034	1,384,817,000
"    "    wheat produced .....	323,515,177	561,051,000
"    "    oats produced .....	208,669,233	408,388,000
"    "    cotton produced .....	438,280,000	820,320,000
Value of cotton seed .....	77,550,000	142,860,000
"    horses .....	896,513,217	2,083,588,195
"    milch cows .....	514,812,106	738,352,066
"    sheep .....	122,665,913	234,664,528
"    hogs .....	185,472,321	409,414,568
"    farm animals .....	2,228,123,124	4,925,173,610
Total value on the farm of farm products .....	4,717,069,973	8,694,000,000
Total production of coal in long tons .....	240,789,310	447,853,909
Total production of pig iron in long tons .....	13,789,242	27,303,567
Production of petroleum in gallons .....	2,672,062,218	8,801,354,016

\* 1899-1909.

gine, and the works is particularly pat. Watt found his steam in a teakettle. It isn't there any more. It's in a boiler, which feeds an engine. So, too, with the

When you get down to bushels, tons, gallons, dollars, and millions, in this fashion, it looks like a pretty practical question, doesn't it? Well, it is all that. Granting

that we want some reforms, and are dead set on having them, do we want to risk smashing the producing machine in order to get them?

Roosevelt is no smasher of the machine. He is the star producer of them all, on the basis of his record. Look the figures over again, and think about it.

These figures stand for the Roosevelt era. They tell the working of the business policies which he represented as President,

clamp down a lid on it and invite explosion; he directed the pressure of public opinion where it would *do work*.

Think of what he and public opinion accomplished, by way of reforms, in less than eight years! It's worth while. Suppose you give one lobe of your brain to the reforms that Roosevelt wrought, and the other to the substantial, practical results of his era. You can parallel them up something like this:

---

Regulation in the public interest was applied to transportation.

Rebating was stopped, through the passage of the Elkins law.

The pure-food and pure-drug legislation was passed.

Meat inspection was enforced despite protests that it would ruin the meat trade.

The great country-life, back - to - the - farm movement got its big impetus from Roosevelt.

Conservation of natural resources was forced into the position of a great national issue.

The fight for a parcel - post and a postal savings-bank was started and practically won.

The protective system was maintained unchanged throughout Roosevelt's time.

Railroads earned the largest returns they had ever known.

Industry expanded at a rate which surpassed all experiences.

National wealth grew 57 per cent from 1900 to 1910.

Instead of ruining the stock interests, this era saw the value of farm stock more than double.

Total annual value of farm products increased from \$4,717,000,000 to \$8,694,000,000.

The value of farm lands increased from \$13,058,000,000 to \$28,475,000,000.

Receipts of the postal service increased from \$102,000,000 to \$224,000,000.

Products of manufacturing increased from \$13,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000.

---

and for which he stands. He achieved reforms, but he also preserved prosperity. Look at the record.

#### ALLAYING SOCIAL UNREST

Before he became President, and when he began his service, there was a keen feeling of unrest in the nation. Don't forget that. It is doubtful if that feeling is as strong to-day as it was then. There had been no outletting of the pressure in the social boiler. People knew that many things were wrong, that much needed to be done. The very tragedy of McKinley himself is directly attributable to a violent manifestation of this sentiment.

Roosevelt, because he is a man of vision and imagination, set about to allay unrest by bettering conditions. He saw that there was ground for disaffection. He didn't

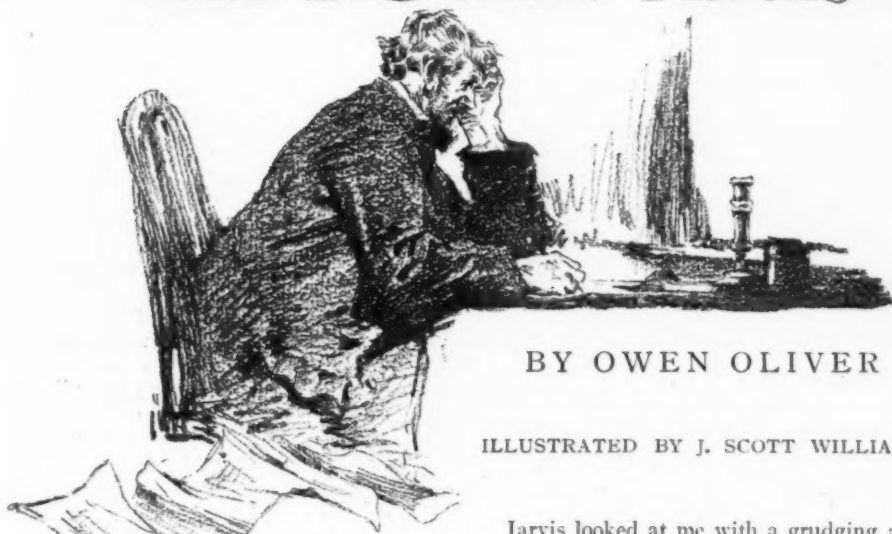
That sort of parallel might be carried as far as one pleased; but what's the use going farther? My point is that Roosevelt has proved that he can be trusted both as an administrator and as a reformer. Who else, among the men for whom you have a chance to vote at the approaching election, has so well earned that trust?

Roosevelt is your chance to be both idealistic and practical. Voting for him is voting for more business, and also for honest business. That's what the record proves.

Study the facts, reason out your own conclusion, and vote on November 5 as the facts and the record convince you that it is right to vote.

The Progressive party will have no fear of the outcome if the eighteen millions of voters will do that.

# THE BROKEN PIECES



BY OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

**I**T was the close of an autumn day, and I stood at the gate of my lonely cottage to watch the light fade. There was still a red streak in the sky to show where the sun went down. The mist was rising over the marsh, and the wind was singing in the telegraph-wires and the trees.

Old Jarvis, the postman, came slowly along the road, on his usual journey to the Hall. There was never a letter for me.

He stopped when he reached my gate, peering at me sidewise through his spectacles. The villagers stood a little in awe of me, as a grim, solitary man.

"I suppose," he suggested, "you wouldn't hear the big bell at the prison, with the wind in this quarter?"

I roused from my lethargy.

"A prisoner escaped?" I asked; and he nodded.

"At two o'clock, and they're searching the moor and the marsh for him. Best keep your eye open. He'll be pretty desperate, if he happens to come this way!"

"He'd best not," I said; and I stretched my arms slowly to feel my muscles stiffen.

There was a time—but I am not old enough to boast, even yet—not so old as I seemed with my long hair and beard.

Jarvis looked at me with a grudging admission of my strength.

"You do be a mighty big man," he owned. "He'd have more cause to be afeared of you than you of him, like enough; but 'tain't very likely he'll get so far before he's took. The last one that got out—before you come here, that was—reached the marsh, and hid in a swamp through the afternoon with all but his head under water; but he gave up and came out at night. I don't know that I'd have had the heart to tell of the poor wretch, if I'd met him; but this one I would!"

"Who is he?" I asked; and again my muscles stiffened.

Jarvis rested his bag on the wooden railing and lit his pipe.

"Did you ever hear of the Farlow bank frauds?" he asked. "Just before you came to these parts? Them that ruined half the country, and—"

I gripped his arm suddenly.

"Eastman!" I cried. "You mean Eastman? He has escaped?"

"Lord!" he protested. "You do startle a body! Eastman it is; and more than robbery that he's in for. If you remember—"

"Remember!" I cried. "Remember!"

I shook my fist at where the sky burned red; and then I laughed aloud. Old Jarvis picked up his bag, and went off hastily, muttering to himself. I suppose he thought

that I was more dangerous than the convict, or perhaps that I had gone mad.

I was mad for the moment, I think. I laughed and chattered my thoughts aloud, like a child. Eastman had escaped, and the police would never find him; but I would!

It was what I had lived for these four years. I always felt sure that he would get out some day. His gang were clever—so very clever! His wife was cleverer; and so I had left the friends alone and watched her. I guessed what it meant when she took the little cottage on the moor, six miles from the place of his confinement.

"Any one could escape from the prison," a warder once told me, "but no one can get away from the moor."

She meant to make a hiding-place for him there, where he could stay till the hue and cry was over, and he had grown his hair; and then she would get him away. She had changed her name, and rouged her pale face, and dyed her hair, and got into a different way of speaking. No one would recognize her but I. If I had been deaf and dumb and blind, I think I should have known when Maud Eastman passed.

I took the other lonely cottage near to hers; and we had been neighbors for three years. For two of the three we had even been neighborly. I looked so old, with my beard and my long hair and my spectacles; and I had learned to speak slowly and seldom and boorishly. She did not recognize me. If she had been brayed in a great mortar, I would have known *her*!

## II

I WENT indoors when the postman had gone, put on my heavy coat, and slipped a revolver into my pocket. Then I took my big staff, and went to her house. I was not afraid of Eastman, and I was not afraid of his friends, if any ventured there. I was afraid of her!

I knocked a long while at her door before she answered. I guessed that she had him within. She stood holding the door ajar, and did not ask me to enter; and then I was quite sure.

"Good evening, Mrs. Roach," I said. That was how she called herself. "I've taken the liberty of coming to see that you were all right. A convict has escaped, as perhaps you know."

"How should I know?" she asked almost sharply.

I laughed a foolish, cackling laugh, like a countryman.

"I wasn't meaning that he was a friend of yours," I said; "but they've tracked him to these very parts, and it's like enough he's pretty near to you now—pretty near!"

She moistened her lips; clasped and unclasped her hands; shifted one foot over the other. I remembered that way—every little way—of hers.

She laughed a laugh that reminded me of five years back. Then it had deceived me; now I noticed that, all the time her eyes were half closed with pretended laughter, she was studying me keenly through the narrow slits. She evidently concluded that it was wise to humor the poor old country fool!

"He's more likely to come to you," she said gaily. "He'll want some man's clothes. Poor fellow! I think I pity him."

"You wouldn't pity him," I said, "if you knew the man. There isn't a soul for twenty miles round but would like to see him hang!"

I banged the ground with my staff.

"Is it known who he is?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "It's known. The warders gave it out, because they knew it would make everybody keen on catching him. They've tracked him to close round here; and begging your pardon, Mrs. Roach, I'm going to watch here till he's caught, to see that no harm comes to you. Leastways, I'll watch till to-night. If he isn't taken then, I'll speak to the police to put a strong guard round your house. We can't be too careful of a lady like you!"

She said nothing; and I watched the right foot pushing at the left. It was always her way when she was perplexed—one of her ways. I knew them all!

"It is very kind of you," she said; "but really it is such a remote chance; and I have Rover, and—really, I am not afraid, Mr. Green. I shall always remember your kind intentions, though I will not trouble you."

She smiled at me—the smile that I trusted five years before.

"No trouble, ma'am," I said. "No trouble! I'll just patrol outside, and be no annoyance to you."

Her right little finger moved backward and forward quickly. That was her way when she grew impatient.

"But really!" she protested. "It is so—so very unnecessary. I am not a child,

and, frankly, I prefer not to trouble you, Mr. Green."

"No trouble, ma'am," I said cheerfully. "No trouble! It'll be a pleasure." I bowed clumsily. "A double pleasure, if I could lay my hands on him! Do you know what he's done?"

She moistened her lips slowly, covering them with her hand; and I knew that way too.

"You didn't tell me his name," she said.

"I don't like soiling my tongue with it," I answered; "but if you must know, it's — Eastman!"

"Eastman!" she said, as if the name conveyed just more than nothing to her. "Oh, yes! I remember the case. He defrauded a bank, or something of the kind, didn't he? Well, he's suffered."

"There was more

arms — "he'll wish that he'd stayed in prison!"

"Then," she said, "I hope that you won't get hold of him; for I think he must



I SUPPOSE HE  
THOUGHT THAT  
I WAS MORE  
DANGEROUS  
THAN THE  
CONVICT

have suffered enough. Anyhow, I am not in the least afraid of his coming here and hurting me. So" — she held out her hand in dismissal — "thank you for your kindness!"

I ignored her hand, and stood shaking my head.

"If it's only to ease my own mind," I said, "I'd like to look round the house to see that he hasn't got in unbeknown to you. There's your parlor window open; and the back door on the latch, I suppose?"

"But this is nonsense!" she cried; and laughed.

Any one who did not know her would have called it just a laugh of amusement; but I knew every turn of her laugh. I knew! Just the little rasp in the silk.

"Or," I said, "if you'd let me wait with you till the police and warders come? Of course, they'll search the house — unless,

than robbery," I told her. "He ought to have been hanged, and would have been, if they'd tried him in this part of the country. If they get hold of him now — if I get hold of him" — I stretched my big



perhaps, I told them that I'd been over it. They know me, most of them. I'd be more careful with your things than their rough hands; being"—I paused as if abashed at my daring—"being a—a sort of friend," I blurted out like a bashful countryman.

I saw the corners of her mouth curl for just the time that thought takes. No one else would have noticed them, but I knew her mouth!

"Would you be very careful?" she asked, glancing up at me with her head aside. Any one else would have seen only the softness in the look; but I saw the thought behind. The police might search closely, and I should only look at her.

"Then," she said, without waiting for my answer, "perhaps you will be so kind."

She stood back smilingly from the door—not so far back but that her sleeve brushed mine as I went in. A stranger would have taken the touch for an accident, but I knew better.

"Where shall we look first?" she inquired, as if she were a child playing a game; and she laughed up at me, so that I should look at her. "Shall we try the parlor?"

"If you will show me the way," I agreed.

We went into the parlor. I looked under the sofa, and in the cupboard, and in the sideboard. She laughed childishly at each vain inspection.

"It is funny, you know," she said, "but it is very kind of you. I *was* just a little afraid—just a very little. If he were to jump out—the dreadful convict—but I don't think I should be afraid with you. You are so big! I am only up to your shoulder."

She tiptoed a little to justify her boast. I knew *that* way, too.

"If I got hold of him!" I said.

My muscles seemed to leap.

"Don't!" she entreated. "You make me shudder!"

### III

We went through the house, room by room, and I looked everywhere. She came behind me, peeping round my coat.

"I can't see over your shoulder," she told me prettily.

A dress fell with a soft swish, when I opened a cupboard. She gave a little scream, and clutched at my arm. The alluring touch of her soft fingers!

She was ashamed of herself, she told me with charming confusion, looking down at the ground. I knew that look also. Stamped on my heart, and branded in my soul; and all the seas can never wash me clear of her!

Last of all we came to the kitchen. Her sleeve brushed mine again, and our hands happened to graze. She blushed, and began to apologize hastily for an imaginary untidiness. Everything was neat and orderly, as everything of hers had always been. I remembered that when I was a big, careless boy, she would brush and scold me.

She showed me her sewing-machine, and the book that she had been reading. She never ceased talking; she reminded me that I had looked in one cupboard twice, and the other not at all.

The cottage was built like mine, but she had moved the dresser against a wall in which, in my house, there was a small recess. I had no doubt that there was a niche here also, and that it concealed Eastman. She clattered the plates when she showed me her china.

"And now," she said, "you can save your clumsy police the trouble of looking over my poor little house!"

"I can save them," I said meaningly. "the trouble of looking *where I have looked*."

I suppose I abandoned my assumed voice unconsciously. Anyhow, she knew me then. We faced each other silently for a full minute. Neither of us stirred. Then her hand dropped, as if from weariness, toward her pocket; and my hand fell quietly upon her wrist.

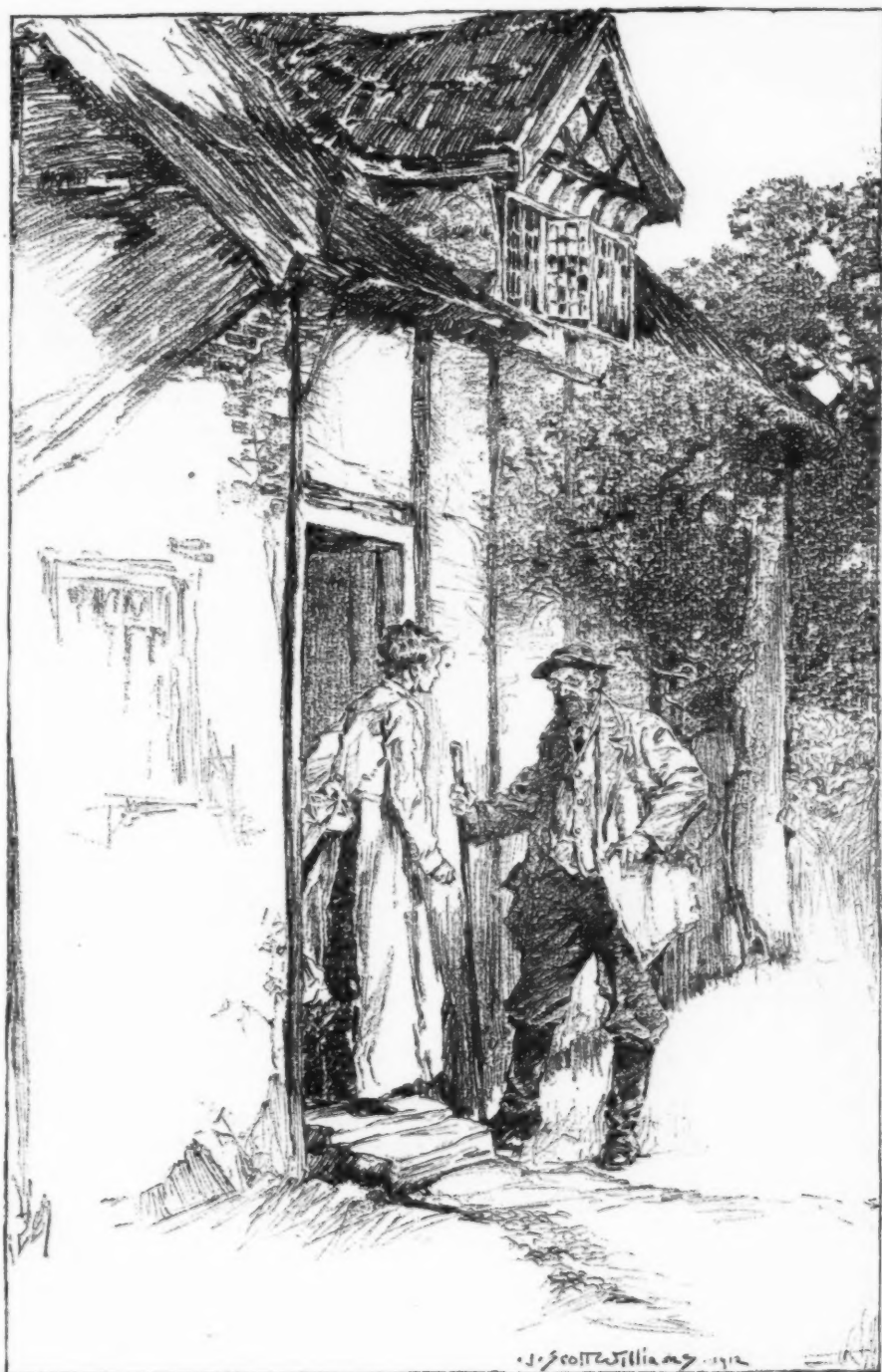
"I know you have a revolver there," I said. "You'd better leave it. If you shot me, it wouldn't do any good. That is the hunt coming, I think. Shall I tell them that I have searched everywhere—except behind the dresser?"

"For the love of God!" she entreated. "For the love of God, have mercy!"

"Not for the love of God," I told her; "or the devil! Or you!"

"Don't send him back to prison!" She clutched at my hand and pursued it till she caught it. "Not back to prison! We will shoot ourselves, if you like. Not back to prison! For the love of—the love that you had for me!" She flung herself on her knees and clung to mine. "Not back to prison!" she moaned.

"The searchers are coming," I told her. "Get up!"



"A DOUBLE PLEASURE, IF I COULD LAY MY HANDS ON HIM! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S DONE?"

She rose. The search-party knocked at the front door. She opened it, and they trooped into the kitchen. She followed them. I could just see her dress behind the uniforms.

I knew the warder in charge. We nodded to each other.

"I thought he might have got in here, or might come," I explained; "so I came to protect Mrs. Roach."

"Have you looked over the house?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "but perhaps it would satisfy Mrs. Roach if you just had a glance round. She is a little nervous, I think; not nervous exactly, but a trifle apprehensive."

"I am all right now," she declared. "It was foolish; because I am sure that Mr. Green will not let any harm come to me." She glanced at me with a look that tried to smile. "But if you wish to look round—"

"Just as a matter of form," the warder in charge suggested.

He sent a couple of men over the house, while he talked to us. He was very polite to Mrs. Roach. Men always were.

He did not know the details of the escape, he said, but they had no doubt that bribery was at the bottom of it. He thought that the ex-convict was probably hiding in the marsh. Possibly he would try to raid these lonely cottages for clothing in the night, if he knew of them. The warder would place a guard to walk up and down between the two; and Mrs. Roach need not be afraid.

"He doesn't strike me as a desperate man now," he said, "whatever he may have been. He's what we call a good prisoner. Well, he'll lose his good-conduct marks for this, the silly fool! No signs of him, eh? Then that's all right, Mrs. Roach. We'll post the guard; so don't you worry. Good night!"

Then he went. As he was going, there came a sound from behind the dresser, as if something collapsed and slid down. Mrs. Roach covered it by her laughter. She had been so silly to be afraid, she cried; so very silly! She didn't know what the officer must think of her!

She laughed till he had gone from the door; and she stood there till the tramp of feet died away. They were going to my cottage, which I had told them was open. They must have reached there by the time that she returned to the kitchen.

We looked at each other, breathing hard.

"Draw down the blinds," I commanded.

She obeyed. I pulled out the dresser. Eastman was huddled in a heap, half fainting. I lifted him out into a chair.

She watched me all the time, with her hand in her pocket. Then she placed a cushion behind him; gave him a glass of milk; held it for him as if he were a child. He was very worn and feeble, and he coughed a good deal.

"Now," I said, "we'll have a reckoning! Sit down, Mrs. Eastman—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Roach." I handed her a chair. "You'd better take your hand away from that pocket. It's no use. Be so kind as to sit down!"

#### IV

SHE sat down, and I sat down. There was no sound for a time but the ticking of the clock, and his labored breathing.

"You know me, Eastman?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"And you know how things stand between us. You stole my money. You stole *her*. It was only by accident that you did not take my life. I bear the scar; the scar"—I struck the table with my fist—"of a coward's blow from behind. Do you deny any of that?"

"None of it," he said. "I only wish to say that she was ignorant of the harm that I did you, except in regard to herself."

"A mere trifle!" I said bitterly. "A mere trifle! Still, I happened to want her. Well, I want her still. No. You need not cling to him, Maud. You aren't the price of his freedom. I happen to be a man, not a coward who strikes from behind. There is no price that will buy his freedom. I don't want to drag you into it. That's the only reason why I did not hand him over to the police." I turned to him. "If you want to save her trouble," I said, "come outside! I will pretend that I caught you in the marsh."

He rose at once. She flung her arms round him and sobbed.

"Can't you see how weak and ill he is?" she entreated. "How thin and faint and hungry! For the love of Heaven! Oh, Frank! Frank!"

"Come," I commanded him, "unless you prefer me to call them here!"

He kissed her and took a step toward the door. His legs shook and he stumbled. She seized him in her arms again.



"NOT BACK TO PRISON! FOR THE LOVE OF—THE LOVE THAT YOU HAD FOR ME!"





"KILL HIM FOR ME!"

"He is so weak!" she persisted. "He cannot walk. Let me keep him till he is stronger! Feel his hand!"

She pushed what seemed the skeleton of a hand into mine. I suppose none of us is as hard as we think ourselves. That wasted hand of his seemed to hurt me. Thin and twitching and hardened with labor; and it had been such a clean, white hand—a gentleman's hand. If he had been strong, and had fought me, I would have gloried in sending him back to prison; but this wasted creature—

"Very well," I said at last. "You shall keep him for three days, on one condition. After that—when he is a man again—he and I will go out alone with our revolvers. It shall be a fair fight. I will take no advantage from my strength. He was a little the better shot once. Now he is out of practise. That levels us. A fight to the end, you understand! I will kill him, or he shall kill me. Is that generous, Eastman?"

"It is generous," he said slowly; "but I have wronged you enough. I will not kill you, even for freedom."

She turned on him with her eyes blazing.

"Kill him for me!" she cried.

He drew a deep breath; so did I.

"Very well," he said. "You will not believe my thanks, and you will not believe my appreciation; but I thank you, and honor you. If I could begin life again—I have suffered!" He sank back in his chair, with a strange sound in his throat. "I have suffered," he repeated, and dropped his head in his hands.

She sat beside him and drew him to her quietly, like a mother with her child. I left them so.

My heart felt like a great cavern void of all but fire. I walked my room all night long—all night long—thinking of him and her.

In the gray beginning of morning she came to me. Her eyes were large and wild,



and her face was white, through her disguise of rouge.

"He is asleep," she said. "I have come to tell you that it will be murder if you kill him. He will not shoot at you! It is cruel, wicked, to suffer so much for what is past. He can be sent back to—to a living hell—for the sins that he has wiped out in suffering. It is *he* who is the good man now. It is *you* who have murder in your heart! It is *you* who should suffer, and I— God forgive us both!"

"It is not murder," I said stubbornly. "It will be a fair fight. I have given him three days—three days with you—you of whom he robbed me—to get strong."

"Strong! In three days!" She sobbed a tearless sob. "Frank, you used to be a good man. Won't you come and look at him as he sleeps? Frank, we were once boy and girl together! Don't sneer! I know I've sat awake thinking what I could say to move you, but—oh, my heart is breaking! There is no acting in that. Can't I say *anything* to move you? He is just—just skin and bones, Frank. Let me keep him a few days longer, won't you? Just a few days! I know all you have to say. Don't say it! I—just a few days—for a tortured man, Frank! If you would only come and look at him!"

She wrung her hands.

"I will come and look at him," I said; and I went with her.

We stood by the bedside and watched him sleep. The last time I had seen him asleep was in the old days when we camped out together. He was a fine, healthy, hearty chap then, and now—just skin and bone, as she said. He twitched continually; clutched with his wasted hands; shivered and sighed.

Her hand touched my arm.

"Let me keep him a week," she begged; "just a week!"

I drew a deep breath.

"Yes," I said, "you shall keep him longer than that. When he is strong enough, I will help him to escape, if I can. He has suffered enough!"

And then she fainted. I carried her down-stairs, and revived her. He slept all the time, and long after that; slept and ate and drank and slept again for two days. And then he died.

I carried him out on the moor at the dead of night, dressed in his convict's suit; and there they found him.

I took her up to town the next day, and left her with her friends. She did not need any help in money, they said. She had a little of her own; not his dishonest gains. She had never touched these. I was glad of that.

She herself did not seem able to think about the future, or to care. She scarcely spoke till I was going. Then she asked for a word with me alone.

"I want," she said, "to say two things. If I had known years ago that he tried to kill you, I should not have forgiven him then. It was somebody who had grown different that I forgave. The other thing is that I want to believe that you forgive me. It will make my life easier presently, when I try to mend the broken pieces."

She looked up at me wistfully. For a long time I stood with my hand on my chin, looking down.

"I forgive you, Maud," I said at last. "God bless you!"

I bent and put my lips to her forehead; and then I went. I sit here in my lonely cottage and write this story because my mind dwells on it; and writing does not cut so deep as thinking.

## THE MORNING

SHE dreams, for one brief, breathless hour,  
Passing the while, like some frail flower.  
The dew gleams on her cheeks and lips;  
Young life streams from her finger-tips,  
And in her eyes the early light

That promises the long, sweet day;  
No hint of an approaching night  
Shadows the hours that slip away;  
Yet how inevitably soon  
Young Morning merges into noon!

Marion Ethel Hamilton

# HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

BY ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF "TOGETHER," "THE COMMON LOT," ETC.

IT was dusk of an April day, and Fifth Avenue was crowded. A young man, who had emerged from a large hotel, stood in the stream of traffic and gazed irresolutely up and down the thoroughfare. He wore a long, cheap rain-coat, and his head was covered by a steamer-cap of an old design, with two flaps tied in a knot across the top, behind which an overabundant crop of dull black hair pushed forth.

His thin, sallow face was unshaven, and his eyes were rimmed by round steel spectacles that gave him an almost owlish expression. An air of dejection hung about him, as he loitered by the curb—not the imaginative depression of youth, soon to float off like a cloud before the sun of life, but rather the settled gloom of repeated failure, as if the conviction of final doom had already begun to penetrate deeply into his manhood.

He looked first up the avenue, then down, vacant of purpose, seeing nothing in the moving pageant. Finally, as if aroused by certain curious glances that the less hurried passers-by cast on him, he bestirred himself and moved on down the avenue, his shoulders stooped, his legs trailing wearily.

Thus he proceeded for several blocks, never raising his head, stopping mechanically at the street crossings, resuming his discouraged pace as the crowd moved on. Once he plunged his hand into his coat pocket, to assure himself of some possession, and then withdrew it with a bitter smile for his unconscious anxiety.

When in this vacant promenade he had reached the lower part of the avenue, where the crowd was less dense, and less gay and rich in appearance, he lifted his head and looked musingly into the misty space before him.

"Well," he muttered, with tightening lips, "it's only one more throw-down. I ought to be used to 'em by now!"

Nevertheless, his face relapsed into its melancholy expression as he turned into one of the side streets with the unconscious precision of the animal following a beaten path to its hole.

He crossed several of the shabbier commercial avenues, which were crowded with traffic and blocked by men and women returning from the day's work. Compared with these tired laborers, he seemed to have a large leisure—the freedom of absolute poverty. His thoughts had turned to supper. Should he buy a roll and a piece of pie at the bakery on the next corner, or—mad venture!—dissipate his last resources at the saloon opposite, where the Italian wife of the Irish proprietor offered appetizing nourishment for a quarter?

Meditating upon this important decision, the young man entered his own block. At one end the elevated trains rattled; at the other, heavy drays lumbered past in an unbroken file on their way to the ferries; but between the two there was a strip of quiet, where the dingy old houses were withdrawn from the street, and in front of them a few dusty shrubs struggled for life in the bare plots of earth.

In the middle of this block there was an unusually animated scene. A group of children had huddled together about some object of interest. A horse must have fallen on the pavement, the young man thought dully, or there was a fight, or a policeman had made a capture.

He hurried his lagging steps, moved by a boyish curiosity. As he drew nearer, he perceived that the circle was too small to contain a horse or a good scrap. The center of interest must be some unfortunate human being. He shouldered his way through the crowd.

"What's up?" he asked of a small boy. "A drunk," was the laconic reply.

Looking over the heads of the boys, the

young man could see the figure of a stoutish, well-dressed man lying prone on the pavement. His black coat was spattered with mud, his gray hair rumpled. His eyes were closed, and through the open lips his tongue protruded.

"Say, he's bad!" the boy observed knowingly. "Just look at him!"

A convulsion shook the prostrate figure. The face began to twitch, and one arm waved violently, beating the air. One or two more mature passers-by who had been attracted by the disturbance drew off, with the selfish city excuse that the proper authorities would come in time and attend to the nuisance. Not so the idle young man.

"He isn't drunk!" he exclaimed, pushing his way into the circle and stooping over the figure. He had seen too many "plain drunks" in his newspaper days to be deceived in the symptoms.

"There he goes again!" the boys shouted.

"He has some sort of fit. Here, one of you give me a hand, and we'll get him off the street!"

The boys readily helped the young man to drag the prostrate figure to the nearest steps, and one of them ran to the corner after a policeman. When the officer arrived, the young man, who had steadied the stranger through another convulsion, said:

"You'll have to call an ambulance. We'd better carry him somewhere—can't let him lie here in the street like a dog. We can take him to my room."

He motioned toward the next house, and with the officer's assistance carried the sick man into the rear room on the first floor, which he unlocked. Then the policeman drove the curious boys out of the house and went off to summon the ambulance.

Left alone, the young man dipped a towel in his water-pitcher, wet the sick man's brow, then wiped his face and cleaned the foam and dirt from his beard and lips.

The stranger, lying with half-closed eyes, looked to be rather more than sixty years of age. Judging from the quality of his clothes, and from his smooth hands, he was a well-to-do business man. Presently his eyelids began to twitch, then the whole face; the right leg shot out and beat the air; then the right arm began to wave, and foam oozed from his lips.

"I wish they'd hurry that ambulance!" the young man thought, as he wiped the

sick man's face again with the damp towel. "He won't last long, at this rate!"

This convulsion gradually passed off as the others had, and the stranger lay once more as if dead, his eyes almost wholly closed. The young man went to the door and listened nervously, then returned to the prostrate form, unbuttoned the coat, and felt for the heart. Immediately the sick man opened his eyes, and, looking directly into the eyes of the man bending over him, tried to raise his hand, as if he would protect himself from a blow.

"It's all right!" the young man said reassuringly. "I was just feeling for your heart, friend."

The sick man's lips twitched desperately; and finally, in the faintest whisper, he managed to stammer:

"Wh—who are you?"

"One Edgar Brainard," the young man replied promptly. "Let me unfasten this vest and make you more comfortable."

"N-n-no!" the sick man gasped suspiciously.

He managed to clutch Brainard's wrist with his wavering right hand, his left lay quite powerless by his side. His eyes closed again, but the lips moved silently, as if he were trying to frame sounds.

"He's going this time, sure!" the young man thought.

He slipped his wrist from the feeble grasp, inserted a pillow under the sick man's head, and sat back to wait.

## II

It was very still in that back room. No step sounded in the hall, and the noise from the street came muffled. In the stillness, the sick man's desperate efforts to breathe filled the little room with painful sounds. Brainard felt the stifling approach of death, and opened the window wide, to get what air would come in from the small court outside.

He studied the figure on the lounge more closely. The thick, red under lip curled over the roots of the gray beard. A short, thick nose gave the face a look of strong will, even of obstinacy. There was a foreign expression to the features that might indicate German descent.

On the third finger of his right hand, the sick man wore an old, plain gold ring, which had sunk deep into the flesh. From the inside pocket of his short coat bulged a thick wallet, over which his right hand rested, as if to guard precious possessions.

"He thought I was going to rob him!" Brainard observed. "Expect he's been up against it already—and that's what's the trouble."

It was quite dark. The young man lighted a gas-jet, then went again to the door. As he stood there, listening, he felt the old man's eyes on him, and turned to look at him. The eyes, now wide open, held him, asking what the lips refused to utter.

Brainard went back to his patient and leaned over to catch the flutter from the moving lips. At last, as if with great exertion, the murmur came:

"Wh-wh-what are you go-going to do—to do—with me?"

In spite of the faintness of the whisper, it was the voice of one accustomed to being answered.

"I've sent an officer for an ambulance. It ought to be here before now, I should think," Brainard replied. "They'll take you to some hospital and fix you up," he added encouragingly.

The lips twitched into a semblance of a smile, then mumbled:

"No—not—th-this time."

"What's the matter—accident?" Brainard asked.

The sick man did not attempt to reply, as if he considered the question of trifling importance. Instead, his eyes studied the young man's face intently. Evidently his brain was clearing from the shock, whatever had caused it, and he was revolving some purpose. Soon the lips began to move once more, and Brainard bent close to catch the faint sounds.

"Wh-wh-what's your bus-bus-i-ness?"

"Oh, I've had lots of businesses," the young man replied carelessly. "Been on a newspaper, in the ad business, real estate, and so on." He added after a moment, with a little ironical laugh: "Just now I'm in the literary business—a dramatist."

The sick man looked puzzled, and frowned, as if disappointed. Perhaps his cloudy brain could not assort this information with his purpose. Presently his brow contracted, his face twitched violently, the right leg shot out.

"I say! It's too bad," the young man exclaimed sympathetically. "I wish I knew what to do for you. Where can that ambulance be?" He laid one hand on the sick man's hot brow, and held his arm with the other. "Easy now!" he exclaimed, as the

right arm began whirling. "There! Steady! It's going off."

Instead of closing his eyes, as he had done after the previous attacks, and relapsing into coma, the sick man made an immediate effort to speak.

"Co-come here," he articulated faintly.

"Im-por-tant, very im-por-tant."

He groped feebly for his inner pocket.

"You want me to take out this bundle?" Brainard asked, laying his hand on the bulky wallet.

The man made an affirmative sign, and kept his eyes steadily on Brainard while the latter gently extracted the pocketbook.

"You—you will do something for me," the stranger said more distinctly than he had hitherto spoken, as if urgency were clearing his mind. "You can—you can start to-night?"

"I'm not very busy," the young man said, with a laugh. "I guess I could start for Hong-Kong on a few minutes' notice."

"Not Hong-Kong," the old man labored forth literally. "You're honest?"

It was said in a tone of self-conviction rather than of question.

"Oh, I guess so," the young man answered lightly. "At least, what's called honest—never had a chance to steal anything worth taking!" He added more seriously, to quiet the sick man, who seemed to be laboring under excitement: "Tell me what you want done, and I'll do my best to put it through for you."

The sick man's eyes expressed relief, and then his brow contracted, as if he were summoning all his powers in a final effort to make a clogged brain do his urgent will.

"Lis-lis-listen," he murmured. "No—no, write—write it down," he went on, as Brainard leaned forward.

Brainard looked about his bare room for paper, but in vain. He felt in his pockets for a stray envelope, then drew from his overcoat a roll of manuscript. He glanced at it dubiously for a moment, then tore off the last sheet, which had on one side a few lines of typewriting. With a gesture of indifference, he turned to the sick man and prepared to take his message.

"All ready," he remarked. "I can take it in shorthand if you want."

"Sev-en, thir-ty-one, and four. Sev-en, thir-ty-one, and four. Sev-en, thir-ty-one, and four," he repeated almost briskly.

Brainard looked at him inquiringly, and the stranger whispered the explanation:

"Combi-na-tion pri-vate safe—under-stand?"

Brainard nodded.

"Where?"

"Office—San Francisco."

The young man whistled.

"That's a good ways off! What do you want me to do there?"

"Take *everything*."

"What shall I do with the stuff? Bring it here to New York?" the young man inquired, with growing curiosity.

The sick man's blue eyes stared at him steadily, with a look of full intelligence.

"I shall be dead then," he mumbled.

"Oh, I hope not!" Brainard remarked.

But with unflinching eyes, the sick man continued:

"You must have — pow-er — pow-er of attorney."

He brought the words out with difficulty, not wasting his strength by discussing his chances of recovery. He was evidently growing weaker, and Brainard had to bend close to his lips in order to catch the faint whisper:

"Take it down!"

And with his face beginning to twitch, and the convulsive tremors running over his body, the sick man summoned all his will and managed to dictate a power of attorney in legal terms, as if he were familiar with the formula. When he had finished, his eyes closed, and his lips remained open. Brainard dropped his paper and felt for the sick man's heart. It was still beating faintly.

After a few moments, the eyes opened mistily, and again the man made an effort to collect himself for another effort.

"What shall I do with the stuff?" Brainard inquired.

"Ge-get it out of the country. Take it to Ber—Ber—Ber—"

"Bermuda?" Brainard suggested.

"Berlin!" the sick man corrected with a frown. As if to impress his messenger with the seriousness of his work, he added: "If you don't get away, they'll—kill you."

"Oh!" Brainard exclaimed, impressed.

The blue eyes examined the young man steadily, as if they would test his metal. Then, satisfied, the man murmured:

"Quick—must—sign—quick! Now!" he concluded, as his face began to twitch.

Brainard handed him a pen, and held his right arm to steady him while he scrawled his name—"H. Krutzmacht." The sick

man traced the letters slowly, patiently, persisting until he had dashed a heavy line across the t's and another beneath the name; then he dropped the pen and closed his eyes.

When another moment of control came to him, he whispered uneasily:

"Witness? Must have witness."

"We'll find some one—don't worry," the young man replied lightly. "The ambulance man, when he comes, if he ever does come!"

Brainard did not yet take very seriously the idea of starting that night for San Francisco to rifle a safe.

"Mo-mo-money," the voice began, and the eyes wandered to the fat wallet which Brainard had deposited on the table.

Brainard lifted the wallet.

"Plen-plen-plenty of mon-money!"

"I understand," the young man replied. "There's enough dough for the journey in here."

As he laid the wallet down, there was the welcome sound of feet in the passage outside, and with an exclamation of relief the young man flung open the door. The ambulance surgeon was there with an assistant and a stretcher. With a muttered explanation for his delay, the doctor went at once to the sick man and examined him, while Brainard told what he knew of his strange guest.

"Tries to talk all the time—must be something on his mind!" he said, as another convulsion seized the sick man. "Begn doped, I should say."

"Looks like brain trouble, sure," the ambulance surgeon remarked, watching the stranger closely. "He can't last long that way. Well, we'd better hustle him to the hospital as soon as we can."

They had the sick man on the stretcher before he had opened his eyes from his last attack. As they lifted him, he mumbled excitedly, and Brainard, listening close to his lips, thought he understood what was troubling him.

"He wants that paper witnessed," he explained. "I forgot—it's something he dictated to me."

"Well, hurry up about it," the surgeon replied carelessly, willing to humor the sick man. "Here!"

Brainard dipped his pen in the ink-bottle and handed it to the surgeon, who lightly dashed down his signature at the bottom of the sheet, without reading it.



"Now are we ready?" the doctor demanded impatiently.

But the blue eyes arrested Brainard, and the young man, stooping over the stretcher, caught a faint whisper:

"You'll g-g-go?"

"Sure!"

"Gi-gi-give it all to—"

Krutzmacht struggled hard to pronounce a name, but he could not utter the word.

"It's no use!" the doctor exclaimed. "Tell him to wait until he's better."

But Brainard, moved by the sick man's intense look of mental distress, raised his hand to the doctor and listened. At last the whispered syllable reached his ear:

"M-M-Mel—"

"I tell you it's no use!" the ambulance doctor repeated irritably. "They'll find out at the hospital what he wants done. Come on!"

As they bore the stretcher through the narrow door, the agonized expression gave way, and the sick man articulated distinctly:

"Mel-Melo—"

"Melo—melodrama!" Brainard said. "It's all right, my friend. Don't worry—I'll fix it up for you!"

With astonishing distinctness came back the one word:

"Melody!"

"All right—Melody!"

The sick man would have said more, but the ambulance men bore him swiftly to the waiting vehicle and shoved him in.

"Will you come along?" the doctor asked.

"No. I'll look in some time to-morrow, probably—St. Joseph's, isn't it?"

The sick man's eyes still rested on Brainard, when the latter poked his head into the dark ambulance. They seemed to glow with a full intelligence, and also with a command, as if they said:

"Do just what I've told you to do!"

"He knows what he wants, even if he can't say it," Brainard muttered to himself as the ambulance moved off. "Poor old boy!"

### III

WHEN Brainard opened the door of his room, he heard the rustle of papers on the floor, blown about by the draft from the window. He lighted his lamp and picked up the loose sheets, which were the type-written leaves of his last play—the one

that he had finally got back that very afternoon from a famous actor-manager, without even the usual note of polite regret from the secretary. The absence of that familiar note had dejected him especially.

He shoved the rejected play into his table drawer indifferently, thinking of the sick man's last urgent look, and of the terrible effort he had made to articulate his last words. What did he mean by "Melody"? Perhaps the old fellow was really out of his head, and all the rest about his valuable papers in some private safe at the other end of the continent was mythical—the fancy of an unhinged mind.

But the memory of the old man's face—of those keen blue eyes—made Brainard reject such a commonplace solution of the puzzle. The sick man had been in this room with him for a full half-hour, and the place still seemed filled with his positive, commanding personality.

No! The man who signed "H. Krutzmacht" to the sheet Brainard held in his hand was no vague lunatic. Though he might be at the extremity of life, almost unable to articulate, nevertheless his purpose was clear to himself, and his will was as strong as ever.

Brainard was hungry. Snatching up his old cap, he went out to the neighboring avenue, and, without hesitation, entered the most expensive restaurant in sight—a resort he frequented only on rare days of opulence. Instead of the oyster-stew and doughnuts which had latterly been his highest limit, he ordered a good dinner, as if he had earned it, and devoured the food without the usual qualms of prudence.

His spirits had undergone a marvelous change from the timid, fearful state in which he had been that afternoon. He wondered at his own confidence. Complacently selecting a good cigar at the cashier's desk, he strolled back to his room, his body peacefully engaged in the unaccustomed task of digesting a full meal.

When he entered his dreary little room, his eye fell upon the wallet, which lay on the table where he had dropped it. What was he going to do with that—with this whole Krutzmacht business? Why, simply nothing at all. In the morning, he would go around to St. Joseph's and see how the sick man was. If Krutzmacht recovered, there was nothing to do but to return his pocketbook. But if he got worse, or was dead already? Well, Brainard could

turn the wallet over to the hospital people or the coroner, and that would end the affair for him.

With this prudent resolution he took his play from the drawer, and looked it over. His interest in the thing had quite gone, and the sting of its rejection no longer smarted. He tied the manuscript together with a piece of twine, and shoved it back into the drawer.

One sheet—that last one on which he had taken down Krutzmacht's dictation—was missing. That sheet contained his final curtain. He looked at the lines, and smiled as he read. The *Lady Violet* was parting from her lover, with the following dialogue:

VIOLET—Oh, Alexander!

ALEXANDER—Violet!

VIOLET—What will you do, dearest?

ALEXANDER—I go on my great adventure!

VIOLET—Your great adventure?

ALEXANDER—Life!

He turned the sheet over. On the other side were the few shorthand notes he had hastily jotted down—the figures of the safe combination and the power of attorney with its legal phrases, the latter written out again below in long hand. At the bottom of the sheet, just beneath *Alexander's* heroic announcement to *Violet*, were the three signatures. The old man's blunt name dominated the others—a firm, black scrawl with a couple of vicious dashes.

The powerful will of the sick man, working in what might be the agony of death, spoke in that signature. Brainard felt that there was something mysterious in it. The name spoke to him as the eyes had spoken to him, personally. Criminal? Possibly. Dramatic? Oh, surely! He felt instinctively that there was more drama on this side of the sheet than on the other.

He folded the paper carefully and put it in his inner pocket. It would be an interesting souvenir.

As the young man sat and smoked in his little room, the comfort of his abundant meal penetrating his person, he felt more and more the drama of actual life touching him, calling to him to take a hand in it. He reached unconsciously for the fat wallet, and opened it. There were some legal papers—contracts and leases and agreements, at which Brainard merely glanced.

He felt into the inner recesses of the old-fashioned wallet, and from one pocket extracted a thick sheaf of bank-notes. They were in large denominations—hundreds,

fifties, and twenties. Brainard smoothed out the bills on his knee and carefully counted them; in all there was rather more than four thousand dollars.

"The old boy traveled with quite a wad!" he muttered, fingering the crisp bills.

The touch of the money gave a curious electric thrill to his thoughts. Here was an evidence of reality that made the old man's mumbled words and intense effort take on a reasonable shape. When Krutzmacht let Brainard take possession of this wallet, he knew what it contained. He trusted to a stranger in his desperate need.

Still feeling around in the folds of the wallet, Brainard extracted a railroad-ticket of voluminous length for San Francisco.

"He was on his way to the train!" Brainard exclaimed, and added, unconsciously: "When they got him and did him up!"

Already he had accepted the hypothesis of enemies and foul play rather than of disease.

With the railroad-ticket and the money in his hand, he stood staring before him, still debating the matter. Something seemed to rise within him, some determination—a spirit of daring which he had not felt for years. What next?

Mechanically he put the papers and bank-notes back into the wallet, and shoved it into his pocket. Then he looked at his watch. It was nearly ten o'clock. If he was to leave to-night, as the old man had ordered, there was no more time to lose.

Without further hesitation, he threw a few articles into an old bag and started for the ferry. On the way he stopped to telephone the hospital. After a delay which made him impatient, he learned that the sick man was resting quietly—"still unconscious," the nurse said. So he had not spoken again.

When Brainard reached the station in Jersey City, having a few moments to spare, he wrote a brief note to the hospital authorities, saying that he was leaving the city on business, and would call on his return in a week or ten days. He enclosed several bank-notes, requesting that the sick man should have every comfort.

Having dropped his letter into the box, he stepped into the Chicago sleeper. The exhilarating beat of his heart told him that he had done well.

The disdainful look that the porter had

given him when he took charge of his shabby bag, as well as the curious glances of his fellow passengers, the next morning, made Brainard conscious of his eccentric appearance. But all that he could do, for the present, to improve his neglected person was to have himself shaved and his hair cut. He was obliged to keep his raincoat on, although the car was hot, in order to cover up a large hole in his trousers—the only pair he possessed.

He resolved to employ the two hours in Chicago, between trains, in making himself as decent as possible. Meanwhile he ate three good meals and furtively watched his more prosperous fellow travelers.

It was a very different person, in appearance, who seated himself on the observation platform of the Overland Limited that evening. Only the round steel spectacles were left as a memento of Brainard's former condition. He had had no scruples in helping himself freely from the store of bills in the wallet. What lay before him to do for the sick man would probably be difficult, in any event, and it would be foolish to handicap himself by presenting a suspicious appearance at Krutzmacht's office. He would play his part properly dressed.

So, when he glanced into the little mirror beside his berth, he smiled in satisfaction at the clean-shaven, neatly dressed, alert young man who looked back at him. With his ragged habiliments he seemed also to have discarded that settled look of failure, and not a few of his years. Without unduly flattering himself, he felt that he might easily be taken for one of the energetic young brokers or lawyers whom he observed on the train.

Removing his new hat, and stretching his well-shod feet on the cushioned seat opposite, he took up the evening newspapers and glanced through them for some telegraphic item about the fate of his mysterious employer. If Krutzmacht were a well-known figure, as he supposed likely, reporters would doubtless have discovered him before this and proclaimed his predicament to the world. But Brainard could find no reference to any such person in the newspapers, and with a sigh of relief he let them slip from his lap.

His task would be easier, if it could be accomplished while the sick man lay undiscovered in the hospital. If he should already be dead, there would be an end to

Brainard's job altogether; and that would have been a keen disappointment to the young man.

His job? A hundred times his mind reverted to this perplexing consideration—what, exactly, was he to do when he had reached the end of his long journey?

First, he would find where Krutzmacht's offices were, and then? He was to make off with whatever he might find in the private safe. For this purpose he had provided himself, in Chicago, with a bulky leather valise, in which his discarded raiment was now reposing. It sounded like an expedition in high piracy, but he quieted any scruples with the resolve that he would make off merely to New York, instead of Berlin, and remain there to await further developments.

So, as the Overland Limited rushed across the prairie States, Brainard took counsel with himself, mentally sketching out his every move from the moment when he should step from the train. The readiness with which his mind reached out to this new situation surprised himself; he was already becoming in some way a new person.

He sat through long, meditative hours in the smoking-room, listening to the yarns of traveling men and gazing at the fleeting landscape. Sometimes, as he reflected on his errand, an amused smile crossed his face, but his spirits rose the farther westward he was carried.

On the evening of the last day out, as the train was slowly winding its way over the Sierras, Brainard was roused from a doze by the sound of a familiar name. It was as if some one had seen into his mind and uttered the name there graved.

"I see by the San Francisco papers that a receivership has been asked for the Shasta companies. That means Krutzmacht has reached the end of his rope, ain't it?"

The speaker was a dumpy little fellow with a long cigar. His companion replied:

"I s'pose they've got him. I thought Herb would make good—he's crawled out of so many tight corners."

"They've been laying for him for a long time; they'll eat the hide off him now!"

"The old man ain't dead yet, you'll see. I heard he had gone East to see if he could raise money."

"Well, he must have failed."

Brainard's heart had begun to thump. He listened eagerly to every word; and

when the two began to talk of other matters, he leaned forward and asked the dumpy man with the cigar:

"Will you be good enough to tell me who Krutzmacht is?"

It was a crude question, but his curiosity made him blurt it out. The man with the cigar looked at Brainard, and a broad smile broke over his face.

"Well, my friend, you must be a stranger to the coast, if you don't know who old Herb Krutzmacht is!"

"This is my first trip West," Brainard explained apologetically.

"I'd thought some of his doings had got to be known East," the other laughed.

"Herb's cut a pretty big figure on the coast—mines, land, most everything. But when he got into the railroad business, he ran up against a tough proposition. He's had a fight on his hands with the Pacific Western, and, from what I see in the papers, they've about got him, and his railroad, too! They own the judges, you know," he explained confidentially, "as well as the Governor and the Legislature. It ain't no picnic fighting them fellers, I can tell you!"

"No, it ain't!" his companion asseverated.

"I don't understand the situation," Brainard remarked in some perplexity.

"Well," drawled the little man, throwing away his cigar, "if you read the papers any during the next week or so, you're likely to hear more about it, and about Herb Krutzmacht, too!"

#### IV

THE train was three hours late, and it was five o'clock of a drizzling afternoon when Brainard stepped from the Oakland ferry with his big valise in hand. A few minutes later, he emerged from an elevator on the top floor of a substantial building.

"That's the door—the last one on the right," the elevator-boy informed him, pointing down the hall.

Brainard passed a number of offices whose doors bore the names of different companies in small black letters—"The Shasta Company," "The Pacific Northern Railroad," "The Great Western Land and Improvement Company." At the extreme end of the corridor was a door with the simple lettering, "Herbert Krutzmacht." Here was the threshold of his venture!

So far, at least, the dream held. There

was a real man named Krutzmacht, engaged in important business; and apparently, from what the men on the train had told Brainard, this was a crisis in his affairs.

The quiet of a late afternoon had settled down upon the busy building, but within the private office Brainard could hear the slow click of a typewriter. He pushed open the door with a firm hand, and stepped in.

A stenographer seated at a desk was lazily examining a mass of papers and occasionally tapping a machine, with the desultory air of one killing time at the end of the day. Behind her was an open door that led into an inner office, and in the farther corner of this room could be seen the protruding walls of a safe, with the massive steel hinges of the door. This, Brainard divined, was his goal.

The girl at the machine looked up on Brainard's entrance, with a start, as if she were expecting some one; then she composed herself.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

"Is—is Mr. Krutzmacht in?" Brainard asked awkwardly.

The girl gave him one long look and answered scornfully:

"No, he ain't!"

Brainard was confused. Oddly enough, he had not foreseen just this dilemma, and was at a loss for his next move.

"Who is in charge here?" he demanded at last.

"Mr. Snell has left the city," the girl answered suspiciously. "What is it you want?"

Instead of replying, Brainard made a step toward the inner room where he had seen the safe. The girl rose hastily, as if to bar his entrance. At that moment there appeared in the doorway an elderly man with a worried look on his mild face. Brainard noted the newcomer's near-sighted, timid look and regained his calm.

"He's looking for Mr. Krutzmacht, Mr. Peters," the girl vouchsafed.

Her suspicious eyes still resting on the young man, she moved back to her desk.

"Mr. Krutzmacht is not here," Peters remarked nervously.

"I know," Brainard said. "You see, I come from Mr. Krutzmacht," he added.

"You come from Krutzmacht!" the man gasped in excitement, while the girl half rose from her desk. "Where in the world is he? We've been telegraphing all over the country for the last week, trying to lo-



cate him. His secretary has just started East to look for him—left this office only an hour ago!"

Brainard reflected that the Overland Limited had probably served him a good turn in being three hours late; for the fewer persons he had to deal with just now, the easier would be his job. So far there were but two in sight—the girl and this mild-looking man; and neither of them looked formidable.

"Mr. Krutzmacht," Brainard explained glibly, "has met with a slight accident. He is in good hands. He has sent me out here to get some papers for him from his safe. Why did Mr. Snell leave the office without instructions?" he demanded, with some show of authority.

"Why? Why? Why?" the harassed man shrieked. "Don't you know what's happened? They've fixed Judge Kavanaugh, and got their receiver appointed. I've been expecting him in here every minute. There'll be the deuce to pay if the old man don't get along pretty soon! But who are you, anyway?" he concluded abruptly, as if conscious that he was becoming incautious before a stranger.

Brainard smiled at him. He was more and more at his ease, and though he felt the necessity of haste, if an officer of the court was expected to make a visit to the office, yet he was anxious to pick up all the information that could be obtained. The drama was beginning to outline itself in his mind, and he took an intellectual pleasure in completing it.

The five days' ride across the continent had rested him bodily and mentally. The good meals and the unwonted luxury of living without care, which had been his daily companion for all the years he could remember, had given him a new spirit. He could think quickly and with precision; he felt himself capable, full of power to meet any situation, for the first time in his life.

"If you are expecting a visit from an officer of the court," he remarked to the flurried Peters, "it might be as well not to be interrupted in what we have to say and do here. So we will bolt these outer doors, and not admit any one until we are quite ready."

Brainard stepped back to the door through which he had entered, and shot the brass bolt. As he turned, he caught the stenographer whispering excitedly to Peters, who looked at him doubtfully. In-

terrupting a question on the clerk's lips, he said, taking Krutzmacht's power of attorney from his pocket:

"Want my credentials? Here they are!"

He fluttered the sheet lightly before Peters's nose, and pointed to the signatures at the bottom. As the man adjusted his glasses, he added impatiently:

"Mr. Krutzmacht told me to pack up everything in the safe and get it out of here as soon as possible."

"But—" stammered the bewildered clerk.

"He's keeping out of sight for the present—until he gets things settled. If we can save this stuff for him, the other fellows may find that they haven't turned the trick yet!"

Peters seemed reassured by the sight of his master's signature, as well as by Brainard's confident tone.

"The safe's locked," he objected, "and no one here has the combination."

Without replying, Brainard walked over to the black steel door, and began twirling the knob as if he had opened office safes all his life. Peters stared while the little nickel wheel revolved in Brainard's fingers; and when finally the bolts shot back, and the door yielded, he gasped:

"But how will you get the stuff out of here?"

"Bring me that valise from the other room," Brainard ordered, stepping into the vault. "Quick about it, please!" he added, as he heard a loud, authoritative knock on the door of the outer office.

Peters, too, had heard the knock, and hesitated in alarm. The knock was repeated insistently after a time, as if the visitor had a right to enter and was determined to do so. The knob was rattled roughly.

Suddenly the girl dashed toward the door, and, if Brainard had not anticipated her, holding up a warning hand, she would have shot back the bolt. With one hand on the bolt, he menaced the girl with the other.

At last the noise died down; apparently the person who had sought admission had gone away.

"Now," Brainard said sternly, turning to the stenographer, "you can take your work into the inner office, miss. I'll answer the door! Come on, Peters, and show me the most important things in here—the papers the other fellows would hate to miss. You know them, don't you?"



"Some of them," the clerk admitted, dubiously, his eyes running over the close-packed shelves of the vault. "They're 'most all valuable in here. The rest of the stuff is kept in the vaults down-stairs."

He pulled out several drawers which were crammed with bonds, stock certificates, and legal papers.

"The old man kept his private papers up here, where he could get at them day or night," he explained. "I guess it's *all* valuable!"

"I can't take it all in that bag," Brainard mused, glancing at the well-filled vault. "We'll empty these drawers first!"

He began to pass out the contents of the drawers to Peters, who shoved them into the bag. By the time Brainard had reached the second tier of drawers, the bag was overflowing with crisp bonds and bundles of documents. There remained rows of boxes, all filled, apparently, with precious plunder. Brainard looked at the armful he held impatiently, trying to decide what he had best leave behind. At last he exclaimed impatiently:

"It's no use trying to pick—I might leave the cream. I'll have to have another grip. Will you go and get me one, Peters? While you are gone, I will sort out the stuff here and have it ready to pack. Hurry—there's no time to waste!"

He handed Peters a bill, and shoved him toward the door. After the clerk had gone, Brainard turned to his task, and emptied the safe in a few minutes. Then he began to sort the books and papers and securities into piles for convenient packing, stuffing the bonds and stocks, which he judged to be the most valuable part of the loot, into his valise.

There had been no movement by the stenographer for some time, and Brainard had almost forgotten her presence. Suddenly, while he was in the safe, he heard a slight sound outside, like the movement of a woman's dress. He jumped to his feet. The girl, with one hand on the desk telephone, was about to take off the receiver.

"Put that down!" Brainard ordered, and added more gently: "What are you telephoning for?"

"Just going to call up a friend," the girl replied pertly, and started to take the receiver off the hook again.

Brainard cleared the intervening space in a bound, and snatched the instrument from the girl's hand.

"You'll have to wait a while to talk to your friend!"

"What are you doing here, anyway?" the girl asked angrily.

"You can see—packing up some papers. You might give me a hand."

"Say," she replied without moving, "I don't believe that yarn you told old Peters."

"Oh, you don't?"

"Not for one minute!"

"Well, what will you do about it?"

The girl tapped sullenly with her foot, without replying.

"Want to let that friend of yours know about me?" Brainard continued meaningly. As the girl tossed her head and moved again toward the telephone, he added: "Come over here where I can watch you! Quick now, pack those bundles into the bag." As she still hesitated, defying him, he said sharply: "Get down on your knees and go to work!"

She whimpered, but fell to her knees. They worked silently for several minutes. The vault was stripped bare. The smaller papers were packed into the bag, and the bulkier stuff was stacked on the floor, ready to be thrust into another receptacle.

Brainard glanced at his watch. Peters had been gone more than a quarter of an hour. Had he been detained, or had he become suspicious and decided to get advice before going any farther? Brainard considered departing with what he had already got, which he judged was the more important part of the safe's contents.

"I guess it's about time for me to be going home now," the stenographer remarked, plucking up her courage. "I'll leave you and Mr. Peters to lock up."

"You want to see that friend badly, don't you?" Brainard asked. "Not quite yet; the day's work is not over yet. Be patient!"

He did not dare to trust her beyond his sight, nor did he think it wise to leave her behind him. The girl walked idly to the window, then edged along the wall. Beside the safe there was a recess, which Brainard had not observed. When the stenographer reached this, she suddenly disappeared out of sight.

"Good-by!" she called. "I guess the police will take care of you!"

The little door, which led to a rear hall, stuck. Before she could open it, Brainard had dragged her back into the room.

"You're just a common second-story man!" she cried angrily.

"Exactly! How clever of you to penetrate my disguise! I'm a car-barn bandit—Texas Joe—anything you please! But before you skip, I want you to look through those drawers in the vault, to see if I have missed anything."

He shoved the surprised girl into the empty vault, and swung the door. As the bolts shot back into place, a muffled cry escaped from within. Brainard called back:

"Save your breath! There's enough air in there to keep you alive for some hours; and I'll see that you get out in plenty of time to join that friend for dinner. Just keep quiet and save your breath!"

A sob answered him from the vault.

# V

At that moment a low, confidential knock came on the door of the outer office, followed by a discreet rattling of the knob.

"There he is at last!" thought Brainard, with a sense of relief.

He hurried to unbolt the door; but instead of Peters's mild face, a chubby, spectacled young fellow, wearing his derby hat pushed far back on a round, bald head, confronted him.

"Who are you?" Brainard demanded, trying to close the door.

The man grinned back:

"And who are *you*?"

He had shoved his right leg into the opening, and with his question he gave a powerful push that almost knocked Brainard from his feet.

"Well?" he said, once within the office, grinning more broadly. "I'm Farson—Joseph, Jr.—from the *Despatch*. We just had a wire from New York that Krutzmacht's been found, dead!"

"Dead!" Brainard exclaimed.

"Had a stroke or something, and died this morning in a hospital. One of our old men down East got on to it, and tipped us the wire."

The intruder settled himself comfortably on the top of the stenographer's little desk, and drew out a cigarette. Dangling his fat legs, he eyed Brainard with an amused stare.

The latter stood for the moment dumfounded. Although he had at first looked for this outcome, as the days had gone by he had come to believe that the old man was recovering. Now he realized swiftly that with Krutzmacht dead his power of

attorney was no better than a piece of blank paper. His position was doubly tenuous.

"Say!" The reporter interrupted his meditation in a burst of cynical confidence. "The old man was a good pirate—fought to the last ditch, and then got out."

"What makes you think he got out?" Brainard inquired.

The reporter shrugged his shoulders.

"They had him, and he must have known it. That Pacific Western crowd would have taken the hide off him, and put what was left in the penitentiary."

"Perhaps they made away with him," Brainard suggested meaningly.

"You think so! My, that would be a fat scoop! What makes you think so?"

Brainard raised his eyebrows mysteriously, and the reporter nimbly filled in a reasonable outline of the story.

"You mean he got the money down East that he needed to stop this receivership, and they knew it, and put him out of the way, so that he shouldn't interrupt the game?"

"Possibly," Brainard admitted.

The reporter jumped from his seat briskly.

"Well, I must get busy—they're holding the paper for me. Who's in charge here?"

"I am," Brainard replied promptly.

"And what's your name?"

He pulled a dirty note-book from his hip-pocket.

"Wilkins," Brainard answered unfalteringly, "of Wilkins & Starbird, Mr. Krutzmacht's New York attorneys."

The reporter looked at Brainard and whistled, but he wrote down the name.

"You folks didn't lose any time in getting busy! I s'pose there'll be litigation and all that. Do you expect to save much from the wreck?"

"That's what I am here for—to keep those other pirates from making off with the stuff!" His eye fell upon his valise, and a sudden resolution came to him. "See here, Farson," he said confidentially, laying a hand on the reporter's pudgy thigh, "do you see that bag? The Pacific Northern that they're after and the Shasta Company are right inside that, together with a lot of other valuable property. I'm going to take it where those pirates can't lay a finger on it, in spite of all the courts in California!"

The reporter's eyes grew round.

"You've got your nerve!" he said admiringly.

"You see, time's money—big money. So I can't stay here all night gassing with you. There is a train out of Oakland at ten, isn't there?"

"Ten ten," the reporter corrected.

"I must make that train, or—"

"Lose the trick?" the reporter suggested affably.

"I'm going to make it!"

"You'll need some help in the get-away, I suppose?"

"Just so! If I make that train all right with this stuff, there'll be a couple of hundred dollars for you, my boy; and what's more, you can have the story all to yourself. It will be better than the old man's death."

A pleasant smile circled around the reporter's chubby face.

"All right, Mr. Wilkins! What do you want now?"

"I've sent out for another bag," Brainard explained. "I'll just pass the rest of these papers out to you, and you can stack them ready to pack when the bag comes."

Brainard opened the inner door and listened. There were faint sounds like sobbing within the safe.

"If she can cry, she'll last," he said to himself. "Now for it! Where in thunder can that fellow Peters be? I hope he hasn't heard that the old man is dead!"

He began to shove the books and papers through the door, which he kept nearly closed, for fear that the reporter might detect the sounds that came from the safe, and ask questions. It was dark now, but he did not dare to turn on the electric lights, for the windows faced the street, and he feared men might already be watching the office.

He had transferred all the packages not packed, and was struggling at his heavy valise, when he heard a voice behind him, and started.

"I guess you thought I was never coming back," Peters stammered breathlessly. He was dragging a small trunk through the little back door behind the safe. "I thought I'd better take the back stairs and not try the elevator," he explained. "It nearly broke my back getting this thing up those five flights of stairs."

"Bring it this way, Peters!" Brainard shouted nervously, pushing the old man through the door into the outer office.

He banged the door shut just as a muffled scream issued from the safe.

"What's that?" Peters asked, dropping the trunk to the floor.

"Somebody in the hall, I suppose," Brainard replied coolly.

Fortunately the old man's attention was distracted from the scream by the sight of the reporter. Farson had lighted another cigarette, and was swinging his legs and smiling amiably.

"Didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"Who—"

"That's all right. Your friend here seems to be in a hurry. He asked me to stay and help in the spring moving."

"Come, get to work!" Brainard called out, on his knees before the trunk. "Cigars and explanations afterward!"

They slung the books and the packages of papers, which the reporter had neatly arranged, into the little trunk. Then they closed and locked it. Brainard unbolted the outer door.

"I wouldn't make my exit by the front door," the reporter advised. "I reckon you'd be spotted before you got to the street. There's a back way, ain't there?"

Brainard, thinking of the woman in the safe, hesitated.

"That's how I brought up the trunk," Peters said. "There's nobody out there." Brainard opened the door to the inner office, and listened. It was quite still. Probably the woman had fainted.

"Come on!" he called, grasping one end of the trunk.

The reporter caught hold of the other, and Peters followed, tugging at the heavy bag. As they crossed the inner office, there was not a sound.

Brainard hesitated at the door, thinking that he must release the girl before he left; but as he stood before the safe, there was a squeal from within which indicated sufficient liveliness on the part of the stenographer. There would be time enough to attend to her after he had got his loot to the street. If she were released now, her temper might prove to be troublesome; so he joined the others on the landing, closing the little door behind him.

"The old man used to get out this way sometimes," Peters observed.

"I reckon he never will again," the reporter laughed.

The hall opened on a narrow, circular iron staircase, like a fire-escape, without a single light. Down this pit Brainard and the reporter plunged, tugging at the trunk,

which threatened to stick at every turn. The old man got on more easily with the bag, which he merely allowed to slide after him. Brainard was soaked in perspiration, which ran down his back in streams. The reporter puffed and swore, but he stuck manfully at his job.

At last they tumbled out into the dark alley at the rear of the building. After he had caught his breath, Brainard asked the reporter where he could find a cab.

"If I were you, young man," the reporter replied, "I wouldn't try being a swell. I'd take the first rig I could charter. There's one over there now."

He pointed down the alley, and waded off into the dark. Presently he returned with a plumber's wagon.

"He says he'll land your baggage at the ferry for four bits. You can ride or walk behind, just as you like."

They loaded the trunk and the bag into the wagon, and the reporter, perching himself beside the driver, announced genially:

"I'll see you aboard!"

"How much time is there left?" Brainard asked.

"Thirty-two minutes—you can do it easily in twenty-five."

"Wait a minute, then!"

Brainard took Peters to one side, and said to him in a low voice:

"You remember that noise you heard up there in the office? It came from the girl—the stenographer. She got fresh while you were out, and I had to lock her up in the safe to keep her quiet. I think there is enough air to last her some time yet; but her last squeal was rather faint. Suppose you run up and let her out!"

Peters, with a scared look on his face, made one bound for the stairs.

"Hold on, man!" Brainard shouted after him. "You don't know the combination. Here it is!"

He searched in his pockets for the slip of paper on which he had copied the figures, but in the dark he could not find it.

"This ain't any automobile," the reporter suggested. "You'd better put off your good-byes until the next time!"

"Try to remember what I say," Brainard said to the frightened Peters, and began repeating the combination from memory. "I'm pretty sure that's right. Say it over! There, again!"

The shaking man repeated the figures three or four times.

"Good! Keep saying it over to yourself as you go up-stairs, and I'll telephone the office from the ferry and see if you've got her out."

But Peters had already disappeared into the darkness within the building. Brainard climbed into the plumber's wagon, the man whipped up his horse, and they jolted out of the alley. As they came in sight of the ferry-building, the reporter compared his watch with the clock, and remarked:

"Eight minutes to the good—fast traveling for a plumber!"

"Just look out for my stuff while I telephone!" Brainard exclaimed.

All the way to the ferry he had been anxious about the girl in the safe. He had already resolved if he found that Peters had failed to open the safe, he would go back and run the risk of capture.

When the operator rang up the number of Krutzmacht's private office, there was an agonizing wait before any one answered. Finally a woman's voice, very faint, called:

"Who is it?"

Prudence counseled Brainard to assume that the voice was that of the stenographer, and to hang up the receiver. But he wished to make sure that it was the girl herself, and so he asked:

"Are you feeling all right, miss?"

"You thief!" came hissing over the wire to his ear. "You won't get—" And there was no more.

She had dropped the receiver, probably for action. As Brainard stepped from the telephone-booth, he looked uneasily in the direction of Market Street, as if he expected to see the stenographer flying through the hurrying crowd. The reporter beckoned to him.

"Your trunk has gone aboard the ferry. Here's the check—to Chicago. I thought you'd rather tote this bag yourself, though it's pretty heavy."

"Much obliged for all your trouble," Brainard replied warmly. "And now for you!"

He pulled his roll of currency from his pocket, and handed five hundred-dollar bills to the reporter.

"You earned it! I never should have got away in time without you."

"I guess that's so. Much obliged for the dough; but the scoop alone is worth it. What a story! A light-fingered gentleman from New York blowing in here under the court's nose and lifting the whole Pacific

Northern, and goodness knows what else beside, clean out of the State! Some folks who think they know how to do things will be sick to-morrow morning when they get the *Despatch*!"

He shoved the bills into his trousers-pocket and pulled out another cigarette.

"There's the gong! Say," he whispered confidentially, "Mr. Whoever-You-Are, I'd drop off this train before it reaches Sacramento, if I was you, and look for the quietest place on earth. The telegraph-lines ain't down east of Oakland, so far as I know."

"Thanks!" Brainard said warmly, sha-

(*To be continued*)

king the reporter's fat hand. "I'll want to see your story. Send it to me!"

"And say, I'd make up a better yarn than that lawyer story, when you have time."

"So you didn't believe me?"

"I guess I'm no cub reporter!" the *Despatch* man laughed complacently, as the ferry-boat began to move out of the slip.

Then he started on a run for the nearest telephone-booth.

"If that girl means business, as I think she does, I sha'n't get as far as Sacramento!" Brainard muttered to himself, turning into the cabin of the ferry-boat.

### THANKSGIVING DAY

I'm thankful for life, and I'm grateful for love;  
The starbeams of hope that stream down from above,  
To shed on my pathway their radiant light  
To ease the dark cares of the overlong night;  
I'm thankful for skies with their unchanging blue  
That tell how eternal are things that are true.

I'm thankful to live in a land that is free,  
With chances for all men, whoever they be,  
To labor in fields of their own for the spoil  
That comes to the hand that is willing to toil;  
To stand without fear, without favor or grace  
From masters enthroned in inherited place.

I'm thankful no shackle restraineth my arm  
From striking at things full of danger and harm;  
That naught but the fear of a craven can hold  
The soldier of God from the deed that is bold,  
To rouse into action the might of the mass,  
When wrong is entrenched in the fortress of class.

I'm thankful for problems that tax us and test  
The powers of man to their uttermost best;  
For problems that strengthen the soul, and reveal  
A structure of spirit that's fibered with steel;  
For trials that come in accord with the plan  
Divine for the better upbuilding of man.

I'm thankful for faith in the ultimate right,  
When error shall die in the glow of the light;  
I'm thankful, in hours of doubt and despair,  
To hold the belief, in despite of the blare  
Of them who'd give up and retreat from the fray,  
That leaders will rise who can cope with the day.

I'm thankful for hearts with deep sympathy thrilled,  
Who care for the weary, the weak, and the chilled;  
For boys and for girls to inherit the land  
With spirits alert, and the will to command—  
Past, present, or future, whate'er may befall  
I've thanks in my heart for the blessings of all!

*John Kendrick Bangs*



# HUNT OF CINCINNATI

THE MILITANT YOUNG REFORMER WHO TRIUMPHED OVER THE  
COX MACHINE AND INAUGURATED A NEW ERA OF  
NON-PARTIZAN CITY GOVERNMENT

BY HUGH THOMPSON

**I**F you should wander around in the long, dark corridors of the Cincinnati city hall, the chances are that you will encounter a compact, athletic young man of medium height, with black, curly hair and keen, piercing, brown eyes, walking with strenuous, determined step, and probably in his shirt-sleeves, if the weather is warm. At first glance, you would doubtless size him up for a rather energetic subordinate in one of the municipal departments. But if you scrutinize him carefully, you will see that from the pugnacious set of his jaw and the grim, firm quality of his mouth, he is no meek, self-sacrificing individual.

As a matter of fact, this compact, strong-jawed young man happens to be the mayor of Cincinnati, who, at thirty-three, stepped to the chief magistracy of one of our great American communities under circumstances so spectacular and unusual as to make him a figure of national interest. Such is the distinction of Henry T. Hunt, a latter-day David who helped to slay—or to suppress, at least—one of the last of the Goliaths of graft.

At an age when most politicians are beginning to graduate from ward limitations, Mr. Hunt finds himself the central figure of an important city government, the symbol and instrument of a municipal regeneration which has a profound significance for every American municipality.

Clearly to understand Mayor Hunt's present eminence, and fully to appreciate his somewhat unusual performance, it is necessary to turn back a few pages of Cincinnati history. It is a rustling of foul leaves, on which is written a story of shame

—the familiar, sordid, seared record of a city debauched.

Scarcely anybody need be told the shocking fact that for nearly twenty years this Queen City of the middle West, hemmed in by verdant hills and washed by the rapid Ohio, was in the grip of George B. Cox, the one-time saloon-keeper who became a mayor-maker, and who, as a political Warwick, wielded a dictatorship not even surpassed by Boss Tweed, Abe Ruef, Israel Durham, or Richard Croker, in the most flourishing days of their authority.

Nearly every office-holder in Cincinnati, from judge to janitor, paid tribute to this silent, gray-eyed czar who sat in a saloon on a side street and ladled out patronage as his neighbor behind the free-lunch counter served soup. His word was law; his rule was absolute; his power for years undisputed. He built up an immense, closely riveted machine, which he kept galvanized into constant submission through favors and through fear. Corrupt government means inefficient government, and whenever the muck-raker went forth on his travels, he had but to go to Cincinnati to find his "horrible example."

New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and various other cities have been boss-ridden; but the case of Cincinnati was peculiarly distinct. In none of the other communities mentioned did one man absolutely dominate the situation; but Cox was Cincinnati, and Cincinnati was his, so much so that the rank and file of the citizenship shrugged its shoulders from year to year and said:

"What's the use?"

In Cincinnati, as elsewhere, there were



HENRY T. HUNT, MAYOR OF CINCINNATI

*From a photograph by Bellsmith, Cincinnati*

Mayor Hunt, who is a Democrat, but who is administering his office on a non-partizan basis, became chief magistrate of Cincinnati on January 1, 1912, at the age of thirty-three, as the result of an uprising against the machine long dominant in local politics. His career, though brief, has already been brilliant and spectacular. At thirty he was prosecuting attorney of Cincinnati, and while occupying that office he secured an indictment for perjury against the Republican boss of the city. This indictment marked the beginning of the final downfall of one of the most corrupt political machines with which any American municipality has been afflicted.



sporadic outbreaks of reform. But where the so-called kid-glove reformers in other cities despaired, became discouraged, and quit, in Cincinnati a very small group of men, proud and glad to call themselves "fighting idealists," rose up and kept tenaciously to their faith.

It is worth while dwelling on these men for a moment, because the upheaval which set Cincinnati by the ears, and put Henry T. Hunt into the mayor's chair, was the concrete result of the revolution for which these few strenuous dreamers laid the powder-train years ago.

Chief among these men was Elliot Pendleton, a Harvard man who represented the quality of unselfish and disinterested citizenship too rarely found in American cities. When, year after year, the forces working for good government went down before the Cox steam-roller, he remained undaunted and undismayed. Nor was he alone in his ideal of regeneration. Associated with him were Henry T. Hunt, then newly graduated from Yale, and engaged in studying law; Graham P. Hunt—not a relative of Henry T.—a Harvard man and lawyer; J. Chandler Harper, lawyer and counsel for the Cincinnati *Post*; John Weld Peck, Harvard man and lawyer, Democratic leader in the present city council; Lewis Cass Black, lawyer and former partner of Senator Foraker; Charles H. Stephens, lawyer; Morrison R. Waite, Yale man and lawyer, grandson and namesake of Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court; Telford Groesbeck, lawyer, graduate of the Harvard Law School, and son of William S. Groesbeck, of counsel for President Andrew Johnson in his impeachment trial in 1868.

These men, in 1903, constituted the nine members of the executive committee of the Citizens' Municipal Party, of which Mr. Pendleton was chairman. Of the nine, five were Republicans in national politics, three were Democrats, and one was an independent. All were hearty believers in the application of the principle of non-partizanship in the conduct of municipal affairs.

In various campaigns this party, and the various civic parties which grew out of it, went down in defeat after defeat. In order to give the movement an organ, Mr. Pendleton began to publish a weekly paper called the *Citizen's Bulletin*, largely at his own expense. At the masthead he nailed this quotation from Seneca:

Oh, Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will; but whatever happens, I will hold my rudder true!

You may be sure that Mr. Pendleton, his colleagues, and his organ met ample ridicule and all the harvest of hardship which seems to be the penalty attached to the lone righteous hand in the political game.

Meanwhile there developed an economic situation of the utmost significance, which should not pass unobserved. It was one of the many costly by-products that machine domination invariably creates.

In its desire to divert every possible dollar into the guilty channels of graft, the machine neglected those public agencies which alone give a city prosperity and prestige. Take the public schools, for example. At the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, the Cincinnati institutions were regarded as the best in the world. Twenty-five years later they were the jest of the country, and a disgrace to the community. Wretchedly inadequate appropriations had cut down efficiency and made wrecks of the buildings. So, too, with the streets and the parks.

Neighboring cities, with a similar population and a less strategic commercial situation, were leaving Cincinnati far behind. The one-time imperial city of the State had to give way to Cleveland, which became the metropolis of Ohio. During the decade from 1900 to 1910, Cleveland increased in population 46.9 per cent; Columbus, 44.6 per cent; Detroit, 63 per cent; Kansas City, 51.7 per cent; while Cincinnati's increase for that period was only 11.5 per cent.

Since the growth and prosperity of a city depend largely upon its reputation, you do not have to look far for the cause of Cincinnati's standstill. In the eyes of the outside world, the Cox organization and its unholy domination seemed to be Cincinnati's most conspicuous institution. The other cities that have prospered so much more had overthrown their corrupt bosses.

Aside from the odium which attaches to the graft-encumbered community, there is also a heavy financial reckoning. In 1907 Cleveland, with a population of 560,000, had a yearly budget of \$4,924,000, while Cincinnati, with only 377,000 people, had an annual expense of \$4,400,000.

Now you see the price that the people paid for their shame. Now you see why the city stood still, and why those fighting idealists realized that despite ridicule and

persistent defeat there was a goal worth attaining. And, though they did not know it as yet, they were at the very daybreak of a new and reconstructive era.

#### THE MACHINE'S FIRST DEFEAT

Through those sordid decades of Coxism, we now come to 1905, a year destined to stand out in living numerals in the chronology of Cincinnati. Undeterred by the overthrows of previous elections, and encouraged by some progress made in the Legislature, which had raised the school appropriation, the fighting idealists again came to the fore with an independent ticket, which this time bore the Democratic stamp.

A campaign of unremitting aggressiveness was waged. Even the "Old Boy," as they called Cox in those days, was startled by the fierceness of the movement against him. But he had only drawn what he deserved. Not satisfied with his years of complete mastery in Cincinnati, he was reaching out for a grip on the State. John M. Patterson was the candidate on the Democratic ticket for Governor against Myron T. Herrick. In Cincinnati, Edward J. Dempsey was Patterson's party colleague for the mayoralty against Harry Gordon.

The whole State was ablaze with excitement, but in Cincinnati it flamed the fiercest. Under the direction of the late John Vandercook, a really great journalist with something of the vision of a seer, the Cincinnati *Post* made a memorable fight against boss rule. Cox bent all his energies to stem the tide which seemed to be rising all about him.

It remained for one man to swing the day. Theodore Roosevelt sat in the White House at Washington. Always the uncompromising foe of the boss, his sympathy went out to the struggling people of Cincinnati. And as a result, at the behest of his chief, William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, made what came to be known as the Akron speech, in which he said, referring to Cox:

The whole government of both city and county are absolutely under his control, and every Republican convention nominates the men whom he dictates. . . . The government under the machine is constantly described as a very corrupt one.

If I were able—as I fear I shall not be, because public duty calls me elsewhere—to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket

nominated by the Republican organization, and for the State ticket.

It was a great stroke at the psychological moment. The entire Cox ticket, State and local, was swept into defeat. Cox received his first smashing blow. He "retired," but his retirement was like a Patti farewell tour.

There were many deluded people who immediately said:

"This is the end of Coxism!"

They did not realize that while the reformer works spasmodically, the politician labors unceasingly at the game, for it is his vocation. But for the moment Cox seemed down and out, and Cincinnati drew a breath of relief.

#### A NEW POLITICAL STAR RISES

That election of 1905 had a significance far greater to the people of Hamilton County, and, through them, to the whole State, than the temporary downfall of an arrogant and corrupt political machine, because it sent to the State Legislature, on the high tide of a great victory, a man destined for a conspicuous part in the subsequent civic rebirth of Cincinnati. That man was Henry T. Hunt, then little more than a boy, although he was already a militant member of the reform party.

Hunt was born in Cincinnati, the son of a distinguished railroad official who was one of the first foes of the rebate. His father had spent some years as a division superintendent of the Missouri Pacific, in Kansas. There the boy grew up, and possibly out of that soil of protest and unrest he gathered some of the inspiration which in later years led him to a great task. Be that as it may, Hunt, on the family's return to Cincinnati, grew up to a stalwart young manhood, graduated from Yale in 1900, and in 1903 emerged from the Cincinnati Law School a full-fledged barrister.

At college he had been a good boxer. He had an instinct for a "scrap," and, as he looked about him in Cincinnati, he realized that about the biggest game he could take on was that octopus which for years had laid its tentacles of graft and oppression upon his native city.

He had a part in the fight for the raising of the school-tax levy; now at Columbus he found a big opportunity. With a few other idealists, he helped to introduce a bill for a legislative investigation of Hamilton County, which was the sore spot in the State.



Of course, Cox fought this measure by every device known to political cunning, but the resolution went through, and a sort of Lexow work was begun in Cincinnati. The result of this investigation showed conclusively that some county treasurers of Hamilton County had been accepting payment from Cincinnati banks for the deposits of public money. The revelation, however, availed but little, because Cox controlled the judiciary, and the reformers could get no legal action.

In 1908 Hunt, who was still in the Legislature, helped to force the passage of a resolution for another investigation in Hamilton County. Again the Cox crowd used all its influence to divert the probe. Among other things, they secured an injunction restraining the legislative committee on the ground that it had no jurisdiction. The courts upheld this contention, maintaining that the grand jury was the proper body to investigate the charges against the bosses. Cox secured a temporary respite, but quite unconsciously his hirelings had laid bare the spot whereon he was to receive his death-blow.

A few weeks after the second legislative committee had foundered on the rocks of the Cox opposition, Graham Hunt, who, you will recall, was one of the original fighting idealists, met Henry T. Hunt on the steps of the Capitol at Columbus.

"By the way, Harry," he said, "I have a new job for you."

"What's that?" said the young legislator.

"You ought to be our candidate for prosecuting attorney," the other replied.

"Great Scott!" replied the lawyer. "I don't know much about criminal law."

"Never mind," responded his friend.

"You can easily master that. You are the man for the job."

Out of this informal conversation started the real regeneration of Cincinnati.

#### THE BOY PROSECUTOR

Hunt was nominated for prosecuting attorney. He was barely thirty years of age, and looked like a college boy. The Cox crowd referred to him as "the kid," but before he got through with them they realized that this youngster was a terror. There was no mayoralty election that year, and the Cox machine centered its energies in the fight against Hunt. They stopped at nothing to hinder his work. On one oc-

casional, while making a speech in Lytle Park, he was arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct and locked up in a cell for several hours. It was one of the many foolish blunders made by the opposition, for Hunt emerged from his prison a hero in the minds of many people. He was elected by a good majority.

But the possession of that particular office, with the Cox organization hostile, meant that the function of the office was a farce. The moment that the boy prosecutor turned to his task, he found his hands tied at every turn. With one exception, Cox judges sat on the bench. Without exception Cox jury commissioners selected the grand jurors. Everywhere the shadow of Cox darkened and hindered the path of justice.

How was he to indict any member of the machine when it was impossible to get a grand jury that was not chosen by the gangsters? He was even ruled out of the jury-room—a violation of all ethics—while the grand jury was balloting.

Worst of all, he was unable to command any authority in what was known as Room No. 6, the criminal division of the Cincinnati court. There was one independent judge in the court of common pleas, and it was to him that Hunt looked for action. But, by some peculiar combination of circumstances, this independent judge, by the vote of his colleagues, never got an opportunity to sit for a term in Room No. 6.

Meanwhile, young Hunt went about his task as much as the limitations permitted. He closed up the bucket-shops, raided the pool-rooms, and carried on a successful crusade against disorderly dance-halls.

But one day destiny, or whatever you may choose to call it, led the young prosecutor to a wondrous find. In going over the records of previous grand juries, he found a transcript of some testimony given by Boss Cox, in which Cox declared, under oath, that he had received none of the secret interest, and that it had all gone to the county treasurers. Hunt kept the knowledge of this find to himself, and bided his time.

By some slip, Judge Gorman, the independent judge to whom I have referred, was permitted to sit for one term in Room No. 6. Fate was now playing entirely into the hands of Hunt, who meanwhile had been reelected prosecuting attorney.

"Now or never is the chance to get Cox!" he said.

Instead of trusting a grand jury selected out of the Cox list, Judge Gorman chose his own jurors. They were fifteen men literally "good and true," and they stuck to their task for three months.

One of the first witnesses summoned was John H. Gibson, a former county treasurer. He was asked the direct question if Cox had shared in the secret interest. When he refused to answer, Hunt took the case to the State supreme court, and forced his lips open. Then came the startling admission that Cox had received half of the money.

A transcript of the testimony which Hunt had found a year before was at once produced, and the dictator of Cincinnati was indicted for perjury. It was a profound and startling sensation. The young David had indeed assailed Goliath and dragged him from his lair. Cincinnati was stirred from end to end, and Hunt was the man of the hour.

Of course, indicting Cox on the charge of perjury and getting him behind the bars were two very different things, because the machinery of justice was still largely controlled by the boss. After months of litigation and judicial side-stepping, the imperiled boss found judges who quashed the indictment. Hunt had sought for a change of venue, and had tried every other expedient which might take the indicted man out of the control of his henchmen, but it was of no avail.

The big effect of the Cox indictment, however, was purely moral. It plainly showed that the former dictator was neither invulnerable nor invincible, and it marked the entrenchment in Hamilton County of some organized protest against the old, wretched order. Once more Cox "retired"—but this time apparently for keeps.

#### ELECTED TO THE MAYORALTY

All these stirring events happened last year. Fortunately for the reformers, it was the year of a mayoralty election. In the eyes of those people who had the best interests of the city at stake, there was but one man for that office, and that man was the boyish, smooth-faced collegian who had bearded the graft lion in his den and put, for the moment at least, a great political machine snarlingly on the defensive. Hunt was nominated on the Democratic ticket, which was really a non-partizan ticket, standing for the redemption of Cincinnati and for a more progressive community.

The campaign was one of the most exciting in many years, and it was marked by many sensational features. Not the least extraordinary was the lamentable part played by President Taft. You will recall that in that remarkable year of 1905, when the forces for good government won out, one of their chief allies had been the then Secretary of War.

But many things had happened since 1905. Taft was now President of the United States. His eye looked yearningly toward a second term; he and his family in Cincinnati had traded back and forth with the Cox machine, and now, when his native city, no longer corrupt and contented, was seeking to free itself from the grip of a devastating machine, President Taft, on the Saturday before the election, when it was too late to combat the effect of his pronouncement, wrote a letter to a former mayor of the city, in which he said:

I expect to be in Cincinnati on election day, and, unless my registration is defective, to cast my vote for the Republican municipal ticket, because I believe the candidates thereon to be competent and worthy.

I shall vote the Republican ticket because I think the conditions under which I made my Akron speech have substantially changed.

It is generally believed in Cincinnati that the Taft message, coming at this psychological moment, cost the reform ticket at least eight thousand votes. But despite that handicap, Hunt received a majority of four thousand votes, and with him there went into office a complete city and county ticket. On January 1 of the present year, this remarkable young man, at the age of thirty-three, took his seat in the old, weather-beaten city hall down at Seventh and Plum Streets, perhaps the youngest chief executive that any American community of importance has ever had.

#### A MAYOR OF ALL THE PEOPLE

When Mr. Hunt took up the reins of his authority, you may be sure that there was a rattling of dry bones. In the first flush of victory he made this declaration, which has become the letter and the spirit of his administration:

"This is a victory, not for Democracy, but for Cincinnati—not for partizanship, but for civic patriotism."

One morning, shortly after his inauguration, a well-known Democratic worker ap-

peared at the office with a friend, whom he introduced to the mayor.

"I want you to meet this man, Mr. Mayor," said the worker. "He is one of the best supporters you have had."

"Very glad indeed to know him," said Mr. Hunt.

"Now," continued the caller, "I hope you can do something for our friend. I would like to have him appointed street-inspector."

The mayor rubbed his chin, and dryly asked:

"What experience has your friend had in street-inspection or street-cleaning?"

"Why, none in the world," answered the go-between; "but, Mr. Mayor, he is a sterling Democrat and a loyal worker."

"What is his occupation?" asked the mayor.

The caller hemmed and hawed, and finally said:

"He is a shoemaker."

"Oh!" said the mayor swiftly, and with a signal that the interview was over.

"When the administration wants shoemakers, I will send for your friend. Good day!"

He did various kinds of cleaning out. The mayor's office and reception-room, for example, had for years been a loafing-place for leaders of the gang. It was cluttered up with big, leather divans and comfortable lounging-chairs. The first day the new mayor was in office, he sent for the janitor and said:

"Clean out all these big leather chairs. This place looks too much like the annex of a harem. I want it to look like a business office!"

Now it is stripped down to working equipment. There is no place for hangers-on to sit and cool their heels.

Former mayors of Cincinnati never had a stenographer in their office. They had little dictating to do. As a matter of fact, they were too much accustomed to being dictated to. Mayor Hunt put a woman stenographer in his office, and she sits there throughout his office hours. He has no conferences or callers that a third party cannot hear or see.

The door to the mayor's office is always open, and you can always find out when his honor is "in." He sits in his shirt-sleeves at a big desk in the middle of the room; but he is not always sitting there, for he gets about everywhere.

This strenuous activity has made him a sort of Harun-al-Rashid. He was not in office for very long before the various public departments realized that the mayor was "on the job." On one of his first afternoons he took a walk down to the police gymnasium, stripped off his coat, and sparred with three of the best boxers in the department. The other policemen who stood around began to have a pretty wholesome respect, in more ways than one, for the beardless young man at the head of the city government.

He wanted to see how the fire department did its job, so one night, early in January, he dropped in casually at one of the biggest fire-houses, told the man on watch who he was, went up-stairs, and went to bed with the firemen. Early in the cold, snowy morning an alarm came in, and he was one of the first to slide down the pole and join the men in their work. These and many similar incidents show the character of the man and the sort of leadership he has maintained.

But no episode of his brief but interesting experience is more typical than his dismissal of the local chief of police. It is characteristic of the man and his methods.

When Mr. Hunt assumed the office, being a firm believer in the principles of civil service reform, he sent for the chief and told him that he might expect to remain in office so long as he conscientiously fulfilled his duty to the people. Shortly afterward, a crusade against the gamblers was undertaken, and most of them were driven out of business. But there was one very powerful personage, an old friend of Boss Cox, and long protected by him, who was known as the Handbook King. He was one of the most notorious gamblers in Cincinnati, and, despite the mayor's orders, he still seemed to be able to ply his pernicious trade.

The mayor sent for the chief of police, and ordered him to arrest the man.

"But," said the chief, "I cannot arrest him without a warrant."

"I will swear out the warrant," said the mayor.

He did so; the gambler was taken into custody and brought to trial. The first witness against him was the chief of police, who testified on the stand that he had no knowledge that the prisoner was a gambler.

When Mayor Hunt heard of this, his eyes blazed with anger. He rang a bell and ordered the chief to his presence.

"I understand," he said, addressing the bluecoat, "that you testified this morning that you had no knowledge that the man I sent you to arrest was a gambler!"

"Yes, sir, that is true," said the chief.

"Do you mean to say that you do not know what every newsboy in Cincinnati knows?" continued the mayor.

"I could not testify what I did not know," answered the policeman.

"Well," snapped the mayor, "you are either a fool or something else. In any event, you are not fit to be chief of police in Cincinnati. You are suspended!"

It is needless to say that the civil service board of the city sustained the mayor, and the chief was removed from office.

#### SOME OF MAYOR HUNT'S REFORMS

The mention of civil service recalls the fact that Mayor Hunt has revived what was for many years a dead letter in Cincinnati. Under Boss Cox, the civil service commission was more or less of a joke. In a year and a half exactly seven people had taken the examination. During the first seven months of Mayor Hunt's administration more than three hundred took the examination, and many of them are efficiently holding down city posts.

Impulsive as this young mayor seems to be, he has a long head and a sober judgment. He plans carefully before he acts.

For instance, the people of Cincinnati have clamored for years for better street-car service. Instead of ordering a drastic revolution, he engaged R. W. Harris, one of the great traction experts of the country, to make a careful investigation of conditions and actual needs.

The same thing is true of his action in the matter of interurban service. The merchants of Cincinnati have long complained that owing to lack of coordination in the interurban lines they have been unable to tap the rich commercial territory adjacent to Hamilton County. Other cities with a better-organized service have stepped in and taken the cream of the trade. Mayor Hunt engaged Bion J. Arnold, one of the great transportation experts of the world, to make an investigation similar to that being conducted by Mr. Harris. Everywhere he is seeking expert advice and expert service.

Now let us see how this mayor gets down to the financial end of his administration, because one of the great functions of any

conscientious chief executive is to save money. He began at what is a chronic source of waste and extravagance in most municipalities, the purchasing department.

Purchasing for a city is naturally a much more serious proposition than buying for a private firm or corporation. The private buyer is allowed to recognize the personal equation. He may permit himself to be convinced. Not so with the city buyer. He is merely the impartial judge whose decision must stand the destructive criticism of a host of disappointed vendors.

Under former administrations, city buying in Cincinnati was a haphazard performance. The heads of the various institutions did their own purchasing. They bought by name of article, and not by quality. There was no specification and no standard.

Mayor Hunt organized a buying department, and instructed its head to buy in bulk and to standardize his purchases.

"Let the city set the standard for each article," he said, "and make the vendors meet that standard."

To-day all the buying for Cincinnati is done through one bureau, and by standards scientifically established. For example, all oil purchased must have a certain lubricating power. If the article bought happens to be a bucket, there is a specification. It must be of a certain kind of galvanizing, of a certain size, shape, and construction—in short, it must be the very best bucket that can be bought, and it is the standard bucket for all city work that requires such a utensil.

This buying system means a corps of trained business men instead of the usual hodgepodge of office-seekers; comparative records so filed as to be instantly available; and a system of checking and counter-checking, which makes mistakes, misunderstanding, and abuse of privilege almost impossible. It removes every element of temptation on the one hand or suspicion on the other. Incidentally, it means also a saving of from one to two hundred thousand dollars a year.

This centralization extends to every other city department. Take charities and corrections. This was operated in very much the same disorganized way as the city buying. The head of each institution ran it his own way. Mayor Hunt named a distinguished sanitary expert, who had devoted years of study to municipal health



and economic problems, to be superintendent of charities and corrections, and gave him the control of all the city's activities that affected the orphan, the pauper, the defective, or the invalid.

Before the new superintendent entered upon his work, he called a meeting of all the old heads of city departments, and, in the presence of the new heads, asked them to go over their various budgets and explain the reasons for expenditures. You may well imagine that these retiring heads had an unpleasant half-hour, because it was very difficult to explain a great many expenditures. Likewise, it was a wholesome object-lesson for the incoming chiefs.

No detail of city government has escaped this eternally vigilant executive. Instead of having fire inspections by inspectors who have had no experience in the service, he has them made by firemen during their leisure hours. He has had a city oil-reduction plant built. He has revolutionized street-cleaning. He even dipped into the diet of the fire horses, and found out that they were being fed with too much oats. He has not only cut down the feed bills, but improved the health and efficiency of the horses.

And so it has been all up and down the city firing-line. Vigilance has succeeded sloth, business science has taken the place of antiquated, haphazard methods. Everywhere the man holding down a city position is on his job all the time.

#### "HARRY" HUNT, THE MAN

By this time you doubtless wonder what sort of man this is who, at thirty-three, has been able to conquer one of the last of the great bosses, and who has brought economic order, system, and rehabilitation into the affairs of a large American city. You may well believe that he is no ordinary man. Yet, to meet him at close range, he is as simple, ingenuous, and unaffected as the boy he looks to be.

In his office you will find, in a conspicuous place, a reproduction of the great trial scene in "The Heart of Midlothian," and you need no further evidence of his liking for Walter Scott. You will also see portraits of Lord Coleridge, Henry Clay, and William M. Evarts, for he is still loyal to his profession. You will not find his desk cluttered up with a surplus of unnecessary papers. He uses a flat-top desk; first, because he finds it more comfortable,

and second, because it does not permit the accumulation of dead matter.

That he has been a student of city affairs, his brief experience in authority will show. I asked him to sum up his idea of the mayor's task, and he said:

"I consider it an expert job, pure and simple. My own theory about city government is very much like the German theory, which makes city government a definite profession. There is no reason why a great city should not be run as a great railroad or corporation is run. Such undertakings must have experts in their various departments, and particularly at their head. Why not the city?"

"As a matter of fact, I think that a modified form of commission government is about the most practical kind of administration that a city can get. The commission can hire experts for various departments, very much as a railroad employs its own heads. This system would, of course, do away with a city council. The net result, however, would be a businesslike and efficient conduct of affairs."

In the light of Mayor Hunt's present achievement, and barring the disappointments which often crowd thick and fast about political prodigies, there is no preference that this strenuous young Cincinnatian might not attain. An open road to the Governorship lies before him, and beyond that—as this nation of vast opportunity has well attested—perhaps even greater rewards.

But the big fact which stands out to-day in connection with Mayor Hunt is not so much his spectacular elevation to an important mayoralty under dramatic conditions. It is not even his defeat of Cox, and his jolting of a graft-fattened machine, for though Cox may be dead politically, there will always be the menace of the system that he represents.

Behind his rise is the compelling significance of the fact that he represents to-day the fruition of years of non-partizan effort to redeem a community—years of struggle for the setting-up of a standard of merit, and merit alone, in the achievement of an adequate municipal administration.

Herein lies the real declaration of the Hunt principle, and there are many who believe that in this theory of non-partizan local rule, divorced absolutely from national political entanglements, lies the real hope of city government in the United States.



# MIRABEL'S ISLAND\*

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES

BY LOUIS TRACY

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE SILENT BARRIER," ETC.

XXXII

MIRABEL was so busy observing proceedings on Lunga that David drew somewhat apart, and strove to find some likeness between the girl and her father, who was standing close beside her on the headland, with shaded eyes intent on the Hawk, a black speck just visible beyond the reefs.

Mirabel was poised with the grace of a Winged Victory; she held the telescope, no simple instrument to balance and adjust, with the ease of a sailor. Her mind was fixed on the one object—to discern the figures in the dingey which was then leaving the Corran, and David made his comparisons unnoticed.

He thought he could detect physical traits of heredity in the clear-cut profile, the aspect of complete concentration, the air of suppressed yet conscious energy, which form no small part of the birthright of nearly every man and woman born in the United States. Yes, there were links between father and daughter, subtle though undeniable. Different habits of life, different environment—above all, a total absence of the lifelong association which counts for so much in the minor tricks of manner and expression—these things had sundered them, and Mirabel was admittedly her mother's replica, yet they were alike, and, in the years to come, might develop a marked similarity.

So David hardly knew with whom his wayward sympathies rested, whether with the man who had lost a daughter or with him who had gained one.

He was glad when the Hawk became a mere blur of smoke in the distance. Mr. Elwin, who had borne no inconsiderable strain with silent fortitude, proposed that they should drive to Tobermorey for lunch, and this excellent notion was adopted with enthusiasm.

They chatted without restraint, and David enjoyed his American friend's obvious amazement when he contrived to extract a series of little lectures from Mirabel on such unusual topics as the dioptric lens in a lighthouse lamp, the geological structure of Mull, the habits of tortoises, the principles of flight, as illustrated by the varying bodies of the swallow and the albatross, and the true purport and scope of the Oceanographical Museum at Monaco. Mirabel, of course, used abstruse scientific terms when necessary, though her expositions were delightfully lucid for the most part, and Elwin entered fully into the humor of the situation.

On the homeward journey, Elwin himself brought out another side of her singularly versatile equipment by a chance reference to a Wagner cycle he had attended in New York. Mirabel was an enthusiastic admirer of the "Ring," and delighted both her hearers by a skilful bit of *leit-motif* hunting, whistling, and humming her favorite passages—a harmless pastime to which even the noblest minds may stoop.

Once only did the American express his surprise at the range of her knowledge.

"How have you contrived to study so many subjects?" he asked.

"I have never really studied anything," she said. Then, seeing his puzzled look,

\* Copyright, 1912, by Edward J. Clode—Entered at Stationers' Hall. This story began in the April number of MUNSIE'S MAGAZINE

she laughed. "I suppose that sounds rather conceited, but it isn't, really. My father amused himself by teaching me, and he took care that I neither forgot nor failed to understand each little step along the upward path."

Mr. Elwin did not even wince.

"I wonder if I could teach you the true inwardness of the cotton market!" he said, with the whole-hearted smile which his daughter had certainly retained for her own use.

"Of course you could. Do you know all about cotton?"

"I have long held pronounced views on the question."

"But that is the very essence of education. Tell me how cotton is grown and how it is sold; give me the history of the market, and your practical experience of it—and what else do I need in order to be able to talk about it?"

"I must introduce you to the delights of 'spot' and 'futures,'" he said.

"I imagine they have little to do with cotton," laughed Mirabel, and the man who had fought many a grim battle with Liverpool and Manchester instantly agreed with her.

Before it was dark she brought them to the little bay where the cobs landed, and even Lindsay, despite his confidence in her skill and fearlessness, was dismayed when he saw the skiff in which she had crossed the open sea. To dispel Mr. Elwin's strong disbelief in its stability, Mirabel was demonstrating how hard it was to upset even a small dingy if one obeyed the rules, when a shrill whistle brought their eyes seaward. The Hawk had just rounded Haum Point and was heading for the beach.

Any disquieting speculations as to the cause of this unexpected apparition were speedily silenced by the appearance of Mrs. Beringer standing up in the bow and fluttering a handkerchief, while balancing herself with a hand on a sailor's shoulder.

"I got your telegram, David," explained that lively lady when she was safely ashore. "I was thinking of that terribly round-about way to Tobermorey when Tresidder told me the Hawk was in Oban. So here I am, hours ahead of time!"

One glance at the trio welcoming her arrival warned the tactful Doris how matters stood. She did not even say that Locksley and Hawley had gone to a hotel, and evidently meant to remain in Oban overnight.

It was a lively party which gathered for supper in the cottage, and Mirabel and David had two highly interested auditors for the full and complete story of their adventures on Lunga. Well, not quite complete, for they ignored their later troubles, and spoke only of the rose-tinted hours which followed the storm.

Just one tiny episode hinted of graver things. David chanced to mention the ornaments found in the coracle, and they were examined carefully. Elwin believed that they were of great antiquity, the metal being an amalgam of copper and silver. Mrs. Beringer, scrutinizing an open bracelet, thought that the terminals represented rams' heads.

"I cannot guess how any woman could clasp this thing on her arm unless she had a remarkably small hand," said she.

Mirabel took it.

"Why, it is a Greek bracelet!" she cried. "It must have been brought to Britain by the Phoenicians, or perhaps by some Roman legionary. Look, it goes on this way!" and, giving the coil a slight lateral turn, she put it on her wrist before David could prevent her.

He was by no means superstitious, but Mirabel's rounded arm was the last place in which he wished to see that gruesome relic displayed.

"Please take it off!" he said quickly. "It has not been cleaned, and verdigris is poisonous."

She obeyed, with a cheerful laugh. They had good reason to remember the incident afterward. It took place about half past eight o'clock, and at that very hour the calm of Oban was disturbed by rumors of a tragedy.

Two men, seated at dinner in one of the hotels on the sea-front, died with a dramatic suddenness which could only be the outcome of some peculiarly deadly poison. No one knew how the drug had been administered, or what its nature; but the men were dead, and the police were inquiring into the facts of an extraordinary occurrence, because the strangers had arrived in the town that day by sea, and had made all arrangements to leave for London by the first train on the following morning.

So Oban was puzzled, and rather alarmed, and Tresidder sat up half the night trying to concoct a telegram, for a new chapter had been added to the "Lunga Romance," and this man was one of the

few who guessed its vital significance to the owner of the Firefly.

### XXXIII

THE four were seated at breakfast when Tresidder's telegram arrived. There was some talk of the prospective journey to London, and Oban was chosen as the point of departure by rail, for Lindsay and Elwin had already evolved a plan whereby any chance of an awkward meeting with the earlier travelers from Lunga would be avoided, when a knock at the door summoned Mrs. Macdonald.

"There's a young man frae Calgary tae see ye, Sir David," she announced.

Lindsay went out, the cottage's living-room being crowded.

The "young man" evidently possessed a high degree of intelligence.

"I've brocht a message which ye'd best read without any ither pairson bein' the wiser, Sir David," he said, when assured that he could not be overheard by those in the cottage.

And this is what David read:

Regret to say that Mr. Locksley and Mr. Hawley died last night at the Argyll Hotel, here. Believed to be case of poisoning. Both were dead before doctor arrived. Have made sure of facts before telegraphing, and will wait your orders all day at yard.

TRESIDDER.

"Aye, it'll be bad news, I'm thinkin'," said the messenger sympathetically, for David's face showed the depth of horror and uncertainty into which those fateful words had plunged him.

Lindsay had no thought for himself. He was incapable of realizing any feature of the tragedy beyond its immediate effect on Mirabel. How would she bear it? Could not the unhappy Locksley have found some other way out of his despair than through the narrow gate of death? What was to be done?

His mind refused to act, and he walked aimlessly farther away from the cottage, followed by the youth from Calgary, who understood vaguely that the deaths of two men at Oban would have a profound influence on the people at Haum Point. Tresidder had appreciated the same fact. It breathed from each sentence of his message, wherein the "yard" he alluded to was the dock in which the Firefly was being repaired.

"Is there anything I can be daein', Sir David?" murmured the man. "The post-master tellt me I wass tae be sure an' gie the telegram intil yer ain han's, an' not let the young leddy be present."

David was looking at Lunga, smiling in the morning sun, and suddenly a mist came over his eyes. Yes, Mirabel must be helped to bear this new burden. But how? He did not know. He had never been at such a loss for ordered judgment.

She must be told, of course, but under what conditions? Was she to mourn Locksley as a father whom she loved and respected, or would the shock of his death be lessened if the story of his perfidy were revealed at once?

The torturing problem could not have arisen if he had not taken Hawley's life. David knew instantly that the law would brand the suicide as a murderer, too. If Hawley were alive, no consideration would tempt Mirabel's lover to grieve her by defaming the dead, no matter how just the charge; but could he permit her to weep her heart out for one who would be laid in a felon's grave? And, knowing Mirabel as he did, what artifice would prevent her from mourning Locksley? He feared her anger if he kept this thing concealed; had not she herself discovered the eternal truth that love goes hand in hand with fear?

"Will you tell Mr. Elwin that he is wanted at McDougall's?" said David, and the man left him, glad to be of use even in that small way.

Elwin came; and the gray head of experience pronounced instantly in favor of silence as to his own relationship with Mirabel. He suggested that they should stroll along the cliff, in case either of the unsuspecting women sought them within the next few minutes. It was he, too, who sent the messenger back to Calgary the richer by a sovereign.

"Now, David," he said, when they were well away from the group of cottages, "I see quite clearly that the straight road of self-sacrifice is the only possible one for me, and that which affects me affects Mirabel. Locksley's death will be a blow, but if a natural and unavoidable grief is intensified by discovery of a lifelong deception—well, she will regard that as by far the worse of the two. It will react on me, and even on you. Moreover, the affair will create sensation enough as it stands, without being magnified tenfold by the introduc-

tion of my name, with its association of long-forgotten drama. Will Locksley have left any documents? Is there any chance of his true identity being found out?"

David threw wide his hands, with the gesture of one who is conscious only of darkness and negation.

"I cannot tell," he said. "There may be evidence in plenty at Lunga; but if the unfortunate man had this terrible end in view when he wrote the letter which Mirabel brought, I should say that he has explained matters in another letter now in the post and on its way to London."

"Hawley will have my letters in his possession," mused the American. "If published, they would give a clue to the press—if not in England, most certainly in New York. That must be stopped. Now, David, here is what I advise. Let the Hawk be telegraphed for at once. Your sister must be told; she will break the news to Mirabel far more gently than you. The three of you will go to Oban to-day, where you will assume charge of matters. It is hopeless to try and burke an inquiry in this country, I take it, but I fancy it can be guided and controlled. When you have gone, let Macdonald take me to Lunga. Long before any official search is made there, I shall have removed every scrap of information likely to reveal our real secret. Does the scheme commend itself to you? Heaven knows, I have no desire to pry and peer into Locksley's private records, but I see no help for it—do you?"

Thus planning and contriving, they decided on a general policy which promised the least amount of scandal and publicity. Lindsay was thanking the older man for his splendid magnanimity when Elwin uttered a sharp exclamation.

The two had turned, and from the top of the cliff they could see Mirabel and Mrs. Beringer standing outside McDougall's house. Both women were examining something intently. Their heads were bent, and they seemed to be deep in talk.

"Now, who could have foreseen this?" cried Elwin, obviously perturbed and excited. "You remember I brought those photographs to your place yesterday?"

"Yes."

"When Mirabel had gone out, I gathered them carefully and took them back to my room. Just now they are precious to me, David. I can gaze my fill at my lost wife and child. Don't you understand?

The pictures were not separated. They were all on a little table near my bed. Mirabel has been telling Mrs. Beringer about them, and Mrs. McDougall has quite innocently given her the lot."

"Including the photograph of your wife?"

David spoke merely to hear his own voice. There could be no manner of doubt as to the cause of his companion's distress. As if fate had not brought about sufficient complications for the hour, the very thing they were guarding against seemed now to be hovering on the brink of discovery.

The risk was not so great as they imagined. The two ladies hurried to meet them, and Mirabel held her mother's picture in her hand.

"I need hardly ask whose photograph this is," she said, addressing Mr. Elwin in her candid, fearless way. "You will be surprised to hear that I have never before seen any picture of my mother, but I cannot tell you how delighted I am to have found one. May I have this copied?"

"It will give me very great pleasure to send you the best reproduction that can be made," said Elwin gravely.

"But is it rude of me to ask why such a photograph is in your possession? Here is a name on the back, 'Miriam,' and a place, 'Bar Harbor,' with a date. You must have known my mother before her marriage?"

"Yes, for some years," said Elwin.

He moved to the side of the road and looked out over the sea. The sudden strain had become almost unendurable.

"There!" whispered Mirabel, with a shy glance at David. "I was certain you were wrong. Poor Mr. Elwin; I have hurt his feelings!"

She ran after him and put a hand impulsively on his shoulder.

"Do forgive me!" she said softly. "In my joy at finding a token of my dear mother, I forgot that she might have been equally dear to others. But I am glad that I resemble her so greatly, and I shall be proud and honored if my warm friendship can go some little way toward keeping her memory green in your heart."

"Yes, my dear girl, it will accomplish that, and more," said Elwin brokenly.

David thanked his stars that the blunder he had committed concerning Elwin's marriage, in answer to Mirabel's question, had been glossed over so easily.

But the incident bore fruit in an unexpected manner. For Mirabel it was the first partial lifting of the curtain of the past. She could not forget it, and, when the time came that she was able to review events calmly, it supplied the key to a mystery at once overwhelming and full of consolation.

She was so eager now to make amends for what she believed to be a somewhat thoughtless reopening of an old wound that she was quite distressed when Elwin stated that he could not accompany the party to Oban; for Mrs. Beringer was adamant in refusing to draw a pall of mourning and tears over the blue sky of a long day at sea. They passed Lunga at noon, and the island looked grim and forbidding enough when seen from a distance.

"You dear old place, you seem lonely to-day," said Mirabel. "If I didn't know you so well, I should think you were scowling at me. But I shall come back again, my green isle; for I love every scar on your rugged face. I am sure the father and mother puffins on your rocks tell the young puffins that they needn't cackle with alarm when they see Carlo and me, because we wouldn't hurt a feather on their downy bodies. But my poor jackdaw will not welcome me. What can have become of him? Oh, you frowning Cruachan! Is that one of your secrets? Some day, will you whisper it to me, as you have breathed others from your clefts?"

She caught some repressed sound from Mrs. Beringer, and bent in quick regret.

"Why should *you* weep, dear?" she asked anxiously. "You must not heed my rambling outpourings to the sea and rocks. I often talk to them—don't I, David?"

But she understood her friend's agitation when they reached Oban that evening, and the veil was lifted a little higher—this time on a scene of terror; for Mirabel wore the black livery of grief when next she spoke of Lunga.

#### XXXIV

DORIS BERINGER, who had come to love the girl during those days of gloom at Oban, summed up the situation neatly in a letter to her husband. She wrote:

Neither Mirabel nor her island should be mentioned in the same breath as hearses and cemeteries, yet, by some dramatic contriving of fate, a period which promises to be by far

the most important in her life has begun and ended by the side of an open grave. When David landed on Lunga, and our most charming and lovable Mirabel was watching him timidly from behind some knob of that little hill in the middle of the island, she saw him scooping out a poor sailor's final resting-place; to-day, when her swimming eyes took their last look at Locksley's coffin before it was borne away to the cemetery, she completed a chapter in her history, though she does not know yet how fully.

Perhaps I am mistaken in adding that last clause. Neither David nor I have said a word about the past, yet she has given each of us some puzzled looks, and I am sure that a question has hung more than once on her lips. I wonder!

Mrs. Beringer was shrewd, and her judgment was seldom at fault. The reference to Cruachan as "a little hill" was due, of course, to debasing Sassenach influence on a woman of Highland birth.

As for David, he had no time even for theorizing. He soon found that the only practicable method of closing down official inquiry was to take the authorities completely into his confidence. It had to be established to their satisfaction that the deaths of the two men could not possibly have been caused by a third party. Then there remained a careful sifting of evidence as to the exact way in which Locksley had brought about the double tragedy, and here the man's own testimony was available.

The letter brought from the island by Mirabel led the officials charged with the investigation to request that Lindsay's correspondence should be forwarded from London.

Hence, the procurator-fiscal was enabled to read the story of the crime at first hand, because Locksley's statements were explicit. Evidently foreseeing that his letter might be produced in court, he divided it into two well-defined portions. The second of these, dealing directly with the tragedy, was published. It read:

Having made up my mind to rid the world of a scoundrel, I have acted methodically. Macdonald was gone early in the day, so, late at night, I sent my daughter and her dog to the mainland in a small boat which she kept on the island for her own use. I did not retire to my room, because sleep was out of the question. For some hours I watched sea and sky as my injured sight would permit, and, when I was sure that no adverse weather conditions had prevented my daughter from ma-



king a crossing which would be dangerous in so small a craft unless the sea was smooth, I went inside the house and awaited the dawn.

Soon after daybreak Hawley appeared. At first he did not realize that my daughter was gone, and that I had not slept during the night, but he grew alarmed when I suggested that we should prepare our own breakfast, and he threatened me with physical violence if I did not tell him what had become of his wife. His threats did not move me at all, for I had fathomed the man's character by this time. He soon became more reasonable, since it was obvious that his only chance of leaving the island quickly, or of ever meeting my daughter again, rested with me. He knew, of course, that my daughter loathed him, but he still believed that he had a hold on me by reason of a bygone episode in my own life.

Poor wretch! Seeing that his blackmailing tactics had doomed both himself and me to death, I could well afford to leave him the cheap triumph of self-delusion. My attitude served to calm him. The arrival of the Hawk to take us to Oban showed that I was acting under some prearranged plan, but he had every confidence in his own position, and was confident that I would not be able to shake him off.

He was certainly perplexed when I made no suspicious move once we were ashore, but he believed that if he kept watch and ward over me he would surely meet my daughter again, sooner or later. He blustered somewhat when I insisted on going to a hotel instead of traveling to London by the first train; but my plea of ill-health, and my known dislike of night journeys by rail, were sufficiently strong factors to keep him within bounds.

I am writing this letter in my bedroom, behind a locked door. In my medicine-case reposes a small flask of the essence of the Furmint grape, better known as Tokay. In view of the fact that during the past fourteen years—since the death of my wife—I have regarded self-destruction as a possible end to a broken and comparatively useless life, this particular supply of the rarest wine known to man is fortified with hydrochlorate of nicotin, whose orange-red crystals must lend a strange flavor and color to an imperial vintage. At any rate, Hawley will not recognize either when I persuade him to sample my liqueur; nor will he know that he is dying, for nicotin in crystals is a most potent poison. The heart quickly becomes tetanized and paralyzed, and the effect on the motor nerves is almost instantaneous.

Those interested in such matters should refer to the trial of the notorious Count de Bocarné, who was executed in Belgium for the murder of his brother-in-law at the beginning of the last century.

I regret, of course, the trouble I shall cause by my action, but I have been weighed in the

balance and found wanting. The wretched man who will die with me has chosen, of his own free will, to disturb mighty forces which have lain dormant for many years; he must abide by the result. I refuse to leave him to carry on the evil for which I am primarily responsible. Others before Hawley have played with fire, and it has consumed them. Some are reborn amidst the flames.

Had I been stronger, I could have saved this man's life, with my own, by telephoning for the police when first he entered my house at Ealing. But I weakly stooped to bargaining, and the unseen third at the board was Death. That is all I have to explain, or plead.

The studied simplicity of this letter laid bare to Lindsay many things which the same art concealed from others.

In the shorter note sent to Haum Point, Locksley had not once alluded to Mirabel as his daughter, because he intended that David should restore her to her rightful father; but in this later narrative of a crime he spoke of the girl constantly as his daughter, and never mentioned her name. Nothing could be clearer than his motive. The daughter of the recluse of Lunga, the island goddess who had been compelled to marry Hawley, would vanish with the nine days' wonder evoked by the whole sensational story; but the daughter of a New York millionaire, the girl destined to become the wife of an English baronet, would rise from the ashes of the past.

In that other and more personal part of the document which was suppressed, Locksley gave details of his earlier life. They were painful, and probably quite true, as they spared neither Elwin nor himself; but Mirabel had never heard them and no good purpose could be served now by their resurrection.

The unhappy man asked Elwin to allow the girl to inherit his (Locksley's) estate, if only to maintain the house on Lunga in perpetuity. It was found that his will described her accurately as Miriam Isabel Elwin, otherwise known as "Mirabel," the testator's adopted daughter. In a letter accompanying the will, and indorsed "To be delivered to my daughter after my death," he revealed the secret of her parentage, but passed lightly over the passionate attachment between her mother and himself which had ended so disastrously.

#### XXXV

ELWIN was waiting on the platform at Euston when the two women reached Lon-

don, Lindsay having remained at Oban until the procurator-fiscal had closed his inquiry.

He came forward to meet them. His manner was that of a friend whose sole design was to offer those minor attentions which make life agreeable. But he received the most pleasant surprise of his life; for Mirabel caught his outstretched hand in both of hers, looked at him with her wise blue eyes, and said quietly:

"Mr. Elwin, what is my name?"

For an instant he was astounded, but he felt that the hour of concealment had passed, and that his self-denial was about to be rewarded.

"My dear," he said, "your name is Miriam Isabel Elwin."

"And I am your daughter?"

"Yes, may Heaven be thanked!"

"You will never ask me to think otherwise than kindly of the man who has given his life to secure my happiness?"

"No, my child, I promise that. I forgive him, from my heart. I had forgiven him before he died, for I had seen you!"

Mrs. Beringer, guessing from Mirabel's preoccupied air as they drew near London that something unusual was in the air, had hung back a little when the train entered the station. She saw the girl fling her arms around Mr. Elwin's neck, and watched father and daughter exchanging their first kiss. Then she became vaguely aware that some one was speaking to her, and turned misty eyes on a railway official, who was asking if she had any luggage.

"I b-b-believe so," she quavered, "but you really must w-w-wait a minute."

The man glanced at the black dresses of the two ladies.

"Pore things!" he muttered to a mate. "They've lost somebody — their mother, p'r'aps."

Then they had done with tears. When David came to Clarges Street, they all went to Malta for the winter. There is no brighter or more delightful place in the Mediterranean, if one member of your party is the wife of a naval officer of high rank.

In the spring, New York was electrified

by the appearance in society of a new star, and a mighty growl arose from newspaperland when it was announced that another beautiful American heiress was about to marry a British aristocrat — which shows that even the wide-eyed American press does not know everything, and, on occasion, can whoop up the wrong spout.

David married his Mirabel on the first Wednesday in June, and on the following Saturday they sailed from New York, bound for Glasgow, without any one being the wiser, except Elwin and the purser of the steamer.

"Now, listen to me, you two," were Elwin's parting words. "If you are not waiting for me on the Liverpool landing-stage on the 30th of this month, with a comfortable automobile snorting at the shore-end of the gangway, I'll—come and fetch you!"

Within eleven days they were on Lunga, where Macdonald, Célestine, Pierre, and a vociferous Carlo were gathered on the Dorlin to welcome them, and a rejuvenated Firefly, with a dapper master in Tresidder and a smart new hand to replace Farrow, was lying snugly on the beach in her old berth.

The grim old rock glowed at them under the warm sun of a glorious summer day, the blue sea danced in a sailing breeze, a group of cattle came down from a glen to watch the unwonted excitement, and a jackdaw, deftly trained by Macdonald, shrieked "Mirabel!" though he pronounced it "Meerabel."

The night, too, was gloriously clear, so Mirabel, still athirst for knowledge, drew her husband to the shoulder of Cruachan for another lesson in astronomy.

"I remember a good many of the stars," she said, lifting her sweet face to the heavens. "Taking a line from the Great Bear—"

She was too tempting. That was the joy of her, for she remained a very child after she had become a winsome and gracious woman.

"Suppose we start nearer home!" said David, gazing into the twin stars of her eyes.

THE END

---

EDITOR'S NOTE—In next month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will appear the opening chapters of a story by Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," "Cynthia of the Minute," and "The Bandbox," all of which have been among the most popular and widely read novels of the last few years. Mr. Vance's new story, which is called "Joan Thursday," deals with some interesting phases of present-day life in New York.

# FLOWERS

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST." "GOING IN FOR ETHEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

"GIVE me the glasses!" said Polly excitedly.

She grabbed them out of my hand and glued her eyes to the rims. Although we sat well forward in the grand stand, the bunch of men was in an opposite corner of the field; and for a few moments I couldn't see what was happening. Kraig had run at least fifty yards with the ball when they fell on him, and it might have been anything at all, for all that you could see.

Ten thousand people packed around us on every side, leaned forward—well, I was going to say you could almost hear a pin drop; but I'll swear, on my word of honor, that I never felt such an intense silence before. It seemed as if the world had stopped. And then the bunch scattered, and I saw two of them carrying somebody out. Yes, it was Kraig.

I had forgotten all about Polly and everybody else. I jumped up, and I verily believe I would have vaulted over the heads of the people in the first six rows, if I hadn't heard something just then. I looked around and saw that Polly had sunk down on the seat.

Madge, on the other side of me, saw it quicker, although she too had been desperately transfixed with the play.

"Polly's fainted!" she cried.

I gathered Polly in my arms, while people around got up from their seats. Madge put Polly's head on her lap, and somebody got a glass of water, which we sprinkled over her face.

In a moment or so Polly opened her eyes, just as Kraig disappeared under the grand stand, and the murmur of the crowd grew more tense.

Suddenly, as she regained consciousness, Polly grabbed my hand.

"What was it?" she said. "Oh, is he all right?"

I caught the idea at once; so did Madge.

"Sure," I said, secretly patting myself on the back for my combination of tact and presence of mind. "Why, he only sprained an ankle. See, they are going on with the game already. Nippy Springer is going to take his place."

Even now the crowd was cheering the substitute as he came out from the place where Kraig had gone in.

"Why, Polly," exclaimed Madge, "you funny old thing! I didn't know—"

"Sh!" whispered Polly, who had risen, wiped the water off her face, straightened out her hair. "Take me away!" she said. "I can't stand it here."

Between the two of us, we helped her out through the crowds of people and got her into the car. I was pretty well feezed, and so was Madge. Polly sank back.

"Find out about him," she said to me, "but don't"—she looked at us pleadingly—"but don't you say anything about it. Don't you dare! If you do—"

I thought she was going to fade away again, but Madge threw her arms around her and held her up.

"You dear old thing!", said Madge. "As if we would give you away! Come now, Jim, hurry up and find out about Billy. I don't believe he's hurt a bit."

I rushed back into the players' quarters, where, fortunately, they all knew me. There was poor old Billy Kraig stretched out on a blanket, with a couple of doctors over him, setting his leg. It had snapped off just above the knee-cap.

How those doctors did work! They had come down from the grand stand and left the play. And one of the boys had actually torn the shirt off his back to make a temporary bandage.

I couldn't say anything to poor old Billy. I just looked at him and saw that he was all in, although it was only a question of time when he would be up again. So I made my way back to the car, to reassure Polly.

"It's all right," I exclaimed cheerfully. "Billy has broken his leg, but it isn't an awfully bad break." I didn't realize that I could lie so well. "You'll be glad to know that it is nothing that is going to cripple him. He'll probably be up in a couple of weeks, dancing the tight rope. But I guess, girls, we had better go home. How do you feel now?"

Polly smiled.

"I'm so mad," she said, "I don't know what to do. To think that I should have made such a fool of myself—and before all those people!"

"Pooh!" said Madge. "It was perfectly natural, considering the circumstances. But you dear old thing, how could you have concealed it so well? Why, I never dreamed of it!"

"Neither did I," I said. "My, but Billy would be flattered if he knew!"

Polly looked from one to the other of us in the most beseeching way. Then she said quietly:

"I can't tell you about it. You've found me out. But you're both friends of mine, aren't you?"

We vowed we were.

"And I want you to promise, on your sacred word of honor, that you will never speak of this—will never let anybody know about it."

"Billy's got to know about it," I said sternly. Then I pleaded with her. "Don't you know," I urged, "that Billy Kraig is the most bashful and retiring man in the world? Now I see it all. He's been dead gone on you, and he hasn't been able to say so. You know it, Polly; you know it's true. I'm just going to tell him what you did, and then—"

Polly stopped me with a gesture. Madge put her hand over my mouth.

"Don't you know any better?" she said. "Of course you won't do anything of the sort! Of course Polly must manage her own affairs. You haven't any more tact

than an elephant. You don't know anything about what's happened, anyway—any more than I do," she added softly.

"Nothing's happened," said Polly. "Please—*please*—don't talk about it any more. You don't understand; and besides"—her eyes filled with tears—"if you were really friends of mine, you wouldn't dwell on it."

"We won't," said Madge tenderly. "Of course we won't. You can rely upon us to keep your secret."

Then Madge turned to me. By this time I was feeling all in myself.

"You can trust a girl like Polly," she said, "to manage her own love-affairs; and besides, there probably isn't anything in it, anyway. Why, some people faint away so easily, that it's almost a habit."

"Yes, yes," said Polly. "I do—I assure you I do. I don't mind fainting away at all!"

In the mean time the chauffeur had started up the car, and we had been doing our best to thread our way through the thousand and one other vehicles. Suddenly Polly exclaimed:

"Wait a minute! I dropped my bag. It must have slipped out of my hand on the grand stand."

"So you did," said Madge. "How stupid of us not to have seen it! Jim, do you think there is any chance of getting it again?"

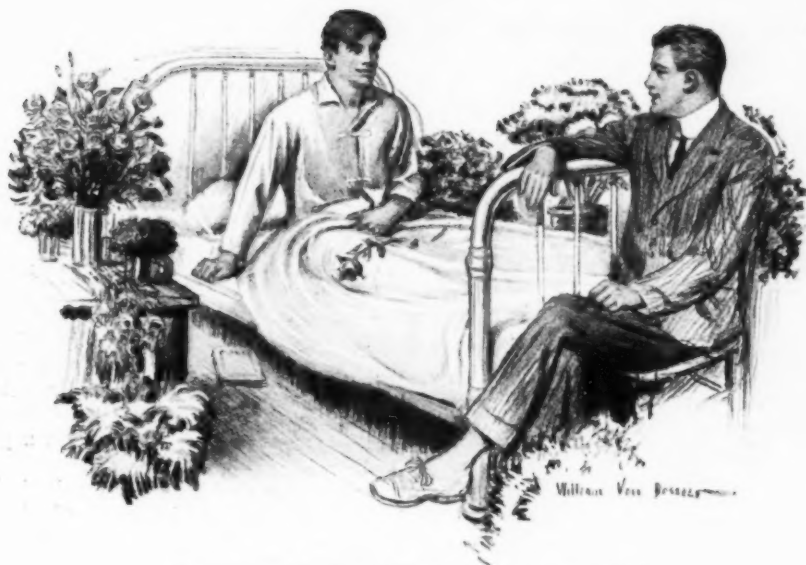
"Well, I don't know," I said. "I'll go back and see."

I forced my way back through the crowd of stragglers outside of the grand stand, and went back down the aisle to the seats that we had occupied. Slipped down underneath the seat was the bag that Polly had dropped.

I had neglected to ask her if there was any money in it, but now, without thinking, I opened it to see. Yes, there was a roll of bills there, and there were some other things, among which were Polly's visiting-cards.

Then the most brilliant idea in the world came to me. What had happened between these two, I couldn't imagine. I didn't know whether there had been a quarrel, or whether there never had been anything. I strongly suspected the latter.

Knowing that Billy Kraig was so timid about girls, and knowing that Polly would probably have died rather than let him know how much she thought of him, the



"WHY, I NEVER SUPPOSED I HAD SO MANY FRIENDS!"

chances were that neither had dared to make a single advance to the other. And how admirably they were suited to each other!

Now they had carted Billy off to his room. He was destined to stay there for some time, and, of course, Polly would do nothing about it. Here was a chance for me to fix it up between them. So I took about half a dozen of the visiting-cards out of Polly's bag, slipped them into my own pocket, and then hurried back to the waiting car.

Madge took the bag. Holding it in one hand, she put her arm around Polly's neck, while I sat in the drop seat, and we got home at last.

## II

THAT night I went up to see Billy, and found him all propped up in pillows, with a brand-new cast over his leg. They had been working over him for an hour, and he was pretty well fagged out. And yet, underneath his silk pajamas, I could see the great muscles of his arms swell as he shook hands with me in the old way.

"It was tough, wasn't it?" he said. "Just at that critical time! If Joe Grant hadn't come down on me, I should have been all right. But it is the easiest thing in the world, old man, to break a leg. You would be perfectly amazed if you knew how

quickly the thing was done. Where were you?"

"I was up in the third tier," I said, "with Madge" — purposely pausing for a moment, to see the effect — "and Polly."

Billy began to fuss up the clothes in front of him.

"Oh! She was there, was she?" he said.

"You mean Madge?" I asked.

"Yes, yes — no — no, I meant Polly — Miss Winston."

I was dying to tell him what Polly had done; but my sacred word of honor had been given. Besides, my scheme, I thought, was a very much better one. So I simply said:

"We didn't see the game out. Both the girls were rather upset over your accident, and we came home in the car. But everybody says Yale would have won if it hadn't happened."

"Oh, well," said Billy, "you never can tell about that!"

I shook hands with Billy, after a little more talk. Then I went around on the avenue to Cowley, the florist.

"Now I want you to pay attention to this order," I said to the clerk, "and get it right. You see these visiting-cards?" I handed him out Polly's cards. "I want you to send flowers to this address every day. One day send American beauties; the next day send jacks; the third day send



violets. Keep it up every day until the cards run out"—I handed him seven—"and I'll try and get some more." I caught myself just in time. "I mean I will get some more."

I paid the bill and started out of the place with my chest about four inches higher in the air than it ever had been before. I could see those flowers coming there every morning with Polly Winston's name on them, getting in their fine work on Billy.

The next night, when I dropped around to the house, both the girls were in.

"I've seen him," I said.

Polly appeared indifferent.

Madge clasped her hands.

"And he's getting along fine, isn't he?" she said.

"Oh, of course you know about it! I'll bet," I added, looking at Polly mischievously, "that you've been telephoning there all day. Haven't you?"

"I think you are simply horrid," said Polly. "You're a mean, contemptible wretch; and I'll never speak to you again. Get out!"

"Pooh!" I said, lighting a cigarette. "Now you know, Polly, that there is no use trying to dissemble with me."

"I'm not trying to dissemble at all. But if you were a gentleman"—she looked at me fiercely—"you wouldn't say anything more about it."

"No," exclaimed Madge. "I think it's perfectly horrid of you. I agree with Polly. Besides, it isn't necessary"—she looked at me superciliously—"for you to concern yourself about Polly's affairs. We"—she emphasized the "we"—"are perfectly capable of taking care of ourselves."

"Well!" I exclaimed, my good nature unruffled. "I should like to know, Madge, what in the world you've got to do with it? Any one would think that you were running the whole affair."

"Affair!" cried Polly. "What do you mean? There is no affair. Besides, Madge knows nothing about it. She hasn't mentioned the thing since yesterday; and she never would mention it again if it weren't for you. Madge knows me well enough to know that I can manage my own—"

"Affairs?" I suggested.

Madge stamped her foot on the floor.

"This is going a little bit too far, Jim," she said. "Now I want you to quit your fooling!"

I got on my knees before both of them.

"I swear to you, on my word of honor as a gentleman—assuming that I am a gentleman—that I never will refer to it again. Ladies, for once, believe me and trust me!"

I left them, and went back to my virtuous couch, where I dreamed of those lovely flowers in the consciousness of a highly commendable guilt.

### III

A COUPLE of days later, I went up to see Billy. Perhaps you think that Billy hasn't friends. The fact that he was the star player on the Yale team would have been something, no doubt; but in my opinion, the fact that he was Billy Kraig made a great deal more difference.

And such a timid, shrinking thing! No-body ever heard of him speak of himself. But there he was, surrounded by magazines and boxes of candy and flowers. Ye gods and little fishes! I never saw so many flowers in my life!

The first thing that I looked for, however, was my little bunch. This time it was violets. I caught the gleam of a card, and I knew it was Polly's card, because it was right next to his right elbow on the table—although I am bound to say that there were two or three other bunches that were almost as close.

"This looks like a first-class funeral," said Billy, offering me a cig. He waved his arm around. "It's a new experience for me, I can tell you. I feel like a satyr in a garden. About the only thing that I can't do is to kick up my heels. Why, I never supposed I had so many friends!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Friends! Why, my dear boy, you're blocked with friends! And the worst of it is that these idiot girls are all of them stuck on you. I don't see how you do it, Billy, especially when you never say anything to them, and never seem to want to have anything to do with them. And look at me!" I exclaimed. "Ain't I handsome? Ain't I a good talker? And don't I sit up nights, thinking of some way in which I can get them to look pleasant at me? But there is nothing doing, Billy. It is all for little Billy. Think," I went on, "of the languishing hearts represented by this floral display!"

Billy grasped me by the hand.

"Old chap," he whispered, "don't speak of it. To be candid with you, I don't care

a hang for any of them except one. And I swear I'm the happiest man in the world—because I never knew she cared for me before. Why, do you know, old chap, I almost wish I was a centipede! I wouldn't mind having a hundred legs broken one

"Yes, I think it must be so," he replied, looking around at the flowers.

"And it's Polly, isn't it?"

"Sure it's Polly!"

At this moment I heard voices in the other room. The trained nurse had stepped



"YOU NEEDN'T HAVE TROUBLED YOURSELF, BECAUSE I DID EXACTLY THE SAME THING!"

after the other to get a glorious sensation like this!"

"You didn't know that she cared for you?" I whispered.

"Never dreamed of it! I was afraid to go near her, for fear I might make love to her; and you know I couldn't do that anyway."

"And you feel pretty sure about it, old man," I said, laughing with joy in my heart to think of the grand work those flowers had been doing.

out for a moment. I went to the door and opened it, and there stood Polly and Madge. I closed the door on Billy for a moment, and then faced them.

Madge grabbed me excitedly by the arm. As for Polly, she couldn't wait. She disappeared inside.

"Ha!" said Madge. "You see what might have happened if you had not kept quiet. I knew how to do it!"

"Do what?" I exclaimed.

Madge sat down on the arm of a chair,

balancing herself rather precariously, and smiled a superior smile.

"You knew that Billy had sent for her to come, didn't you?" she said.

This time I met Madge's superior smile with a superior smile of my own.

"Of course I knew that he had sent for Polly to come, considering that I was the one that arranged it."

"What do you mean? You don't mean to say that you told him?"

"Certainly not. I hope I am a gentleman—although some people," I added, "seem to think that I am not."

"Then what did you do?"

I folded my arms and looked at Madge.

"Oh, nothing," I said. "Perhaps it might be just as well for you to tell me what you did to bring these two hearts together."

"Why, certainly! The other day, while we were riding home in the car, after it had happened, it suddenly occurred to me

that if I could let Billy know how much Polly cared for him, without telling it, it would be just the thing. And so, what do you suppose I did? I took some of Polly's visiting-cards, went around to a florist, and ordered flowers sent to him every day."

"Oh, you did, did you?" I exclaimed. "What a monumental inspiration! Shake, Madge! So did I!"

At this moment the door reopened, and Polly came out. Her hair was very badly disarranged.

"You fiends!" she cried. "I wondered where all my visiting-cards had gone! And so each of you sent Billy flowers, did you?"

"Why shouldn't we," I asked, "when we had such a good opportunity to bring two hearts together?"

Polly drew herself up proudly, while she put her hand on the door-knob.

"You needn't have troubled yourself," she said, "because I did exactly the same thing!"

### THE MAGICIANS

LIFE flew out on the morning air,  
Gathering day-dreams and blossoms fair;  
Stealing a bit of the blue in the sky;  
Robbing the clouds, where the sunbeams lie;  
Taking a note of the wild wind's tune,  
The new day's beauty of rosy June,  
The birds' sweet greetings to swaying trees,  
The wistful whisper of waking breeze;  
Weaving his gleanings in pattern fair;  
And a babe is born, from God's everywhere!

Love crept forth on the evening mist,  
Gathering the clouds that the sun had kissed;  
Stealing a shadow, a dove's low call,  
The songs of nature, when soft shades fall,  
The twilight's silver, the rose's blush,  
The brook's faint ripple, the forest's hush.  
A gossamer garment he wove and threw  
Over a maid—and her dreams came true;  
His magic spell, like the flush of dawn,  
Suffuses her frame—and a heart is born!

Death stole out on a midnight shade,  
Gathering the blossoms that shrink, afraid,  
The poppy's scent with its spell of sleep,  
The doleful dirge of the ocean deep,  
The mystic toll of the midnight bell,  
The wings of fairies asleep in the dell,  
A silver star and an angel's dream,  
An immortal thought, life's rainbow gleam;  
His mantle he fashions for body worn,  
And up in heaven a soul is born!

Wanda May



# THE NOSE OF NEMESIS

BY DAMON RUNYON

AUTHOR OF "THE BREED AND THE BALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

**B**ILL—his registry name is "Lord Brazon," and his number 6532, if you care to look him up in the "A. K. C. Blue Book"—once the best quail and chicken dog in western Kansas, was stretched out on the station platform at Quinby one fine afternoon, absorbing the sunshine, which was as balm to his old and aching body.

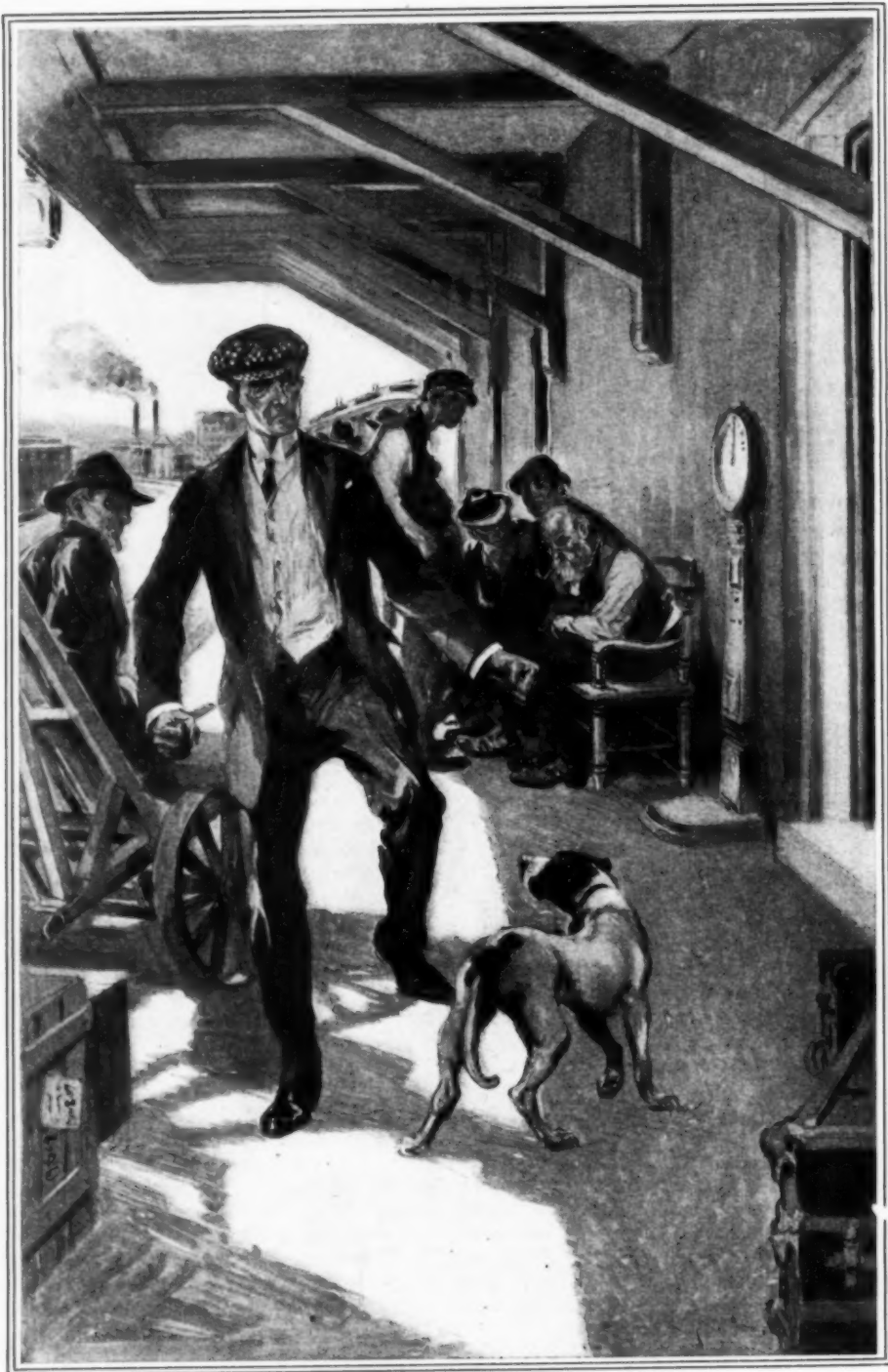
Bill was not old as you and I reckon years, but he was quite ancient and decrepit for a pointer dog. From early puppyhood, his winters had been spent in the bristly stubble-fields. The cold, gray mists of the morning had seeped into his very soul, and made his bones brittle and rheumatic. The frozen hummocks had worn his feet, and the dried corn-stalks, which lay across the land in the autumn, after the harvests, like a sowing of bayonets, had scarred his liver-and-white coat in long seams.

So now Homer Handiboe, the railroad's local detective, went afield with a son of

Lord Brazon—out of Pawnee's Pride, 9461—ranging ahead of the muzzles of his double-barreled shotgun; while Bill hung around the station, and inhabited other spots frequented by the sun, and was pointed out as a great old has-been by the bird-shooters of Quinby, who could tell you many amazing stories of the aged dog's wisdom.

Samuel J. Withers, president of the Metallic National Bank, of Topeka, alighted from his special car, the Algonquin, which had been switched from the Santa Fé flier to a spur near the station. As he strolled along the platform, he did not notice the shabby old dog stretched out in his path like a dirty white rug, blotched by liver-hued discolorations. Neither did he pay any attention to the gaping natives who stood gazing at him, profoundly awed by the presence of this celebrated Western financier.

Samuel J. Withers was a tall, thin, cold-



"WHAT D'YE MEAN? GET OUT OF MY WAY!"



looking man of middle age, with a pair of thin, cruel lips, and narrow eyes, the color of skimmed milk. His hair was thin, and his hands were thin, and folks said he had a thin soul, but a wonderful knack of making money and keeping it. His physician had ordered him to take a rest from his labors, and on the advice of some Topeka club friends he had decided upon a brief season of bird-shooting in the western part of the State.

And when I say to you that the prospect of the sport aroused in his bosom no pleasant anticipation, you may understand that there was no human note whatsoever in Samuel J. Withers.

He walked along the platform with impatient strides, his mind far from his surroundings. It chanced that Bill lay directly in his path.

As the old dog slumbered in the sunlight, he dreamed, as dogs will do. He dreamed, doubtless, of the open places; of hard marches across the bitter stubble in the white frosts of the morning; of swift sallies through dried and matted grasses, in and out of hedges, and up a long, silver lane that was the river; of sudden, blinding flurries of feathered things, which shed a warm odor that was as perfume to his senses. He dreamed, perhaps, of smashing volleys, and of the thumps of small bodies against the hard ground, while clouds of delicious gunpowder incense rolled over the world.

If such were Bill's fantasies, they disturbed his slumber, for he growled, and whined, and stirred uneasily. Then, suddenly, he leaped to his unsteady legs, barking gutturally, only to gaze about him with a sheepish expression when he discovered that somnolence had made a fool of him; for Bill was a dog of great reserve and much dignity.

Mr. Withers was right upon Bill when the old pointer came to life, and the financier was startled for the first time in many years. It made him furious. Apparently he construed Bill's movement as hostile, and the thought of even a dog offering hostility to Samuel J. Withers increased the banker's resentment. He did not like dogs, anyhow. He considered them useless, and a nuisance.

"Confound you!" he cried petulantly. "What d'ye mean? Get out of my way!"

And then, to the everlasting shame of Samuel J. Withers, he pulled back a thin

leg, and let fly a thin foot, which struck Bill in the side.

"Get out!" said Samuel J. Withers again, raking Bill's ribs with another accurately directed kick.

Bill did not yelp. The blows hurt him, but he had never given open manifestation of pain since he was a puppy. Besides, he did not fully appreciate the indignity which had been done him. No one had ever before raised a hand, much less a foot, against Bill in anger.

The old dog moved slowly out of range of Samuel J. Withers's long, thin leg, eying the financier with a curious expression, but stepping with grave, gentle dignity, which, of course, Samuel J. Withers did not understand. Bill walked over to the crowd of spectators, and sat down on his haunches. From that vantage he continued to gaze at Samuel J. Withers, as if fixing the man's face in his mind.

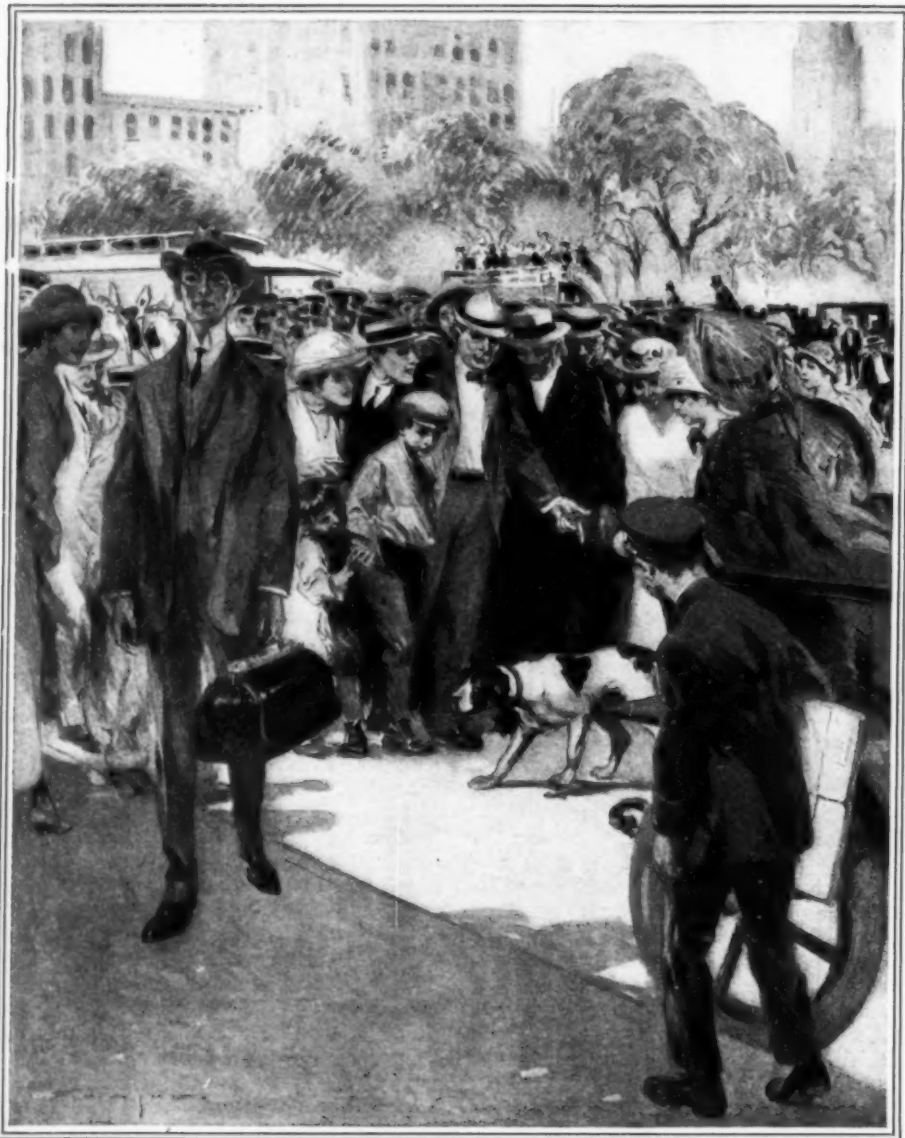
Samuel J. Withers resumed his stroll, dimly conscious not only that his action had been a trifle small and undignified, but that it had created a most untoward stir among the group of onlookers.

However, he impatiently dismissed the matter from his mind, and turned to the contemplation of more serious affairs. Things were not going altogether well with Samuel J. Withers at his bank. He, one of the leading financiers of the State, had been using large sums of the depositors' money for his own purposes, investing heavily in enterprises that were not prospering.

That, too, he soon dismissed, because Samuel J. Withers had been confronted by similar situations in the years that had gone before, and had triumphed over all difficulties. He crackled his thin lips in a thin smile as he saw a party of prominent citizens of Quinby bearing down upon him with words of welcome.

Homer Handiboe was out of town on business, and it was agreed that the indignity put upon Bill should not be mentioned to Homer if he returned before the departure of Samuel J. Withers. The railroad detective was a man of but indifferent poise, and the townspeople felt that as the financier was, in a sense, their guest, and his presence in Quinby an honor to the community, Homer's unrestraint might work an injury.

Homer saved them the trouble of secrecy, however, by remaining away until Mr.



"BRAMBLE, WE'VE GOT A GAME-DEALER RIGHT HERE!"

Withers had concluded a brief foray into the fields, attended by various prominent citizens and his own private secretary.

## II

THEY say Samuel J. Withers hunted birds much after the fashion in which he hunted dollars—with swift certainty. He had the instinct of a pot-hunter. He shot

game just as he found it—sitting, or flying—and he preferred the former, because, he said, he disliked to waste ammunition. He refused to have dogs with his party. He used an automatic shotgun, and he shot with cold, calculating thrift. He candidly stated that he found no great degree of interest in the hunting, but the actual killing diverted him.

And he got his birds. The people of Quinby will always remember the financier as he came into town after the first day's shooting, with dead birds stuffing the game-bags carried by his secretary, and dead birds hung about the secretary's neck in long strings, as well as festooning the thin frame of Samuel J. Withers himself.

Six substantial old farmers who had planned investing in a land-reclamation project promoted by Withers reconsidered their intention, and four merchants who carried deposits in the Metallic Bank decided to do business elsewhere.

"I suppose you'd call that a good day's work," said Samuel J. Withers, without enthusiasm, as he sat in the observation end of his car that night with his secretary, surrounded by local citizens. "I told my friends in Topeka I'd have some game for them when I got back. By the way, Kirwan," he called to the secretary, "those game-bags are too small. You'd better empty out that old black leather grip of mine, and we'll take it with us to-morrow to carry the extra shells and bring home the dead."

Two days of slaughter satiated the financier. When his car returned to Topeka his own hands carried the black bag, crammed with game, to his bank, where he distributed the dead birds among the more favored clerks, with the air of a man bestowing great favors. He tossed the bag into a corner of one of the vaults, where it was soon forgotten.

Old Bill held himself aloof from the station platform until after the special car had been removed. He moped at home, or in the seclusion of sunny alleyways, and he greeted even old friends with suspicion. Manifestly, his faith in human nature had been sorely tried.

When Handiboe returned, and was informed of what had occurred during his absence, he was extremely angry, because Homer loved Bill best of all the things in this world—his shotgun ranking second, perhaps, and the son of Lord Brazon a poor third. He sat down and wrote a letter to the president of the Metallic Bank, whom he had never seen.

He never told what he said in this epistle, and Samuel J. Withers did not divulge its contents, but it must have been a sparkling effort for a man of no great education, because shortly afterward Samuel J. Withers casually dropped in on his

friend, Herman Reniker, head of the secret service of the Santa Fé; and shortly after that, Herman Reniker asked Homer Handiboe for his resignation. The detective guessed the cause, but he did not care; he had had his say.

### III

THE hunting-field has a world-wide freemasonry. Homer Handiboe recalled that he knew the head of a private detective agency in New York, with whom he had hunted. He applied to this man for a situation, and was ordered to report in the big city as soon as possible.

And then Handiboe was confronted with the very serious problem of disposing of Bill. The son of Lord Brazon caused him no trouble, but none of Homer's close friends manifested any enthusiasm when the old dog's name was brought up.

"I'll take him with me," said Homer finally. "He ain't got long to live, and he's been a good pal to me. There must be places around New York where he can sort o' hang out and get his sunshine, and I'll know where he is. If I left him here, I'd be worried, sure!"

And so they went—Bill in the baggage-car, marveling greatly, but satisfied, by frequent visits from Homer, that all was well.

Life in the big city was a lonely experience for Bill. Homer found a quiet boarding-house on East Twenty-Ninth Street. The landlady was a fat German woman, who agreed to attend carefully to Bill's wants, and who meant to do so; but her idea of attention began, and ended, with a daily rasher of food-scraps. Handiboe had to be away a great deal of the time, and, naturally, he could not take the dog with him.

Mrs. Schultz, the landlady, fixed a place for Bill down in the basement, near the coal-bins and the storerooms, but big, vicious alley cats infested that domain and made life a burden for the poor old hunting-dog, who had been taught early in life not to bother cats. He had been on friendly terms with all the felines in Quinby, but when he endeavored to establish amicable relations with these neighbors of the coal-hole, he nearly lost his eyesight. So Handiboe took Bill into his own room at night, and endured Bill's stertorous breathing as best he could, although other roomers complained.

During the day, Bill wandered listlessly along the block in front of the boarding-house, following the patches of sunshine as they shifted from place to place on the sidewalk. He tried staying around the house, but the voice of Mrs. Schultz pelted him constantly with querulous exclamations, and that got on his nerves.

He could not become accustomed to the roar and bustle of the streets. Twice he was rolled over by flying automobiles. In Quinby, when Bill crossed a street, with slow and dignified tread, teamsters and horsemen pulled up and let him pass; here in New York no one had any consideration for an old dog.

He missed the breath of the earth; his heart yearned for friendly faces. Boys had always been Bill's comrades; he understood boys. Back in Quinby, when he could no longer range with the men, he had occasionally found enjoyment in trailing parties of small boys who made vainglorious sorties into the field armed with twenty-two-caliber rifles—a puerile amusement, in Bill's judgment, but good enough for an old dog. He endeavored to strike up an acquaintance with the boys he met in Twenty-Ninth Street, but they fled in wild dismay before his advances, or resented them with hostile gestures.

Meantime, Homer Handiboe was also having his troubles. He was not getting along very rapidly with the detective agency.

"I'll tell you what it is, Handy," said Dick Raymond, his employer. "You're a grand good fellow, and a good wing shot, but I'll be blamed if I believe you've got any talent for private detective work. You've fallen down and skinned your nose on four jobs in a row, which is a rotten average. Three would have been bad, but four is too many. I don't believe I'm going to be able to use you much longer. You had a chance to hook a nice piece of reward money in two of those cases, too. You'd better go back to spotting stolen freight-cars in Kansas!"

Just then a clerk came into the room and handed Raymond a card.

"Show him in," said Raymond. "Here comes a pal of mine who's got a job with the State game-warden's department," he explained to Handiboe. "I'll introduce you. He don't know any more about game than you do about getting divorce evidence, and maybe you can trade information. How are ye, Bramble?"

A short, rotund man, wearing nose-glasses, and displaying an amazingly discordant tie and waistcoat, had suddenly bounced into the office.

"Dick, I want you to lend me a good man," he said, without preliminary. "I want a guy that knows something about game—birds and things—not baseball, or three-cushion billiards. My office is on my hip about raiding some of these swell hotels that are dishing up game out of season, see? I don't know quail from turkey, after they're both on toast, but I'll pay somebody that does, because I don't want the office sending some hick in here on me to show me up."

Raymond arose with alacrity, and dragged Homer Handiboe forward.

"Bob Bramble, I want you to shake hands with Handiboe, the best game-grabber what is! Handiboe, Bramble—get together, and get out!"

"I ain't what you call a wise game-warden," explained the voluble Bramble, as they walked down Broadway arm in arm. "Fact is, my job's rather political. I'm an automobile salesman by trade. All we got to do is nose around these Broadway hotels, and take in the cafés on the avenue, and see whether they're selling game out of season—which they are, because I was in a joint with Miss Blondine one night last week, and got nicked six seeds for a rail-bird, or a reed-bird, or something. I can't tell venison from mutton, except by the price; but we'll work this together, and when you jerry me that you think there's game in the house, we'll pinch the ice-box, see? I owe some of these swell snares a roust, at that!"

#### IV

As Handiboe and Bramble were strolling down Broadway, Bill was sprawled on the sidewalk in front of the boarding-house—a lonely, disconsolate old dog. He was thinner than when he arrived in New York; life in the big town demands agility even of the aged.

Bill was dozing fitfully, but he had learned to sleep with his senses at half-cock. Suddenly he raised his square muzzle from the inhospitable concrete, and batted his dim and watery eyes at the figure of a man in the far distance. The man was moving away from Bill toward a region which, as the dog had learned from experience, was dangerous territory for

him. He did not know, of course, that it was called Fifth Avenue.

The man was roughly dressed. There was mud on his clothing. It was not the dress, however, which attracted the old dog's attention so much as a long, cylindrical object which the man bore over one shoulder, slanting upward and outward at an angle to his head.

Bill was not close enough to inspect the man carefully, but something stirred at the old dog's heart, and he arose tremblingly to his feet. Well he recalled the appearance of Homer Handiboe on those frosty mornings of the long ago, when he would come shuffling out of the kitchen in similar rough attire, with just such an object over his shoulder, to whistle shrilly into the dim light of the dawn for Bill.

Clearly this man down the street was going hunting. Clearly he needed a dog, for there was none with him. Bill started after him as rapidly as the old dog's feeble legs would permit, doddering along with a queer side-to-side movement, his tail wagging eagerly, and his nose in air.

Bill never learned that the man was an Italian laborer with a section of gas-pipe over his shoulder.

The old dog hurried across Fourth Avenue, then across Madison, the man always some distance in front. At Fifth Avenue, the Italian walked through a lane of horses and snorting autos, held in leash on either side, like greyhounds in the slips, by the uplifted hand of a traffic policeman. Just as Bill reached the corner the hand came down, the two lines rushed together, and the lane was obliterated.

Bill waited with unconcealed impatience, the passers eying him with amusement. When the policeman again opened a new lane, the Italian had disappeared.

Bill hastened across the avenue, gazing excitedly about him and snuffing the air. He was too anxious and eager to be disturbed by the clamor about him, or by people brushing against him. The aged dog whined audibly, and swung his inquiring nose into the breeze that fanned softly up the avenue.

Aha! Far down the street he saw the feathery spray of green trees, tossing lightly in a dark channel of buildings. That was undoubtedly the hunting-field. He would find his man there. Bill could not appreciate the fact that he had merely discovered Madison Square.

He set off eagerly down Fifth Avenue, dodging pedestrians, ducking under the very noses of horses, and holding to a straight course regardless.

## V

SAMUEL J. WITHERS left a small hotel in Twenty-Sixth Street, turned into Fifth Avenue, and directed his footsteps toward Madison Square. He bore a battered old black grip in one hand. He walked rapidly, with many a furtive glance to the right and left. He was headed for the Hudson Tubes, in Twenty-Third Street, and, ultimately, for a steamer which was to sail for Europe that morning.

He did not notice a liver-and-white pointer dog rolling unsteadily along in the swift stream of humanity. He did not notice that his black bag grazed the dog's head. Samuel J. Withers's mind could not absorb trifles, at the moment.

Then a curious thing occurred.

Bill drew his head aside as the swinging bag brushed his ear. Suddenly he came to a full pause, raised his square muzzle in air, and sniffed. Down came the nose again, to a dead level; the muscles of the dog's body became rigid; his tail stood out behind as straight as a handle. He raised his right foreleg from the ground, and held it doubled beneath him. His ears were slightly raised, and his nostrils quivered delicately with excitement.

Old Bill had come to a full "stand" in the heart of the crowded way.

Spectators paused in astonishment. Women timidly drew their children into near-by doorways. Men laughed. A dandified young fellow, with a smear of mustache across his upper lip, and a wide-brimmed derby slanted back from his forehead until the rim rested on his ears, started to poke Bill with a little, pliant cane. Two carefully groomed old gentlemen, with silver hair, raised warning hands. The crowd stood back and watched Bill.

"What a picture!" said one of the old men. "It takes me back thirty years!"

"Dat ole dog's gone bugs!" commented a cocky little gold-braided door-tender from a near-by jewelry store.

Meantime, Samuel J. Withers moved on down the street, unconscious of the stir behind him. Soon Bill broke his plastic pose, and followed on, his body one straight line from his nose to the tip of his quivering tail. He seemed to slide stealthily along,



rather than walk. The crowd trailed him, picking up additions as it went. The carefully groomed old men headed the mob, talking excitedly.

A few yards behind Samuel J. Withers, old Bill came to a second "stand." This time he rolled a questioning eye to his rear. He was waiting for the familiar crash of the shotgun, and, doubtless, wondering what sort of an amateur was behind him.

The spectators now numbered several hundred, and some one had suggested "mad dog"—which brought a couple of policemen hurrying to the scene. One of the old men jerked an authoritative thumb at the officers, and they fell back with an apologetic—

"All right, inspector!"

Homer Handiboe and the loquacious Bramble were standing at that corner of the Flatiron Building which acts as a breakwater for Broadway and Fifth Avenue, where the two streets roll together at Madison Square, and which splits the currents out again into their proper channels. Bramble and Handiboe were debating the choice of a café for their first inspection, when Samuel J. Withers moved diagonally across their line of vision, headed into Twenty-Third Street. They saw an old pointer dog rush into view, crouching as he ran, and come to a "stand" in the middle of the street.

For an instant, the incongruity of the picture did not strike Homer Handiboe. He had been talking about game, and hunting, for two hours steadily. There were trees and grass in the near distance. Unconsciously, Homer's arms and hands came to the position of "ready," and his fingers groped for the trigger-guard.

Then he saw the amazed crowd drawn up in an eager line behind the dog. It occurred to him afterward that he also vaguely noted that the dog's general attitude was expressive of disgust.

"Why, it's Bill!" said Homer wonderingly.

Intuition immediately shifted his eyes along the line of the dog's "point." Traveling straight from Bill's nose, through a crowd of people milling along the sidewalk, Handiboe's gaze picked out the thin figure of Samuel J. Withers. Then his eye gathered in the black bag in Withers's hand.

"Bramble, we've got a game-dealer right here!" he said quickly. "That's my dog,

and he's pointed on the bag in the tall fellow's hand. You bet there's game-birds in that satchel, or Bill wouldn't be acting like an old idiot. Hi, Bill!"

Traffic had halted on either side of the dog, forming a deep ring about him, rimmed by the inquiring heads of drivers and chauffeurs. Handiboe's cry was a welcome note to Bill. Here, at last, was a man who knew what to do. Bill tensed himself for the roar of the gun, but instead felt Handiboe's fingers gripping his collar, and Handiboe dragging him to the sidewalk. Bill did not understand, but he was content. He trusted his master.

Meantime, Bob Bramble was scuttling importantly down the street in the wake of the tall, thin man, who was rapidly effacing himself in the dense crowds of Twenty-Third Street.

## VI

POLICE CAPTAIN O'MALLEY looked up with a sternly reproving expression as a large concourse of people came flocking turbulently into his office, headed by a short, stout, voluble man, who was leading a tall, thin man by a thin arm. At the heels of the delegation crept an old liver-and-white dog, who evaded the doorkeeper's rush with surprising agility. The animal seemed interested only in a black handbag carried by the short, stout man. Outside the door, a big crowd was gathered, talking wildly.

The tall, thin man was protesting.

"I charge this man with unlawfully and feloniously having in his possession—" began Bramble, grandly, but O'Malley cut him short.

"Who are these people, and what's the row?" he demanded of an officer who brought up the rear of the procession with deprecating tread.

"They claim he's got something in the bag the old dog smelled out," said the officer ambiguously. "I can't make head or tail of it myself."

"I'm a deputy game-warden," declared Bramble pompously. "Open the satchel—that's all! The dog smelled 'em!"

Captain O'Malley grew purple in the face. Words struggled to his lips, but were choked by anger. And then a quiet voice reached his ear.

"Open the satchel, captain," said one of the old men who had followed Bill down the avenue. "I think there's something to

this, and the gentleman surely can't object. I'm curious myself."

"I've got valuable private papers in there," began Samuel J. Withers feebly. "I protest against this high-handed outrage. I—"

But the captain had recognized the inspector.

Placing the black bag on a table, he hastily occupied himself with the clasps. The spectators crowded about him craned their necks. Even Bill's muzzle could be seen thrust forward, the nostrils quivering, and the old eyes fairly sparkling with interest. Unnoticed, Samuel J. Withers sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Amid a deep silence, Captain O'Malley pulled the throat of the bag asunder, and packages of green currency popped out.

O'Malley looked at the money with bulging eyes. A low murmur ran over the crowd. Then the police captain glanced sharply at Samuel J. Withers, and turned to his desk. Fumbling among some papers for a moment, he produced a yellow telegram, which he handed to the thunder-struck inspector.

That gentleman wonderingly adjusted a

pair of nose-glasses, cleared his throat, and read:

"TOPEKA, Kansas—To all officers: Arrest and hold Samuel J. Withers, formerly president of the Metallic Bank, of this city. We want him for bank-wrecking, and will pay five thousand dollars reward for his apprehension anywhere within the United States. Withers probably has with him two hundred thousand dollars of the bank's cash, which he removed from the vaults on the night of his departure. He may still be carrying the money in a black leather hand-grip, as he was seen leaving the bank with this bag, which he picked up in the money-vault, and filled with all the available currency, when he found he would have to flee. Even if found discarded, this bag should furnish a clue as to his movements. It is easy of identification, as the interior will be found blood-stained, having once been used for carrying game. Withers is a man of—"

There was an interruption. Bill forced his head through the circle about the reader, moved over to the table upon which stood the open bag, raised himself by his forepaws, and nosed the packages of money, snuffing vigorously. Slowly he dropped himself to the floor again, and slowly he walked out of the room—manifestly disappointed and disgusted.

### AN AUTUMN RETROSPECT

WHEN gold of autumn blends with winter's gray,  
With misty shadows creeping o'er the way,  
The cup of life is empty of its wine;  
Why ask of death a moment of delay?

How oft has hope entranced us with its lies,  
Or spread its canvas for our eager eyes,  
As hands of idleness their castles rear  
Upon the clouds that veil the summer skies!

Have not our half awakened minds been thrilled  
With notes some unseen nightingale has trilled?  
And did we not lament the waking hour  
That caused the dreamy music to be stilled?

While standing on that unexplored abyss,  
Look back upon some well-remembered bliss;  
Were not her kisses and embraces thine?  
What more is there of human life than this?

Think not of riches which thou didst not save;  
For should Aladdin give to thee his cave,  
Would all its gems call forth another tear  
From one who weeps to-morrow on thy grave?

Sam Davis

# THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND\*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

## XLVII

SEVERAL things of note transpired before noon on Friday.

The Wrاندalls arrived from Europe, without the recalcitrant colonel. Mr. Redmond Wrاندall, who met them at the dock heaved a sigh of relief.

"He will be over on the Lusitania, next sailing," said Leslie, who for some reason best known to himself wore a troubled look.

Redmond Wrاندall's face fell.

"I hope not," he said, much to the indignation of his wife and the secret uneasiness of his son. "These predatory connections of the British nobility—"

"Predatory!" gasped Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall.

"Are a blood-sucking lot," went on the old gentleman firmly. "If he comes to New York, Leslie, I'll stake my head he won't be long in borrowing a few thousand dollars from each of us. And he'll not seek to humiliate us by paying it back. Oh, I know them!"

Leslie swallowed rather hard.

"What's the news here, dad?" he asked hastily. "Anybody dead?"

"Sara is quite ill, I hear. Slow fever of some sort, Carroll tells me."

"Is she going to marry Brandy Booth?" asked his son.

Mr. Wrандall's face stiffened.

"I fear I was a little hasty in my conclusions. Brandon came to the office a few days ago, and informed me in rather plain words that there is absolutely nothing in the report."

"The deuce you say. Gad, I wrote her a rather intimate letter—"

Leslie got no farther than this. He was somewhat stunned by his private reflections.

Mr. Wrандall was lost in study for some minutes, paying no attention to the remarks of the other occupants of the motor that whirled them across town.

"By the way, my dear," he said to his wife, a trifle irrelevantly, "don't you think it would be right for you and Vivian to drop in this afternoon and see Sara, just to let her know that she isn't absolutely without—"

"It's out of the question, Redmond," said his wife, a shocked expression in her face, as much as to say that he must be quite out of his head to suggest such a thing. "We shall be dreadfully busy for several days, unpacking and—well, doing all sorts of *necessary* things."

"She is pretty sick, I hear," mumbled he.

"Hasn't she got a nurse?" demanded his wife.

"I merely offered the suggestion in order—"

"Well, we'll see her next week. Any other news?"

"Mrs. Booth, Brandon's mother, was operated on for something or other day before yesterday."

"Oh, dear! The poor thing! Where?"

"Philadelphia, of course."

"I wonder if—let me see, Leslie, isn't there a good train to Philadelphia at four o'clock? I could go—"

"Really, my dear!" said her husband sharply.

"You forget how busy we are, mother," said Vivian, without a smile.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wrандall, in considerable confusion. "Was it a serious operation, Redmond?"

"They cut a bone out of her nose, that's all. Brandon says her heart is weak. They were afraid of the ether. She's all right, Carroll says."

\* Copyright in the United States, 1912, by George Barr McCutcheon—All rights reserved  
This story began in the February number of MURRET'S MAGAZINE

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Wrاندall. One might have suspected a note of disappointment in her voice.

"I shall go up to see Sara this afternoon," said Vivian calmly. "What's the number of her new apartment, daddy?"

"You have been up to see her, of course," said Mrs. Wrاندall acidly.

He fidgeted.

"I didn't hear of her illness until yesterday."

"I'll go up with you, Viv," said Leslie.

"No, you won't," said his sister flatly. "I'm going to apologize to her for something I said to Brandon Booth. You needn't tag along, Les."

At half past five in the afternoon, the Wrاندall limousine stopped in front of the tall apartment building near the park, a footman jerked open the door, and Miss Wrاندall stepped out. At the same moment a telegraph messenger-boy paused on the sidewalk to compute the artistic but puzzling numerals on the imposing grilled doors of the building.

Miss Wrاندall had herself announced by the obsequious doorman, and stood by in patience to wait for the absurd rule of the house to be carried out.

"No one could get in without being announced from below," said the doorman.

"I c'n get in all right, all right," said the messenger-boy, "I got a tellygram fer de loidy."

"Go to the rear!" exclaimed the doorman, with some energy.

While Miss Wrاندall waited in Sara's reception-hall on the tenth floor, the messenger, having traversed a more devious route, arrived with his message.

Watson took the envelope and told him to wait. Five minutes passed. Miss Wrاندall grew very uncomfortable under the persistent though complimentary gaze of the street urchin. He stared at her, wide-eyed and admiring—his sincere tribute to the glorious. She stared back occasionally, narrow-eyed and reproving—her tribute to the grotesque.

"Will you please step into the drawing-room, Miss Wrاندall?" said Watson, returning.

He led her across the small foyer and threw open a door. She passed into the room beyond. Then Watson turned to the messenger, who stood beside the hall seat. He made change for a quarter as he approached the boy.

"Here," he said, handing him the receipt-book and a dime, "that's for you!"

Watson dropped the quarter into his own pocket, where it mingled with coins that had been strangers to it up to that instant, and imperiously closed the door behind the boy, who failed to say "Thank you." Every man to his trade!

There was a woman in the drawing-room when Vivian entered, standing well over against the windows, with her back to the light. The visitor stopped short in surprise. She had expected to find her sister-in-law in bed, attended by a politely superior person in pure white.

"Why, Sara!" she began. "I am so glad to see that you are up and—"

She broke off as the other woman came forward.

"But I am not Sara, Miss Wrاندall," she said, in a well-remembered voice. "How do you do?"

Vivian found herself looking into the face of Hetty Castleton. Instantly she extended her hand.

"This is a surprise!" she exclaimed. "When did you return? Leslie told me that your plans were quite settled when he saw you in Lucerne. Oh, I see! Of course! How stupid of me. Sara sent for you."

"She has been quite ill," said Hetty, non-committally. "We got in yesterday. I thought my place was here, naturally."

"Naturally," repeated Vivian, in a detached sort of way. "How is she to-day? May I see her?"

"She is very much better. In fact, she is sitting up in her room." A warm flush suffused her face, a shy smile appeared in her eyes. "She is receiving two gentlemen visitors, to be perfectly honest, Miss Wrاندall—her lawyer, Mr. Carroll, and—Mr. Booth."

They were seated side by side on the uncomfortable Louis Seize divan in the middle of the room.

"Perhaps she won't care to see me, after an audience so fatiguing," said Miss Wrاندall sweetly; "and so exasperating," she added, with a smile.

Hetty looked her perplexity.

"But she will see you, Miss Wrاندall, if you don't mind waiting. It is a business conference they're having."

An ironic gleam appeared in the corner of Vivian's eye.

"Oh!" she said, and waited.

Hetty smiled uncertainly. All at once the tall American girl was impressed by the wistful, almost humble look in the English-woman's eyes—an appealing look that caused her to wonder not a little. Like a flash she jumped at an obvious conclusion, and almost caught her breath. This girl loved Booth and was losing him!

Vivian exulted for a moment, and then, with an impulse she could not quite catalogue, laid her hand on the other's slender fingers, and murmured somewhat hazily:

"Never mind, never mind!"

"Oh, you *must* wait!" cried Hetty, not at all in touch with the other's mood. "Sara expects to see you. The men will be out in a few minutes."

"I think I will run in to-morrow morning," said Vivian hastily. She arose almost immediately, and again extended her hand. "So glad to see you back again, Miss Castleton. Come and see me. Give my love to Sara!"

She took her departure in some haste. In her heart she was rejoicing that she had not succeeded in making a fool of herself by confessing to Sara that she had said unkind things about her to Brandon Booth.

Hetty resumed her seat in the broad French window, and stared out over the bare tree-tops in the park. A frightened, pathetic droop returned to her lips. It had been there most of the day.

In Sara's boudoir, the doors of which were carefully closed, three persons were in close conference. The young mistress of the house sat propped up in a luxurious *chaise longue*, wan but intense. Confronting her were the two men, leaning forward in their chairs.

Mr. Carroll held in his hand a number of papers, prominent among them being three or four telegrams. Booth's face was radiant, despite the serious matter that occupied his mind. He had reached town early in the morning, in response to a telephone message from Carroll announcing the sudden, unannounced appearance of Hetty Castleton at his offices on the previous afternoon.

The girl's arrival had been most unexpected. She walked in on Mr. Carroll, accompanied by her maid, who had a distinctly sheepish look in her eyes, and who seemed eager to explain something, but could not find the opportunity.

With some firmness, Miss Castleton had asked Mr. Carroll to explain why the wom-

an had been set to spy upon her every movement—a demand which the worthy lawyer could not very well meet, for the good and sufficient reason that he wasn't very clear about it himself. Then Hetty broke down and cried, confessing that she was eager to go to Mrs. Wrاندall, and at the same time sobbing out something about a symbolic dicky-bird, much to Mr. Carroll's wonder and perplexity.

He sent the maid from the room, and retired with Miss Castleton to the innermost of his private offices, where, without much preamble, he informed her that he knew everything. Moreover, Mr. Booth was in possession of all the facts, and was even then on the point of starting for Europe to see her. Evidently his letter had failed to reach her in time.

There was quite a tragic scene in the seclusion of that remote little office, during which Mr. Carroll more than once wiped his eyes and blew his nose. Then he took it upon himself to despatch a messenger to Sara, with the word that he and Miss Castleton would present themselves within half an hour after his note had been delivered.

A telegram had already come from Smith in the far-away Montana town, transmitting news that disturbed Mr. Carroll more than he cared to admit. The show-girl was lying at the point of death, and he was having a very hard time of it trying to keep the authorities from swooping down upon her for the ante-mortem statement they desired. It would appear that he arrived just in time to put courage into the girl. He would see to it that any statement she made would be the truth!

But Mr. Carroll was not so sure of Smith's ability to avert disaster. He knew something of the terrors of the third degree. The police would fight hard for vindication.

The meeting between Sara and Hetty was affecting. Almost immediately, the former began to show the most singular signs of improvement. She laughed and cried, and joyously announced to the protesting nurse that she was feeling quite well again. And, in truth, she got up from the couch on which she reclined, and insisted on being dressed for dinner.

In another room the amazed nurse was frantically appealing to Mr. Carroll to let her send for the doctor, only to be confounded by his urbane announcement that Mrs. Wrاندall was as "right as a string."



and, please God, she wouldn't need the services of doctor or nurse again for years to come. Then the lawyer asked the nurse if she had ever heard of a disease called nostalgia.

"Well, that's what ailed Mrs. Wrandall," he said. "Miss Castleton is the cure."

Booth came the next morning. Even as she lay passive in his arms, Hetty denied him. Her arms were around his neck as she miserably whispered that she could not, would not be his wife, notwithstanding her love for him and his readiness to accept her as she was.

She was obdurate—lovingly, tenderly obdurate. He would have despaired but for Sara, to whom he afterward appealed.

"Wait!" was all that Sara said, but he took heart.

He was beginning to look upon her as a sorceress. A week ago he had felt sorry for her; his heart had been touched by her transparent misery. To-day he saw her in another light altogether—as the determined, resourceful, calculating woman who, having failed to attain a certain end, was now intensely, keenly interested in the development of another of a totally different nature. He could not feel sorry for her to-day.

Hetty had deliberately placed herself in their hands, withdrawing from the conference shortly before Vivian's arrival, to give herself over to gloomy conjectures as to the future, not only for herself, but for the man whom she loved and the woman whom she worshiped with something of the fidelity of a beaten dog.

#### XLVIII

CARROLL had in his hand the second telegram from Smith, just received.

"This relieves the situation somewhat," he observed, with a deep sigh. "She's dead, and she didn't give in, thanks to Smith. Rather clever of him to get a signed statement, however, witnessed by the prosecuting attorney and the chief of police. It puts an end to everything so far as she is concerned."

"Read again, Mr. Carroll, what she had to say about me," said Sara, a slight tremor of emotion in her voice.

He read from the lengthy telegram:

"She wants me to thank Mrs. Wrandall for all she has done to make her last few months

happy ones, such as they were. She appreciates her kindness all the more because she realizes that her benefactress must have known everything. Almost the last words she spoke were in the nature of a sort of prayer that God would forgive her for what she had done to Mrs. Wrandall."

"Poor girl! She could not have known that it was simple justice, and not sentiment, that moved me to provide for her," said Sara.

"Well, she is off our minds, at any rate," said the matter-of-fact lawyer. "Now are you both willing to give serious consideration to the plan I propose? Take time to think it over. No harm will come to Miss Castleton, I am confident. There will be a nine days' sensation, but, after all, it is the best thing for everybody concerned. You purpose living abroad, Booth, so what are the odds if—"

"I sha'n't live abroad unless Hetty reconsiders her decision to not marry me," said the young man dismally. "Gad, Sara, you must convince her that I love her better than—"

"I think she knows all that, Brandon. As I said before, wait! And now, Mr. Carroll, I have this to say to your suggestion—I, for one, am relentlessly opposed to the plan you advocate. There is no occasion for this matter to go to the public. A trial, you say, would be a mere formality. I am not so sure of that. Why put poor Hetty's head in the lion's mouth at this late stage, after I have protected her so carefully all these months? Why take the risk? We know she is innocent. Isn't it enough that we acquit her in our hearts? No, I cannot consent, and I hold both of you to your promises."

"There is nothing more I can say, my dear Sara," said Carroll, shaking his head gloomily, "except to urge you to think it over very seriously. Remember, it may mean a great deal to her—and to our eager young friend here. Years from now, like a bolt from the sky, the truth may come out in some way. Think of what it would mean then!"

Sara regarded him steadily.

"There are but four people who know the truth," she said slowly. "It isn't likely that Hetty or Brandon will tell the story. Professional honor forbids your doing so. That leaves me as the sole peril. Is that what you would imply, my dear friend?"

"Not at all!" he cried hastily. "Not at all! I—"

"That's all tommy-rot, Sara," cried Booth earnestly. "We just couldn't have anything to fear from you!"

With curious inconsistency, she shook her head and remarked:

"Of course, you never could be quite easy in your minds. There would always be the feeling of unrest. Am I to be trusted, after all? I have proved myself to be a vindictive schemer. What assurance can you and Hetty have that I may not turn against one or the other of you some time, and crush you to satisfy a personal grievance? How do you know, Brandon, that I am not in love with you at this very—"

"Good Heavens, Sara!" he cried, agape.

"At this very moment?" she continued. "It would not be so very strange, would it? I am very human. The power to love is not denied me. Oh, I am merely philosophizing. Don't look so serious. We will suppose that I continued along my career as the woman scorned. You have seen how I smart under the lash. Well?"

"But all that is impossible," said Booth, his face clearing. "You're not in love with me, and never can be. That for your philosophy!"

At the same instant he became aware of the singular gleam in her eyes—a liquid, oriental glow that seemed to reflect light on her lower lids, as she sat there with her face in the shadow. Once or twice before he had been conscious of that mysterious, seductive appeal. He stared back at her, almost defensively, but her gaze did not waver. It was he who first looked away, curiously uncomfortable.

"Still," she said slowly, "I think you would be wise to consider all possible contingencies."

"I'll take chances, Sara," he said, with an odd buoyancy in his voice which, for the life of him, he could not explain, even to himself.

"Even admitting that such should turn out to be the case," said Mr. Carroll judicially, "I don't believe you'd go so far as to put your loyal friends in jeopardy, Sara; so we will dismiss the thought. Don't forget, however, that you hold them in the hollow of your hand. My original contention was based on the time-honored saying, 'Murder will out.' We never can tell what may turn up. 'The best-laid plans of men and mice oft—'"

Sara settled back among the cushions with a peremptory wave of her hand. The loose, flowing sleeve fell away, revealing her white, exquisitely modeled arm almost to the shoulder. For some strange, unaccountable reason Booth's eyes fell.

"I am tired, wretchedly tired! It has been a most exhausting day," she said, with a sudden note of weariness in her voice. Both men started up apologetically. "I will think seriously of your plan, Mr. Carroll. There is no hurry, I'm sure. Please send Miss Wrاندall in to me, will you? Perhaps you had better tell Hetty to come in as soon as Vivian leaves. Come back to-morrow afternoon, Brandon. I shall be much more cheerful. By the way, have you noticed that Dicky, out in the library, has been singing all afternoon as if his little throat would split? It is very curious, but to-day is the first time he has uttered a note in nearly five months. Just listen to him! He is fairly riotous with song."

Booth leaned over and kissed the hand she lifted to him.

"He is like the rest of us, Sara, inordinately happy."

A slight shiver ran through her arm. Brandon felt it.

"I am so afraid his exuberance of spirit may annoy Vivian," said she, with a rare smile. "She detests vulgarity."

The men departed. She lay back in the *chaise longue*, her eyes fixed on the hand that Brandon had touched with his lips.

Watson tapped twice on the door.

"Miss Wrاندall could not wait, ma'am," he said, opening the door softly. "She will call again to-morrow."

"Thank you, Watson. Will you hand me the cigarettes?"

Watson hesitated.

"The cigarettes, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"But the doctor's orders, ma'am, begging your pardon for—"

"I have a new doctor, Watson."

"I beg pardon, ma'am!"

"The celebrated Dr. Folly," she said lightly.

#### XLIX

WHEN Smith returned from the West, a few days after the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, he repaired at once to Sara's apartment, bringing with him not only the signed statement of the Ashtley girl, but the well-worn and apparently

cherished prayer-book that had been her solace during the last few months of her life. On the fly-leaf she had written:

I have nothing of God's earthly gifts to leave behind but this. It has brought me riches, but it is a poor thing in itself. I bequeath it, my only earthly possession, to the kind and merciful one who taught me that there is good in this bad world of ours.

"She made me promise to give it to you with my own hands, Mrs. Wrاندall," said Smith, in the library, putting as much emotion into his voice and manner as he thought the occasion and the audience demanded. Miss Castleton and Mr. Booth were also present. "She was a queer girl. I never saw one just like her, believe me. Just after she signed that paper, I had a chance to be alone with her for a minute or two. She asked me to stoop over so I could hear what she had to say, and she made me promise not to say a word about it until after she was gone. Well, it will surprise you just as much as it did me, what she had to say with her dying breath, so to speak."

Smith paused for the effect.

"What did she say to you?" demanded Sara.

"Well, sir, do you know that that girl knew all along who it was that went up to Burton's Inn that evening with your husband? What do you think of that?"

There was not a sound in the room. Even the coals in the fireplace seemed to take that instant to hush their blithe crackling. Smith's listeners might have been absolutely breathless, they were so rigid. Each had the grotesque fear that he was about to point his finger at Hetty Castleton and call upon her to answer to an accusation from the grave.

The next moment they drew a deep, quivering breath of relief. The detective went on, almost apologetically:

"I tried to bluff her into telling me who it was, Mrs. Wrاندall, but she wouldn't fall for it. After a little while, I saw it was no use questioning her. She was as firm as a rock about it. And she was pretty near gone, I can tell you. As a matter of fact, her heart went back on her suddenly not ten minutes later, sort of surprising all of us. But she did manage to whisper a few things to me while the others were conversing in the hall. She said that she saw another girl with Mr. Wrاندall about a

week before the murder—a stranger, and a very pretty one. He knew how to pick out the pretty—I—I beg your pardon, ma'am. That sort of slipped out. You see—"

"Never mind. I understand. Go on with your story!"

"Right after that he told the Ashtley girl he was through with her. Chucked her—that's the sum and substance of it—for the new one, whoever she was. She raised a row with him about it, and he laughed at her. For nearly a week she spied on him, and she saw him out in the car with the stranger at least half a dozen times. Now comes the queer part of it, and the thing that made her keep her lips closed at first, right after the killing—the murder, I mean. She laid for him in front of his home on the very day of the murder, and swore she'd do something desperate if he didn't give the other one up. He took her to a cheap restaurant on the West Side, and she was sure that several waiters saw that they were quarreling. To get her out of the place, he induced her to get in his car, and they went for a ride out as far as Van Cortlandt Park. The police never got on to all this. But she lived in terror for a few days, believing that the waiters might remember them, although neither of them had ever been in the place before. When she was taken up for examination, she still wondered if they would be called on to identify her. Nothing doing! It was right then, Mrs. Wrاندall, that you stepped in and said that her alibi was sufficient, and staked her for life out there in the West. She says she saw the other girl after the murder, but she wouldn't say where it was, or when. Of course, she couldn't swear that this girl did the job up there at Burton's, but she was pretty nearly dead certain she was the one who went up there with him. She was just on the point of telling the police about it, to save herself, when you helped her out of the fix, and then she got to thinking strange things, she said. This is what she said to me, there on her death-bed, and I want to tell you it gave me an idea of character that I had never come across before in all my experience. She said that if Mrs. Wrاندall could be fine enough to befriend her, knowing all you did, ma'am, about her and your husband, it oughtn't to be hard for her to help another erring girl by keeping her mouth shut. And that's just what she did. She kept still. That sort of reasoning was new to me; but, when you

stop to think it over, maybe she was right. A word from her might have sent a fellow creature to the chair. She had had her lesson in charity from you, Mrs. Wrاندall, and, while you didn't mean it to have that effect, you undoubtedly spoiled the best chance we'll ever have to get the real woman in the case!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Booth was the first to risk the effort at speech.

"And she wouldn't say a word more? She gave you no—no clue?"

"Not the faintest idea, sir. She took that girl's name to the grave with her."

"Her name! She knew her name?" cried Sara, leaning forward.

"She heard it a day or two after you had her set free, Mrs. Wrاندall. Don't it beat all? Now, don't you see what might have happened if we'd let the police put the screws on her out there? Why, the chances are a hundred to one that she'd have broken down in the end, and told who this other woman is. There is where we made a fatal mistake; but it's too late now."

"Yes, it's too late now," said Sara, relaxing in her chair.

"I'm telling you this, although maybe I wasn't expected to. She made me promise not to tell the police. Well, I guess I can keep that promise. You ain't the police."

"It is a most remarkable story, Mr. Smith," said Sara, "but I do not see that it leads us anywhere. We are quite as much in the dark as before."

The detective studied the pattern in the rug at his feet, a defeated look in his eyes.

"I suppose I *might* have forced her to tell me, Mrs. Wrاندall, but I—I didn't have the heart to bully her. I suppose you'll always have it in for me for letting the chance slip!"

"I think I have already told you, Mr. Smith, that I am not at all curious."

With the departure of the detective, the three conspirators fell into an agitated discussion of the revelations he had made. So grave had their peril appeared to be at the opening of his narrative that they were still in a state of perturbation, from which they were not to recover for a long time. Their cheeks were white and their eyes were dark with the dread that remained even after the danger was past. Hetty's arms hung limp and nerveless at her sides as she lay back in the chair and stared numbly at her friends.

"Do you really believe she knew that I was the one?" she asked miserably. "Do you think she knew my name?"

"What if she did?" demanded Booth, with an assumption of indifference that he was not yet able to feel. "She was a brick to keep it to herself. The danger's past, dearest. Don't let it trouble you now!"

"But just think of it! At any time she could have told this story to the police, and—oh, wasn't it appalling? I thought my heart would never beat again!"

"We never knew till now how close we were to the abyss," said Sara, drawing the thin wrap closer about her shoulders. Suddenly she laughed. "But why contemplate the disaster that didn't occur? We are more secure than ever. This girl was the only one who knew, because no one else could have had the same incentive to spy upon him, Hetty. She is dead. Your name isn't likely to be shouted from the housetops, for the simple reason that it is safely locked up in a grave." She hesitated for a moment, and then added: "In two graves, if it makes you feel more secure."

The others looked at her in open astonishment. Booth was frowning. Sara glanced at his stern face, and her eyes fell.

"If that sounded cold and unfeeling, I am sorry, Hetty. It was my unfortunate way of trying to convince you that there is nothing left for you to fear."

She left them a moment later, bending over to kiss Hetty's cheek as she passed by her chair.

"Now you see what I mean, Brandon, when I insist that it would be a mistake for you to marry me," said Hetty in a troubled voice. "We could never be sure of immunity."

"You refer to that remark of hers?" Booth inquired.

"She is a strange woman. I sometimes have the feeling that she wants to keep me with her forever. I feel that she will not let me go."

"That's pure nonsense, Hetty!" he said. "She wants you to marry me, I am positive."

He may have thought his tone convincing, but something caused her to regard him rather fixedly, as if she were trying to solve an elusive puzzle.

He took her by the arms and raised her to her feet. Holding her quite close, he looked down into her questioning eyes, and said very seriously:

"You are suspicious, even of me, dearest. I want you. There is but one way for you to be at peace with yourself—shift your cares over to my shoulders. I will stand between you and everything that may come up to trouble you. We love each other. Why should we sacrifice our love for the sake of a shadow? For a week, dearest, I've been pleading with you; won't you end the suspense to-day—end it now—and say you will be my wife?"

The appeal was so gentle, so sincere, so full of longing, that she wavered. Her tender blue eyes, lately so full of dread, grew moist with the ineffable sweetness of love, and capitulation was in them. Her warm, red lips parted in a dear little smile of surrender.

"You know I love you," she said tremulously.

He kissed the lovely, appealing lips, not once but many times.

"God, how I worship you!" he whispered passionately. "I can't go on without you, darling! You are life to me. I love you! I love you!"

She drew back in his arms, the shadow chasing the light out of her eyes.

"We are both living in the present, we are both thinking only of it, Brandon. What of the future? Can we foresee the future? Dear heart, I am thinking of your future, not my own. Is it right for me to bring you—"

"And I am thinking only of your future," he said gravely; "the future that shall be mine to shape and to make glad with the fulfilment of every promise that love has in store for both of us. Put away the doubts, drive out the shadows, dearest! Live with me in the light forever! Love is light."

"If I were only sure that my shadows would not descend upon you, I—"

He drew her close and kissed her again.

"I am not afraid of your shadows. God be my witness, Hetty, I glory in them. They do not reflect weakness, but strength and nobility. They make you all the more worth having. I thank God that you are what you are, dear heart!"

"Give me a few days longer, Brandon," she pleaded. "Let me conquer this strange thing that lies here in my brain. My heart is yours, my soul is yours; but the brain is a rebel. I must triumph over it, or it will always lie in wait for a chance to overthrow this little kingdom of ours. To-day

I have been terrified. I am disturbed. Give me a few days longer!"

"I would not grant you the respite, were I not so sure of the outcome," he said gently, but there was a thrill of triumph in his voice.

Her eyes grew very dark and soft, and her lips trembled with the tide of love that surged through her body.

"Oh, how adorable you are!" he cried, straining her close in a sudden ecstasy of passion.

The door-bell rang. They drew apart, breathing rapidly, their blood leaping with the contact of opposing passions, their flesh quivering. With a shy, sweet glance at him, she turned toward the door to await the appearance of Watson.

## L

A DRAWLING voice came to them from the vestibule, and a moment later Leslie Wrandall entered the library, pulling off his gloves as he came.

"Hello!" he said glibly. "I told that fellow down-stairs it wasn't necessary to announce me by telephone. Silly arrangement, I say! Why should they think everybody's a thief or a book-agent or a constable with a subpoena? He knows I'm one of the family. I'm likely to run in any time, I told him, and—oh, I say, I'm not butting in, am I, Miss Castleton?"

He shook hands with both of them, and then offered his cigarette-case to Booth, first selecting one for himself. Hetty assured him that he was not *de trop*—sheer profligacy on her part, in view of his readiness to concede the point without a word from her.

"Nipping wind!" he said, taking his stand before the fireplace. "Where is Sara? Never mind, don't bother her. I've got all the time in the world. By the way, Miss Castleton, what is the latest news from your father?"

"I dare say you have later news than I," she said, a trace of annoyance in her manner.

"I thought perhaps he had written you about his plans."

"My father does not know that I have returned to New York."

"Oh, I see! Of course! By the way, I think the colonel is a corker—one of the most amiable thoroughbreds I've ever come across. He's never said anything to me about your antipathy toward him, but I



can see with half an eye that he is terribly depressed about it. Can't you get together somehow, and—"

"Really, Mr. Wrandall, you are encouraging your imagination to a point where words ultimately must fail you," she said, very positively.

Booth could hardly repress a chuckle.

"It's not imagination on my part," said Leslie, with conviction, failing utterly to recognize the obvious. "I suppose you know that he is coming over to visit me for six weeks or so. We became rattling good friends before we parted. By Jove, you should hear him on old Lord Murgatroyd's will! The quintessence of wit! I couldn't take it as he does. Expectations and all that sort of thing, you know, going up like a hot-air balloon and bursting in plain view; but he never squeaked. Laughed it off! A British attribute, I dare say. I suppose you know that he is obliged to sell his estate in Ireland?"

Hetty started. She could not conceal the look of shame that leaped into her eyes.

"I—I did not know," she murmured.

"Must be quite a shock to you. Sit down, Brandy. You look very picturesque standing, but chairs were made to sit upon—or in, whichever is proper."

"I think I'll stand, if you don't mind, Les."

"I merely suggested it, old chap, fearing you might have overlooked the possibilities. Yes, Miss Castleton, he left us in London to go up to Belfast on this dismal business." There was something in the back of Leslie's mind that he was trying to get at in a tactful manner. "By the way, is this property entailed?"

"I know nothing at all about it, Mr. Wrandall," said she, with a pleading glance at her lover, as if to inquire what stand she should take in this distressing situation.

"If it is entailed, he can't sell it," said Booth quietly.

"That's true," said Leslie, somewhat dubiously. Then, with a magnanimity that covered a multitude of doubts, he added: "Of course, I am only interested in seeing that you are properly protected, Miss Castleton. I've no doubt you hold an interest in the estate."

"I can't very well discuss a thing I know absolutely nothing about," she said succinctly.

"Most of it is in building-lots and factories in Belfast, I believe." It was more

in the nature of a question than a declaration. "The old family castle isn't very much of an asset, I take it."

"I fancy you can trust Colonel Castleton to make the best possible deal in the premises," said Booth dryly.

"I suppose so," said the other resignedly. "He is a shrewd beggar, I'm convinced of that. Strange, however, that I haven't heard a word from him since he left us in London. I've been expecting a cablegram from him every day for nearly a fortnight, to let me know when to expect him."

Hetty had gone over to the window, and was looking out over the darkening park.

"Perhaps he means to surprise you, old man," said Booth, with a smile that Leslie did not in the least interpret.

With a furtive glance at the girl, whose back was toward them, he got up from his chair and came quite close to Booth, frowning slightly as he plucked at his mustache with nervous fingers. Lowering his voice to a cautious half-whisper, he inquired:

"I say, Brandy, what do you know about him? Is he on the level, or is he a dirty old rascal?"

"Did you lend him any money?" asked Booth, with a malicious grin.

Leslie gulped. A fine perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Yes, I did," he replied, and, on reflection, slyly kicked himself on the ankle, making sure, however, that Hetty was still looking the other way. "Go on! Break it rudely. He's no good, eh? A shark, eh?"

"Believe me, I don't know anything about him, Les," said Booth, with a sudden feeling of loyalty to the colonel's daughter. "He may pay up."

Leslie snapped his fingers while they were on the way to his upper lip, and almost missed his mustache by the digression. At any rate, he seemed to be fumbling for it.

"I did it on her account," he explained, nodding his head in Hetty's direction. He thought hard for a moment. "Of course, he won't be such a blithering fool as to come over here, will he?"

"I shouldn't, if I had been able to get what I wanted at home, as he apparently did," said Booth. "How much was it?"

Leslie waved his hand disdainfully.

"Oh, a few hundred pounds, that's all. No harm done!"

"Are you going to California this winter for the flying?" asked Hetty, coming toward them.

Sara entered at that juncture, and they all sat down to listen for half an hour to Leslie's opinions on the way the California meet was being mismanaged. His harangue concluded, he departed, taking Booth away with him, much to that young man's disgust.

"Do you know, Brandy, old fellow," said he, as they walked down Fifth Avenue in the gathering dusk of the early winter evening, "ever since I've begun to suspect that old humbug of a father of hers, I've been congratulating myself that there isn't the remotest chance of his ever becoming my father-in-law! And, by George, you'll never know how near I was to leaping blindly into the brambles! What a close call I had!"

Booth's sarcastic smile was hidden by the dusk. He made no pretense of openly resenting the meanness of spirit that moved Leslie to these caddish remarks. He merely announced in a dry, cutting voice:

"I think Miss Castleton is to be congratulated that her injury is no greater than nature made it in the beginning."

"What do you mean by 'nature'?"

"Nature gave her a father, didn't it?"

"Obviously."

"Well, why add insult to injury?"

"By Jove! Oh, I say, old man!"

They parted at the next corner. As Booth started to cross over to the Plaza, Leslie called out after him:

"I say, Brandy, just a second, please! Are you going to marry Miss Castleton?"

"I am."

"Then I retract the scurvy things I said back there. I asked her to marry me three times, and she refused me three times. What I said about the brambles was rotten. I'd ask her again if I thought she'd have me. There you are, old fellow! I'm a rotten cad, but I apologize to you just the same."

"You're learning, Leslie," said Booth, taking the hand the other held out to him.

While the painter was dining at his club, later on in the evening, he was called to the telephone. Watson was on the wire. He said that Mrs. Wrاندall would like to know if Mr. Booth could drop in on her for a few minutes after dinner, "to discuss a very important matter with her, if you please, sir."

At nine o'clock, Booth was in Sara's library, trying to grasp a new and remarkable phase in the character of that amazing woman.

He found Hetty waiting for him when he arrived.

"I don't know what it all means, Brandon," she said hurriedly, looking over her shoulder as she spoke. "Sara says that she has come to a decision of some sort. She wants us to hear her plan before making it final. I—I don't understand her at all to-night!"

"It can't be anything serious, dearest," he said; but something cold and nameless oppressed him, nevertheless.

"She asked me if I had finally decided to—to be your wife, Brandon. I said I had asked you for two or three days more in which to decide. It seemed to depress her. She said she didn't see how she could give me up, even to you. She wants to be near me always. It is—it is really tragic, Brandon!"

"We can manage that," said he confidently. "Sara can live with us, if she feels that way about it. Our home shall be hers when she likes, and as long as she chooses. It will be open to her all the time, to come and go, or to stay, just as she elects. Isn't that the way to put it?"

"I suggested something of the sort, but she wasn't very much impressed. Indeed, she appeared to be somewhat—yes, I could not have been mistaken—somewhat harsh and terrified when I spoke of it. Afterward, she was more reasonable. She thanked me and—there were tears in her eyes at the time—and said she would think it over. All she asks is that I may be happy and free and untroubled all the rest of my life. This was before dinner. At dinner she appeared to be brooding over something. When we left the table, she took me to her room, and said that she had come to an important decision. Then she instructed Watson to find you, if possible."

"Gad, it's all very upsetting!" Booth said, shaking his head.

"I think her conscience is troubling her," Hetty continued. "She hates the Wrاندalls, but I—I don't know why I should feel as I do about it—but I believe she wants them to know!"

He stared for a moment, and then his face brightened.

"And so do I, Hetty, so do I! They ought to know!"

"I should feel so much easier if the whole world knew," said she earnestly.

Sara heard the girl's words as she stood in the door. She came forward with a

strange and even abashed smile, after closing the door behind her.

"I don't agree with you, dearest, when you say that the world should know, but I have come to the conclusion that you should be tried and acquitted by a jury made up of Challis Wrاندall's own flesh and blood. The Wrاندalls must know the truth!"

## LI

THE Wrاندalls sat waiting and wondering. They had been sent for, and they had deigned to respond, much to their own surprise.

Redmond Wrاندall occupied a place at the head of the library table. At his right sat his wife. Vivian and Leslie, by direction, took seats at the side of the long table, which had been cleared of its mass of books and magazines.

Lawyer Carroll was at the other end of the table, perceptibly nervous and anxious. Hetty sat a little apart from the others, a rather forlorn, detached member of the conclave. Brandon Booth, pale-faced and alert, drew up a chair alongside Carroll, facing Sara, who alone remained standing, directly opposite the four Wrاندalls.

Not one of the Wrاندalls knew why they, as a family, were there. They had no premonition of what was to come.

The strong glare of an electric chandelier, seldom used in this quiet, subdued little library, threw its light down upon the group, outlining every feature with a sharpness that almost created shadows. It was a trying light. No play of the emotions could be lost under its convicting glow. A clock struck nine. Outside the first savage storm of the winter was raging.

The Wrاندalls had been routed from their comfortable fireside—for what? They were asking the question of themselves, and were waiting stonily for the answer.

"It is very stuffy in here," Vivian had said, with a glance at the closed doors, after Sara had successfully placed her jury in the box.

"Keep still, Viv," whispered Leslie, with a fine assumption of awe. "It's a spirit-alistic meeting. You'll scare the spooks away!"

It was at this juncture that Sara rose from her chair and faced the Wrاندalls, as calmly, as complacently, as if she were about to ask them to proceed to the dining-room, instead of throwing a bomb into their midst that would shatter their smug serenity for all time to come. With a glance at Mr. Carroll she began, clearly, firmly, and without a prefatory apology for what was to follow.

"I have asked you to come here to-night to be my judges. I am on trial. You are about to hear the story of my perfidy. I only require of you that you hear me to the end before passing judgment."

At her words, Hetty and Booth started perceptibly. A quick glance passed between them, as if each was inquiring whether the other had caught the extraordinary words of self-indictment. A puzzled frown appeared on Hetty's brow.

"Perfidy?" interposed Mr. Wrاندall.

His wife's expression changed from one of bored indifference to sharp inquiry. Leslie paused in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"It is the mildest term I can command," said Sara. "I shall be as brief as possible in stating the case, Mr. Wrاندall. You will be surprised to hear that I have taken it upon myself, as the wife of Challis Wrاندall, and, as I regard it, the one most vitally concerned in the discovery and punishment of the person who took his life—I say I have taken it upon myself to shield, protect, and defend the unhappy young woman who accompanied him to Burton's Inn on that night in March. She has had my constant, my personal protection for more than twenty months."

The Wrاندalls leaned forward in their chairs. The match burned Leslie's fingers, and he dropped it without appearing to notice the pain.

*(To be concluded)*

## THE TEARS OF ANGELS

I WONDER if the sea is tears  
Sad angels shed in vain  
For deeds they rue, but still would do  
If they could choose again?

K. R. Cain

# THE STAGE

## CHARLES FROHMAN'S FIRST STAR

**I**T is just twenty years since John Drew became Charles Frohman's first star.

In the spring of 1892 he left Daly's, where he had been appearing in Tennyson's "The Foresters," and in the following September he opened at Wallack's with a comedy from the French by Clyde Fitch called "The Masked Ball." Maude Adams was his leading woman, and instantly leaped into popularity. In the middle of November, when Wallack's was required for another play of Mr. Frohman's—Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy"—"The Masked Ball" was transferred to the Standard, and there continued its run for the remainder of the winter.

Twenty years is a long time, long enough for a child to grow up to full manhood, but to see Mr. Drew on the stage to-day is to see him apparently as young as ever. And

why shouldn't he have kept his youth? He has lived a singularly even life, he has never changed managers in all his two decades as a star, and his domestic relations have been exemplary.

To be sure, in all these years Mr. Drew has only once attempted any wide departure from his usual vein of acting. The exception was his nearest approach to failure, and, by the way, if memory serves, it was his one appearance in a strictly American-made play. I refer to the dramatization by Edward S. Rose of Winston Churchill's novel, "Richard Carvel," in which Mr. Drew, wearing a rose-colored court costume, and with a sword to flourish, was by no means at his best. Perhaps his finest acting in the score of seasons was done in "Rosemary." His most frequently played rôle has been that of carpet knight and fatherly adviser to ladies in distress. Whatever he has done has been done in dignified fashion,



ELSIE FERGUSON, WHO HAS TURNED TO SONG, AND WHO IS TO BE STARRED IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY BY FRANZ LEHAR, "EVA"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

and never has he dipped into vaudeville, as his niece, Ethel Barrymore, is doing at the present writing.

For many years past Mr. Drew has inaugurated the season at the Empire Theater

thing drastic must be done. Of course, it is not a new device to use the weapons of jealousy, but the way in which *Mr. Pelling* does so is original. At the suggestion of his sister, he installs in his home a typist



ELIZABETH NELSON AS MARGARET ELLIOTT IN THE LONDON AND NEW YORK COMEDY HIT "READY MONEY"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

on Labor Day. Alfred Sutro, the English dramatist who wrote "The Walls of Jericho," is the author of his present vehicle, "The Perplexed Husband," which has woman suffrage for its underlying theme.

A broader life for woman than that of the home is advocated by *Dulcie Elstead*, an old school friend of *Sophie Pelling*—Drew's wife in the piece. When he returns from a business trip to Russia to find *Dulcie* and a fat friend called the *Master* installed there, *Pelling* decides that some-

who has just been dismissed from his office because she dreamed too much of Greek art to be sufficiently accurate in transcribing letters about the tea business.

This part of *Elizabeth Green*, who calls herself *Kalleia*, is delightfully played by Mary Bolland, who was a typist last season with Mr. Drew in "A Single Man," and a parlor maid the year before with him in "Smith." Herbert Druce looks and acts the loaves-and-fishes-seeking *Master* to the life, and Nina Sevensing succeeds admirably with the exacting rôle of the wife. More





BILLIE BURKE, STARRING IN PINERO'S LATEST PLAY, "THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*



LAURETTE TAYLOR, TO APPEAR IN THE NEW PLAY "PEG O' MY HEART"

*From her latest photograph by Matsune, Los Angeles*

and more do modern plays require excellent all-round casts. The complexity of the mutual relationships of the characters compels them. It may be more the fault of the playwrights than of the managers that there are no more stock companies on Broadway.

"The Perplexed Husband" was produced at Wyndham's, in London, on the 12th of September last year, with Gerald du Maurier in Mr. Drew's part, and ran until February. In the play, Mr. Sutro makes frequent allusions to Ibsen's "Doll's House," which one of the London reviewers declared he had set out to burlesque. There is a great deal of talk in the comedy, but it is clever talk, of a sort to make those who listen feel pleased with themselves if they appreciate it.

#### THE LAST WORD IN BELASCO REALISM

Alice Bradley, who wrote "The Governor's Lady," is a sister of Madeleine Lucette Ryley, author of the Forbes-Robertson success of ten years since, "Mice and Men," and of other plays. Miss Bradley must be a very happy woman over the magnificent production that William Elliott and David Belasco have given her first effort. The scenery, from the marble home in the first act to the realism of a Childs' restaurant in the epilogue, projects actuality itself before one's eyes, and the cast is a wonder.

Emmett Corrigan is the rich man with political ambitions who feels that his plain little wife holds him back. Emma Dunn is the wife, frightened of the servants in her big establishment, and unwilling to



TRIXIE FRIGANZA, A LEADING PRINCIPAL IN THE WINTER GARDEN REVIEW, "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

move away from town and allow her husband to get a separation, until she discovers that there is another woman in the case. Then she secures a divorce, after he has ceased to want one.

Gladys Hanson is a beautiful and socially ambitious woman of twenty-seven, really loving a young lawyer, but ready to marry the rich man for his money, until, in a wonderful scene with the older wife, the treachery of her act is brought home to her. The two women weep in each other's arms,



IRENE FENWICK, LEADING WOMAN WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN THE NEW COMEDY,  
"HAWTHORNE, U. S. A."

*From her latest photograph by Rita Martin, London*

leaving the one to fall into *Bob's* embrace, and the other to turn her husband away, now that she has found out the truth.

Milton Sills, as the young lawyer who espouses the cause of the discarded wife at the expense of his own interests, is absolutely the genuine thing; while Teresa Maxwell-Conover, as the extravagant mate of a tuft-toadying editor, carries off her scenes with an aplomb that makes her a distinct acquisition to the Belasco roster.

Robert McWade, Jr., the editor aforesaid, was the newspaperman who kept Forrest Winant from turning on the gas in "The Country Boy." I feel certain that his nasal twang would cause London to take him to its heart as the typical American.

"The Governor's Lady" can remain at the Republic no longer than Christmas, and crowded houses are assured because of its treatment, its equipment, and its flawless cast. A shortening of some of the scenes

would be an improvement, but few are inclined to cavil at getting too much of a Belasco offering.

#### CONQUEST "UNDER MANY FLAGS"

There would seem to be nothing left for the Hippodrome to do now but to move on to another planet. It has surely made this one serve its patrons well, last winter with "Around the World," and this season with another dazzling series of spectacles named "Under Many Flags." Countries omitted in the first production have been taken up in the second by the same people, and the poor critics are once more put to it in the effort to find unhackneyed adjectives with which to describe the result.

The story hinges on an air-ship which is such a terrible engine of destruction that its inventor hopes to bring about world-peace thereby. The first scene is in Washington, on the lawn adjoining the White House. Thence we are shifted to Annapolis, where we see some effective drilling by the chorus men, who make a better fist at turning themselves into middies than is usually the case.

We then follow the air-ship across the Atlantic to Brittany, with novel effects in clog-dancing on boards laid along the grass. The most striking episode of all, however, is the Holland scene. Each chorus girl carries in either hand a tulip, its long stem fastened to a weighted disk. This is placed on the stage on either side of the dancer, who then carefully backs away from the footlights through a narrow lane of flowers, to dance forward again through this same space. When one recalls the vast area of the Hippodrome stage, one may imagine the effectiveness of such a number, with girls and flowers covering the entire expanse. It appealed to me much more forcibly than did the regular ballet, "Flowers of the Nations."

The other countries treated are Germany, Russia, Scotland, China, and Persia, while a return to the



MARTHA HEDMAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN MASON IN THE NEW BERNSTEIN PLAY, "THE ATTACK"

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York*





KATHERINE KÆLRED, WHO IS EDITH CORTLANDT IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"

*From her latest photograph by Mishkin, New York*

United States introduces lariat-throwing, a tornado, and a bucking bronco. The Hippodrome tank, while it does not shoot up maidens or swallow down a file of soldiers as in the past, serves as foreground to the tableau of the Crystal Fountains.

Circus features? Well, there is no ring this year, but plenty of riding, while acrobatic acts with more or less appropriate entourage are interlarded throughout the evening. One always comes away from the Hippodrome with the feeling that whatever else may be alleged against the entertainment, the spectator can never complain that he has not had his money's worth.

#### "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL" INTERESTS

For one reason or another I went to see "The Ne'er-Do-Well" with no expectation of having a good time. I had never read Rex Beach's story, but the last book of his that I saw dished up for the stage bored me to extinction. Moreover, I carried a very vivid recollection of the three dramatized novels that went to limbo in quick succession last winter.

A glance at the program was not reassuring. There were thirty-seven principals, besides a list of walkers on and off that reminded one of a comic opera roster.

"Great Scott!" I said to myself. "Charles Klein has tried to put the whole book on the stage!"

I expected the worst, but I didn't get it. Instead, I spent a really enjoyable evening, watching what happened to the pleasure-loving son of the railway magnate after he was bundled off to Panama in place of a man from St. Louis who was trying to evade the police. I didn't worry about the long cast; I left that for the Authors' Producing Company to do on salary-day. I imagine they will not have much trouble about it, as the play contains many elements of popularity, however it may defy any attempt to make it measure up to the technical rules of dramatic construction. For in it there are farce, comedy, tragedy, problem play, and melodrama, chasing hard on one another's heels in a fashion to dismay the rule-of-thumb school of playwrighting.

Hale Hamilton, the hero of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," makes a winning *Kirk Anthony*, but I was rather disappointed in the *Edith Cortlandt* of Katherine Kaelred, the original *Vampire* in "A Fool There Was." The support is excellent, and the Panama Canal Zone atmosphere is at

once picturesque, novel for stageland, and timely as a topic.

#### A NEW USE FOR HOTELS

In "Little Miss Brown," Philip Bartholomae has begun where he left off in his first farce, "Over Night"—that is to say, in a hotel. This defies the proverb which says that the lightning bolt of success doesn't strike twice in the same spot; but then nothing is so uncertain as the theater, even in its traditions, and there are enough good things in "Little Miss Brown" to carry it far along the road of popular approval. For one thing, there is *Miss Brown* herself, as played by a newcomer, Madge Kennedy, along quite new lines. Then there is the day clerk of Ned Sparks. His nasal tones are a heaven-sent equipment for the grouch he is called on to enact.

Judged by strictly critical canons, the first act of the three is the best, which, of course, is a pity, as is also the fact that Mr. Bartholomae found it necessary to introduce the rich uncle and aunt, farcical figures of an old-time vintage. He would have had a more plausible and diverting drama if he could have contrived to fill out his evening by carrying out the play on the original lines, with four characters to assist in the dénouement. These four would be *Miss Brown*, who allows the hotel people to suppose she is *Mrs. Dennison* in order to be taken in for the night, *Mr. Dennison*, the real *Mrs. Dennison*, and the day clerk aforesaid. The author might still have retained the highly effective device of *Mr. Dennison* attempting to get rid of *Miss Brown* by letting her down from a fifth-story window.

As it stands, however, the farce seems to please the public; and it is so much more wholesome than the sort where the husband seeks out another woman, instead of having her unwillingly thrust upon him, that one should be grateful rather than captious. But the juxtaposition of steam heat and straw hats does seem a bit incongruous.

#### MIND THE STAGE-DOOR!

Whether or not "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" succeeds in keeping youthful British lords away from the Gaiety's stage-door—which was apparently Pinero's purpose in writing this, his thirty-seventh play—its production in New York has accomplished a desirable end, for it has given Miss Billie Burke a part well suited to her abilities.

The run of the comedy in London having

been cut short—owing, it is said, to the resentment aroused by Pinero's stabs at the theatrical predilections of the peerage—I did not see it there in the early summer, but I cannot imagine Marie Löhr being as clever in the title-rôle as is Miss Burke. The very mannerisms of the American actress fit the character of *Lily Parradell* as if she had been in the mind of England's leading playwright when he wrote the piece.

Over here actresses of the musical comedy stage do not make a practise of marrying into the "first families," so when Charles Frohman presented Pinero's latest at the Lyceum, with an admirable cast, it was judged simply on its merits as drama. The critics agreed with their London colleagues in pointing out that the play is not as well constructed a piece of dramatic work as one has a right to expect from Pinero, but its appeal to theatergoers there is no denying. What though the second act is largely composed of scrap material intended to set forth the low estate of Gaiety girls, rather than to set forward the plot? So long as your playgoers are entertained, few of them will complain that the playwright is wandering from his theme.

This theme, briefly, is the story of a greengrocer's daughter who makes a hit by her rendition of a song, "Mind the Paint," and rises to be principal girl at the Pandora Theater—Pinero for the London Gaiety. A certain *Captain Jeyes* has been dangling at her heels for six years, and has dropped out of the army and ruined his chances in life because of her. She tells him that she will not hear of an engagement until he gets work to do, but he continues weakly to eat out his heart and live on his relatives.

A few days before the curtain rises, *Lily* meets young *Viscount Farncombe*—played by William Raymond as if he were the gentleman he is, and not the stage cad so many actors make of the British lord. For the first time in her life, *Lily's* heart is really touched. *Farncombe* proposes marriage, but she refuses him, declaring that it is not right for him to marry a girl as common as she is, and that she will not "draw him into her net." At this instant *Jeyes* appears upon the scene, and, finding *Farncombe* with her, turns upon the girl in fury at what he considers her duplicity. He tells the young peer how she has ruined his life. *Lily* at first retorts hotly, but when *Jeyes* is about to take his final departure

she relents. In a burst of penitence she says that she had not realized the wrong she has done the captain, and that she will marry him as soon as he likes. *Jeyes* and *Farncombe* go away together, but reappear in company the next day, when the captain hands *Lily* over to his rival, saying that he will not accept the sacrifice she offers, but is going out to Rhodesia to start life anew.

It is not to be denied that this conclusion is a sop to those who clamor for the happy ending. If Pinero's original intention was to sound a warning against the entangling alliances of the peerage and the musical comedy stage, he seems to have abandoned it. His play is consistent neither as tract nor as drama; but it is absorbingly interesting as entertainment.

I can well imagine George Edwardes, of the London Gaiety, frothing at the mouth on beholding his personal peculiarities lampooned in *Carlton Smythe*, the Pandora's manager, who declares no fewer than six times in five minutes that he must be off to wash his hands. It is in little touches like this that you can see Pinero meant his stings to hurt. In New York Louis Massen succeeds in looking like the man who controls three London theaters where musical comedy flourishes—the Gaiety, Daly's, and the Adelphi. His "principal girls" have been providing wives for the House of Lords for some time. In 1902, just before the erection of the present Gaiety, I find the London *Sketch* remarking:

Moreover, cannot the old Gaiety claim to have supplied brides to the peerage? One of the earliest of these was Miss Connie Gilchrist, now Countess of Orkney, and one of the latest was Miss Rosie Boote, now Marchioness of Headfort.

It is a coincidence that just as *Lily Parradell* made her hit with a particular song—"Mind the Paint," so Billie Burke scored heavily in "The School Girl" by her singing of "My Little Canoe," in London, back in 1903, some years before she became leading woman for John Drew here.

#### "WITHIN THE LAW" A THRILLER

The police troubles in New York certainly play right into the managers' pockets. Points in "Officer 666" that used to get no laugh now evoke roars; and here is "Within the Law," a play that its author, Bayard Veiller, has been trying to place for years, turning up as very nearly the one best bet of the season.

"Within the Law" was first produced by William A. Brady in Chicago, early last April, but Mr. Brady had no great faith in the thing, and is said to have sold out all his rights for ten thousand dollars. With the exception of William B. Mack, the cast at that time was altogether different, Emily Stevens playing the lead and Suzanne Willa the slangy *Aggie*—two rôles which, in the hands of Jane Cowl and Florence Nash respectively, win high approval from the audiences at the Eltinge Theater in New York.

Here, by the way, is a new feather for Mr. Veiller's cap. He has lifted the hoodoo that appears to have rested over all the new metropolitan theaters for some years past. Almost invariably they have opened with a failure. There was the New Amsterdam, with Nat Goodwin as *Bottom* in "Midsummer Night's Dream"; the Astor, with Annie Russell as *Puck* in the same play; Maxine Elliott's, with "The Chaperon"; the Thirty-Ninth Street Theater, with "Little Eyolf"; the Playhouse, with Grace George in "Sauce for the Goose"; the Fulton, with "The Cave Man"; the Forty-Eighth Street Theater, with "Just Like John"; the New Theater, with Sothorn and Marlowe's revival of "Antony and Cleopatra"; and the Stuyvesant, with the most frayed leaf in the Belasco garland of triumphs, "The Grand Army Man."

As to "Within the Law," I should not be surprised to learn that the managers eschewed it in manuscript form because no explanation is given of how *Mary Turner*, a poor girl in a department-store, convicted of a theft she did not commit, and sent to prison for three years, turns up in the second act, four years later, not only clothed in fine garments, but engaged to the son of the man who sent her to jail. It is thus that she revenges herself upon his father. As it happens, the audience doesn't seem to care about the intervening twelvemonth, and is quite ready to be absorbed in *Mary's* playing of her cards after she has them all in her hand. Thus is another managerial tradition shattered—that of requiring a play to be consecutive in action, with no long gaps between the acts.

The motif of the piece is *Mary's* determination to revenge herself for what she has suffered by preying upon society, but always within the law. How she does this is sufficiently and entertainingly shown in an episode involving a scheme of blackmail

for breach of promise. The last two of the four acts, however, are responsible for the play's success, packed as they are with action and unexpected twists. The rays of a sky-scraper's search-light sweeping unexpectedly across the floor, and exposing the dead man lying there to the police inspector just as he has decided everything is all right, give the audience a novel and yet perfectly plausible thrill.

Again, as in "The Gamblers," Jane Cowl scores by consistently refraining from overacting where there are constant temptations to do so. Orme Caldara, who was first brought to the notice of Broadway in an entirely different sort of play—"The Round-Up"—is a splendid representative of the fellow whom love transforms from an idler into a man with determined purpose.

#### TWO NODDING HOMERS

It is becoming evident that of late years fortune and Frohman do not play in the same yard, so far as Augustus Thomas is concerned. It is growing positively uncanny to watch "C. F." picking the failures in the Thomas output—each time, too, after the playwright has had a smashing hit with another management. To break the hoodoo it is up to Charles Frohman to place Mr. Thomas under contract at once for his next play, following hard on the heels of "The Model," which lasted in New York just three weeks and a night.

Augustus Thomas is the leading American playwright. There is no man in the profession who can turn out finer, stronger, more finished work, as his "Arizona," "The Witching Hour," and "As a Man Thinks" abundantly demonstrate. I should not be at all surprised to learn that he drafted "The Model" years ago, long before "The Music Master" was brought out; for it can be only a coincidence that both plays contain professional men of foreign birth who find long-lost daughters in America.

In the Charles Klein play for Warfield, comedy and pathos alternated with telling effect. In "The Model," Mr. Thomas's chief aim has been to set before his audience the unpleasant spectacle of a father urging a young artist, for his work's sake, to do as they do in France—make a mistress rather than a wife of the model whom he loves, and who is the daughter of the man giving the advice, although her father does not know it at the time.

But Mr. Thomas was not the only successful dramatist to come a cropper in September. Between Edward Knoblauch's two big winners—"Kismet" and "Milestones"—he permitted Lewis Waller to show us "Discovering America," which, I understand, he wrote at white heat last summer. How Mr. Waller could see anything in a play that requires him to cut such a 'sorry figure I fail to understand. Imagine *Beaucaire* sitting on the floor in a cheap Forty-Fifth Street boarding-house, eating ice-cream out of a pasteboard box! On top of this he engages in the button business with a woman partner, with whom he proceeds to fall in love, though he is plighted to a princess in Italy—who, by the way, is married to another man. The husband's existence no doubt makes him feel safe; but when that individual dies, the princess takes ship for Manhattan, carries *Peter* off to luncheon, and subsequently back to her castle near Rome, where he is only saved from marriage by the church's delay in granting permission for her to wed a Protestant.

No, no, Mr. Knoblauch, this won't do at all! How on earth Mr. Waller ever thought it would be one of the mysteries that creep into every theatrical season. Its life on the boards was measured by the time required to rehearse a revival of Shakespeare's "Henry V," a production that Lewis Waller has had in mind to make at Daly's ever since he took the theater last winter.

#### A SEA CHANGE FOR "MILESTONES"

In September I told you what I thought of "Milestones" in London. In last month's magazine we printed the play complete; and now it is time to report on the New York performance.

To my notion, Leslie Faber, as *John Rhead*, who appears in all three acts as the central figure of the story, is even better than Dennis Eadie, the creator of the part on the other side. He is wonderfully successful in simulating the portliness of middle age for the 1885 period, and equally adroit in his byplay and characterization throughout. Mr. Faber, who is a son-in-law of Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, has acted here before with Ethel Barrymore and in other of the Charles Frohman companies.

Miss Auriol Lee excited universal admiration for her *Gertrude*, the old maid who always regrets the mistake of her

youth in throwing over the one man she loved. Miss Gillian Scaife brings to *Rose* just the proper measure of sweetness, and the bit that falls to Douglas Imbert as the young *Lord Monkhurst*, in the last act, stands out with cameolike distinctness.

Most of the New York critics agreed that not until the final act does the play reach the high expectations that had been aroused. By the way, I may tell one of the reviewers that "Juanita" was sung by *Gertrude* off-stage in London, just as it is here. He appeared to think otherwise.

After all, it was the public rather than the critics that made the hit of the piece at the Royalty, where it has been running steadily to overflowing houses since March 5. And it is the public in New York, in Chicago, and after that wherever the piece is presented, that is going to take this play of "Milestones" to its heart, as it deserves to be taken. More than any other drama within memory does it obey the master dramatist's behest, and hold the mirror up to nature in the way of giving every man or woman a glimpse of himself or herself. Whether it be in the crinoline period of 1860 or the sheath-gown stage of 1912, the impetuosity of youth, the harshness of age, never go out of fashion in their eternal conflict. And any play that throbs throughout with what is wholly human can scarcely fail of an audience.

#### PIE FOR THE CRITICS

In the same week that brought the first American presentation of "Milestones" came New York's introduction to "Fanny's First Play," the unsigned Bernard Shaw *tour d'esprit*, about which, as done in London, there was also comment in this place two months since. Again, as in "Milestones," and most properly, we have a wholly English company. Only one individual is drawn from the original cast—Lionel Pape as *Flawner Bannel*, supposedly the dramatic critic who writes for the *London Daily Mail*. The new cast is admirable, however, and the play is just suited to the intimate atmosphere of the tiny Comedy Theater.

As there is so much in it about the men who write notices of plays, it will be of interest to record what the New York reviewers thought of this feature. To Alan Dale it seemed "simply lovely." He added:

Just the same, it should go with the general public, as it has done in London. To "get"



critics—talk about 'em. They are only human, after all!

"When Shaw abuses the critics on more general grounds," said Mr. Klauber in the *Times*, "he is providing easy humor for everybody, for of course everybody knows all about the critics, and it will be no news that they 'come cheaper than the actors.'"

Before quoting what Burns Mantle, of the *Evening Mail*, observed, I should explain that Granville Barker produced the piece. Thus, then, Mr. Mantle:

It pokes good-natured fun at dramatic critics and the hybrid kind of criticism dramatic critics write. In the epilogue, the critics disagree, of course; but they disagree wittily. One refuses to express an opinion of the play's merits until he knows the name of the author. Another suspects that because of its melodramatic buncombe it must have been written by Granville Barker. A third thinks there is much of the egotistical Shaw in it. But none can tell whether it is a good play or a bad play.

#### MASON'S BEST IN BERNSTEIN'S WORST

A very bad play with immense possibilities—such is "The Attack," by Henry Bernstein. It serves John Mason well in so far as it affords him opportunities for some of the finest acting in his career.

It has become the fashion to talk of the Bernard Shaw plays as "conversations." In "The Attack," Bernstein goes a step farther, and for twelve minutes in the last act gives us a monologue. So far as the United States is concerned, the plot is a hopeless mess of French politics. Over and above this, the thing appears to have been carelessly written, as if Bernstein threw it together in hot haste after his "Après Moi" was practically hooted off the stage in Paris some two years ago. There is none of the finesse in maneuvering situations which he displayed in "The Thief," and the long arm of coincidence is shamefully overworked.

But Mr. Mason has never done better acting than as the high light among French statesmen who is suddenly called on to face the penalty of an error which he committed thirty years before, and for which he has atoned as few men would think it necessary to do. To see how much he can tell you by the mere altering of his facial expression, by the movement of his head, by the lift of his hand, is worth sitting through even a duller play than "The Attack" to witness. When you have heard him recite

to the woman he loves the story of his youth, you are amazed to realize that it took him twelve minutes to do it, so much variety and charm of intonation does he throw into the narrative.

Mr. Mason has a good listener, too, in a new leading woman—from Sweden I believe—Martha Hedman. Miss Hedman has just sufficient trace of foreign accent to lend added charm to the girl whom *Merital* has picked out for his son, but who tells him that it is he himself she loves.

#### A COUPLE OF MUSICAL HITS

Not because of its waltz up and down a stairway, but rather in spite of that feature, has Franz Lehar's "Count of Luxembourg" achieved a hit in New York. The story is coherent, the fun reasonable, and the music attractive. Add to this a cast that is for the most part eminently capable, and you have good reasons for the size of the audiences that are crowding into the New Amsterdam.

Great praise has gone to Ann Swinburne, as the heroine whom the count marries from the other side of a screen merely that she may get a divorce from him in three months, and, equipped with a title, be able to marry a grand duke. Miss Swinburne was *An-nabel* in the revival of "Robin Hood" last spring. She can act as well as sing, is pleasant to look upon, and bears all the honors so suddenly thrust upon her with a modesty that is as engaging as her artistry.

Frank Moulan, as the grand duke, is funny in his pirouette style, and Fred Walton, who I suppose will always be remembered for his *Tin Soldier*, helps along the merriment.

George Leon Moore, as the artist-count, is something new in stage tenors, and Latin Quarter painters as well. He has neither the self-assurance of the one, nor does he wear the flowing ties of the other. He sings nicely, but is perceptibly afraid of that staircase waltz, which, after all, is more difficult for Miss Swinburne to negotiate, cramped in her sheath gown, than for him. The nervousness of the dancers imparts itself to the spectators, who breathe a sigh of relief when the ascent and the descent of the palace steps have been safely accomplished.

Another musical play, new to Broadway, is "My Best Girl," inaugurating Clifton Crawford's career as a star. While the piece does not give him as many good op-

portunities as did "The Quaker Girl" of last season, nor measure up in workmanship with "The Red Widow," with which the same men—Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf—provided Raymond Hitchcock, there are several numbers in "My Best Girl" which excel in effectiveness anything contained in either of these other shows.

To specify, a quartet in the first act, "Love and the Automobile," is one of the cleverest things of the sort I have ever heard, and in the same act a duet for Mr. Crawford and Rita Stanwood, "I Do Like Your Eyes," has an alluring lilt. Capitally managed, too, in the second act is the ensemble number called "Howdy Do"; and close on its heels comes a double octet, "The Missionary Maids," which, while not being at all similar, runs the ever memorable "Florodora" affair a close second in rhythmic enticement. Another duet, "Come Take a Dance With Me," is thoroughly enjoyable, while "Soft Shoes," a skating skit for Harriet Burt and Edwin Nicander, has real novelty in its manner of presentment.

Refreshing newness, too, is there in the scenery of the piece, for instead of the inevitable Paris or the too familiar tropical isle, "My Best Girl" is played against these three backgrounds—an automobile salesroom, Colonel's Row on Governor's Island, and a suburban inn as it appears in December, with tobogganing the sport of the hour.

Mr. Crawford is his own inimitable self. He also wrote the music, in collaboration with Augustus Barratt, who conducted the orchestra for "The Quaker Girl."

#### ANOTHER COHAN MILESTONE

It is because George M. Cohan has such a large-sized respect for the intelligence of his audiences that he has been so universally successful with his plays. He realizes that people at the theater love to put two and two together from a hint dropped by the playwright and mentally pat themselves on the back for their perspicacity. He deals with types that are so essentially natural and every-day that even the lift of an eyebrow on the part of one of his characters "gets across" where a whole speech from some "highbrow" dramatist would drop still-born into the footlight trough.

In his latest offering, "Broadway Jones," Mr. Cohan is at his best in the first act, which is a complete playlet in itself. With the average writer, this would be fatal to an

evening's enjoyment, but the Cohan types are so human and interesting that we are all anxious to find out what they will do next, even if, from the very nature of things, their acts are not likely to be of a very exciting description.

Jonesville, Connecticut, a typical country town, is shown up in all its placid repose, with the drug-store the most bustling center and the Grand Hotel a haunt of horrors. Young Jones returns thither, after five years of high-flying on Broadway, and takes up the management of his late father's chewing-gum factory. He refuses to sell out to the trust and thereby throw seven hundred employees out of work.

Cohan's father and mother, Jerry J. and Mrs. Helen F., as *Judge* and *Mrs. Spotswood*, help much in the realism of the small-town touches. Myrtle Tannehill supplies a minor thread of love in the person of the factory's cashier. George Parsons is Jones's friend of the Empire Advertising Company, who compels him to leave Broadway for his own good. Ada Gilman couldn't be improved upon as the wealthy widow, whose matrimonial clutches Jones just manages to escape. Cohan himself is at his best in this straight comedy of his, which, to his great joy, has won the public without a single song or a dance-step to boost it along.

#### A FAR CRY FROM "BUNTY"

The reading of a chapter from the Bible, and its soporific effect upon the listeners on the stage, cause more amusement in the audience and have aroused more favorable comment among the reviewers than anything else in "A Scrape o' the Pen." Such being the case, it may readily be inferred that this Scottish comedy would never have been presented as a three-act play had not its author, Graham Moffat, scored his phenomenal hit with "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Its story is thin almost to the vanishing-point. Its types are by no means so sharply drawn or so easily apprehended as those of the other piece.

The passage in Scripture aforesaid is one of the so-called "begat" chapters in Chronicles. It is a barren list of names, most of which are difficult to pronounce, but which *Mattha Inglis* insists on reading, as it is his custom to go through the Bible, word for word, from beginning to end, apportioning a chapter to each evening.

Matthew White, Jr.

# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF  
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

## AS TO REAL-ESTATE BONDS

RECENT developments in the affairs of the New York Central Realty Company, leading to the indictment of four former officials of the concern, give added force to the efforts made last winter by the New York State banking superintendent, and others, for a closer supervision over companies engaged in selling "profit-sharing savings bonds" and other more or less weird securities based—or purporting to be based—upon real estate.

The object of the movement is the prevention of misleading and fraudulent transactions on the part of various real-estate companies, which, under the pretense of offering high-grade investments, have been selling debenture issues and mere promissory notes, wholly unsecured, to unsuspecting and inexperienced persons.

When properly issued by companies of undoubted integrity, long experience, and expert knowledge of real estate, a debenture bond based upon improved and income-bearing real estate is not an undesirable security for a business man, or for any person who may wisely assume a limited risk. As has often been pointed out, what these bonds lack in marketability they make up in a larger income-yield. But the great danger in such securities lies in the fact that many irresponsible companies have entered the field, tempted by the success of concerns of high integrity. Among the new companies are some which have grossly inflated their assets, which have misrepresented their issues, and which use the money obtained from the sale of bonds for wild speculation in suburban real estate.

In the whole range of strict investment there is no better security than a direct first mortgage on improved real estate, or a guaranteed mortgage bond or certificate on such property; but this implies that all the manifold details connected with a real-

estate mortgage have been carefully attended to, and that there remains in the property a substantial margin of safety over the face of the mortgage indebtedness.

Upon the other hand, there is nothing more perilous in the way of speculation than unimproved or partially developed suburban property; and unsecured bonds based on supposed equities in such lots and plots participate in all the uncertainties of such speculation. If the expected development fails to materialize, the investor's so-called profit-sharing or accumulative bond, or whatever else it may be called, is likely to prove about as valuable as the paper on which it is printed.

Great as are the risks when an investor's money is employed in honestly intentioned projects for the upbuilding of suburban tracts, they are, of course, immeasurably greater if he associates himself with a concern pursuing the methods of exploitation employed by the New York Central Realty Company.

We have already mentioned the failure of this concern, which occurred several months ago. Shortly before it passed into receivers' hands it published a balance-sheet showing total assets of \$2,763,587, liabilities of \$1,298,999, and unimpaired capital and surplus of \$1,468,588. It had sold various types of bonds, or near-bonds, to the amount of a million dollars, to some twelve hundred inexperienced investors. Ever since the failure, the receivers, a committee of unfortunate bondholders, and latterly the postal inspectors, have been investigating the concern and trying to locate its assets. All they have been able to discover is about seventy thousand dollars' worth of property, and that is why four former officials are under indictment.

The manner in which the New York Central Realty Company ballooned its assets is a liberal education to those who would know how a concern pretending to

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of September.

sell investment securities gambles in undeveloped suburban real estate. Of course, a company must have a little capital, and, at some stage in its career, it must secure some property. Whether it starts to sell its so-called bonds before it acquires property, or afterward, does not make much difference. It does not have to own the property outright, and the amount of the mortgage it assumes makes no difference, for the investor is not buying a mortgage bond. He is simply exchanging his money for the promissory note of a company engaged in a speculative enterprise.

The New York Central Realty Company started in 1903 with a capital of six thousand dollars. It advertised in a way that brought grist to the mill. It represented its bonds to be safe and sound, a more advantageous form of investment than a savings-bank, and vastly better than a life-insurance policy. If a minister or a wage-worker or a sailor wanted a competence for his old age, he was urged to buy an "accumulative bond," whereby, in return for \$715.70 paid in ten instalments, the purchaser, foregoing interest in the interim, was to receive a thousand-dollar bond at the end of ten years; or a similar arrangement could be made covering a period of fifteen years. By no stretch of the imagination could this contract or agreement be termed a bond, in the sense in which the term applies to an investment security; but this form was strongly recommended to persons who might wish to provide a college education for a minor son.

In 1906 the Central Realty Company increased its capital to two hundred thousand dollars. It is said that at the time it had property fully worth that amount, for some of its earlier speculations were successful. Later on it embarked in a wide variety of schemes in apartment-houses, lots in New York and Brooklyn, tracts in Westchester County, meadow lands along the Hackensack River, property along the Shrewsbury in New Jersey, and elsewhere. Many of its operations were carried on through subsidiaries, and that was the accepted method by which a tract of land bought for a trifle was turned and twisted about until it formed the basis for hundreds of thousands in bonds, which were sold as investment securities.

One of the earliest of these transactions was a tract at a place called Woodfern, New Jersey, about fifty miles from New

York. The property was acquired for approximately \$35,000, but this was not all paid in cash. A part of the consideration was a steam-yacht, which bore the very significant name of *Buccaneer*. This was traded in, and the ancient craft, which is said to have had a war record, helped to make possible the acquisition of property which, with various manipulations of the subsidiaries, furnished the basis for a mortgage of \$498,000 and abundant bonds for unsuspecting investors.

Another picturesque transaction was carried out in 1909, when the Tuckahoe Lime and Lumber Company, a subsidiary, took title to a tract near Rye, New York, known as Ryesdale Acres. The property was purchased for \$10,000 in cash and \$5,000 in New York Central Realty bonds, but the land was subject to a first mortgage of \$150,000. The Tuckahoe company sold the property to the Realty Company, adding \$200,000 for profit, establishing a cost price of \$365,000 for the tract, and thus furnishing abundant "equities" for a large issue of bonds.

It has also been disclosed that tax titles to a section of the Hackensack meadows, purchased for \$1,500, were afterward mortgaged for \$350,000, though this property was withdrawn from the company at a later date.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied many times, but a sufficient number of typical cases have been cited to show how the company was able to inflate its assets to millions, and thus deceive inexperienced investors into believing that adequate security underlay the bonds, when the real-estate valuation was so grossly padded that practically no equity whatever remains for bondholders. But of course this does not explain an alleged audit of the company's books by a certified accountant, attesting to the correctness of its balance-sheet, or an alleged appraisal of its property by alleged experts, certifying that the valuations were "conservatively estimated."

Such shocking disclosures carry their own moral, which is that no one should buy securities blindly, no matter what they are. In respect to real-estate bonds, investors must take into careful consideration the conservatism of management of the company offering them, the length of time the concern has been operating, and the character of the property it is handling, which should be income-producing. Of course, its



books should be independently audited by certified accountants of the highest character, and its property should be valued and appraised by an independent board of real-estate experts. Unless the investor is convinced that the company is favorably situated in these respects, he is likely to find out that the supposed equities underlying his bonds, as in the case mentioned, are fictitious.

There is great need for caution in this matter, for the New York Central Realty Company is not the only concern in or near New York which has sold promissory notes or bonds against property in which it was speculating, and the values of which have been inflated. In fact, this is the common practise with many of the new concerns engaged in that line of business.

For instance, when the subject was investigated at Albany, last winter, in connection with the project for a more rigid supervision over real-estate concerns, it was found that one company has issued \$1,300,000 of these bonds, purporting to be secured by real estate, which at its own valuation is only appraised at \$440,000. This appraisal is obviously erroneous, and probably intentionally so. The company's report showed an annual expenditure for taxes of \$600, which, at the New York rate of \$1.72 a hundred, would represent real-estate holdings of less than \$5,000.

Another company makes up its annual profits by resolutions of the board of directors, increasing the value of its real-estate holdings on the books. The last increase was \$42,000. Against this were set off the running charges, leaving an apparent profit of about \$25,000, in which the innocent bondholders are supposed to share. This would give them a dividend of about twenty per cent, but none of them are likely to live long enough to draw it. In the mean time they keep on paying their five dollars a week.

Unless this method of high finance is checked at once, the people who have been misled into buying these bonds are likely to lose their entire investment.

#### HOW TO GET CAPITAL

FROM a correspondent in Boston we have received a letter upon a subject which is of pregnant interest to many people—the procurement of capital for a small or moderate-sized business. It

is a topic which has been discussed in connection with the investigation of the so-called money trust, in consequence of the oft-repeated complaint of financial unfriendliness toward "little people." The letter is as follows:

What, in your judgment, is the best way to proceed in obtaining capital for a manufacturing proposition? The case briefly is that of a company incorporated for one hundred thousand dollars, fully paid in, in cash. It has been running for four years without paying dividends. I have recently bought out two stockholders for half what they paid for their stock, and I can buy the balance, if I can raise the cash to pay for it and to provide sufficient working capital.

It is a business I know thoroughly, and with adequate working capital it would make good handsomely. What is the best way to get the capital?

It is obviously impossible for us to assist a correspondent in obtaining capital for an enterprise the character and earning capacity of which is unknown to us. The concern, as our correspondent states, may lack nothing but sufficient working capital "to make good handsomely"; but we have only his word or opinion on that point. It seems to us that a company which in four years has paid no dividends, and from which shareholders are willing to sell out for half of their original subscription, shows a low vitality.

How a man should proceed to procure capital, or additional capital, for an undertaking, is essentially a matter for him to determine individually. He is not likely to get very far, however, with an enterprise which has been in existence for some years unless he is able to show a balance-sheet, a satisfactory inventory, and an income account. If the business is established, if it is profitable, and if the owner can demonstrate that it can be made more profitable, it should not be a very difficult matter for an active, capable, and thoroughly responsible man to obtain additional capital.

The men at the head of an established manufacturing enterprise must buy material from one group of men, must sell to others, and must have dealings with banks. This should suggest to our Boston correspondent, if he has stated his case fairly, a method of procuring capital. He should take up the proposition with his bank, or with his business associates and friends. His bank may be able to bring him in touch



with some one willing to invest money and engage in business with him.

Our correspondent's question suggests some general observations, which may or may not apply to this particular case.

Many business men want to get ahead too fast. We rather suspect that our correspondent belongs to this class, for he seems to have obligated himself heavily already, and to be ready to assume even heavier burdens in purchasing stock, if he can raise the money to pay for it, and provide much-needed working capital for the business.

It is only natural that a man should desire to progress, but there is an unfortunate tendency upon the part of men engaged in small or moderate-sized undertakings to strive to develop too rapidly, and to seek to become rich too soon. Too many men are not content with the old, safe methods of building up a business—husbanding their resources, increasing their capital from earnings, limiting the use of their credit, and conforming their operations to what they can perform without straining their resources.

The tendency is toward the excessive use of credit. It keeps the small merchant and manufacturer, who would do too large a business for his capital, continually in the hands of the note-brokers and the money-lenders.

No doubt it is vexatious for a business man to turn orders aside, and lose additional profits, for lack of capital or facilities which would enable him to buy or manufacture the merchandise and accept the business. When trade is active, and credit is readily available and cheap, there is ever the temptation to employ it largely, and even excessively.

So long as prosperous conditions last, the heavy use of credit to supply a deficiency of working capital and accumulated surplus may result to the advantage of the merchant; but when a turn comes in the course of business affairs, it is a different story. Then the man who has tried to do too large a business for his capital may find himself embarrassed by obligations for merchandise or raw material purchased, indebted to the banks for loans, and possibly also to builders and contractors for a new or enlarged plant and equipment.

That story was told repeatedly during the panic of 1907, as it has been told many times before and since, and as it will be told many times in the future. In such a

position, a man may pull through, or he may not; it all depends on circumstances. Whatever the outcome, if he is an honest man, his experiences are likely to be harrowing.

If, in all commercial history, one feature stands out more clearly than another, it is that the great business enterprises have started in a small and humble way, and have achieved their conspicuous success by the slow process of development, through economical and efficient management and the gradual accumulation of capital through surplus. In their later development, no doubt, they have been extensive users of credit; but they have employed it judiciously, and have not overburdened themselves with debt.

If the contrary were the case, it would be impossible for promoters of dubious enterprises, in their efforts to sell shares, to conjure with the names of conspicuous corporations, for these could not have attained their success.

We find a growing disposition upon the part of small manufacturers and traders to quarrel with financial institutions for limiting their credit. Men with patents, and schemes, and all sorts of enterprises, are continually telling us of the difficulties they experience in obtaining capital to launch their undertakings on some wonderful money-making career. They write and talk as if the procurement of capital and the borrowing of money were inalienable rights, which are denied to them through some great capitalistic conspiracy. The difficulty of obtaining capital is cited as a fruitful reason why some propositions possessing merit find their way into the hands of "fiscal agents," where they are certain to die a horning, through faulty promotion methods.

One can but pity these men. It is clear that they are obsessed by the idea of making their fortunes all at once. They have, of course, no inherent right to borrow money for their undeveloped enterprises. If they can secure it, well and good; but that is a matter which rests wholly with themselves, with the merits of their propositions, and with the manner in which they present those propositions to others. Some men succeed and some men fail in their endeavors, and the outcome seems more a matter of destiny than anything else.

There would be a greater chance of success, however, if the small merchants and

manufacturers and promoters would be content to begin in a small way, and develop slowly and safely. By so doing they may demonstrate the soundness and money-ma-

king quality of their undertakings. They may rest assured that when that has been accomplished, capital will be available and credit freely accorded.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### GOOD RAILROAD BONDS

Please name a few good railway bonds selling at or below par, yielding five per cent, which are suitable for a woman's investment.

A. B., Leighton, Pa.

Will you kindly publish in your financial department a list of four high-class railway bonds? I have \$2,000 which I would like to invest in two high-class bonds yielding five per cent, if it is possible to get that interest and have a gilt-edged security. If not, kindly give me a list of bonds yielding the highest rate commensurate with an absolutely safe investment.

Mrs. E. H., Kansas City, Mo.

I have \$3,000 for investment purposes. Would you advise purchasing securities at the present time? If not, when? I want to obtain a good income—if possible, at least five per cent—and at the same time have ample security for the principal.

S. P. V. W., Washington, D. C.

The above letters are grouped for consideration because the writers, in each instance, indicate a desire to obtain an interest rate of five per cent.

An expectation of five per cent from an investment, with a high degree of safety, is not unreasonable. If one is disposed to forego something of the element of ready marketability, and purchases a real-estate mortgage or mortgage bond, a public-service corporation bond, or some other form of security, a rate somewhat higher may be obtained without undue risk; but it still remains true, as it always will, that an investment cannot offer at one and the same time a high degree of every desirable feature, and a big income yield.

Of the above letters, the most puzzling to answer is the first, for our correspondent not only specifies an interest rate of five per cent, but limits the choice of securities to "railway bonds, selling at or below par," and then adds the most difficult requirement of all—they must be, "suitable for a woman's investment." No more delicate question is ever put to a bond-dealer or a financial writer than this—how shall a woman invest money?

To return a proper answer, of course, one should know all about the inquirer and her circumstances. Is she young or advanced in years? Is she married or single? Is she affluent or poor? Is she a widow with children dependent upon her for support?

Our correspondent does not state her position in life, and does not indicate the amount of money she has to invest. A question inherently difficult is rendered even more difficult to answer by our lack of information on these essential particulars. This we will en-

deavor to illustrate through the following selected list of railway bonds with their approximate present price and income yield:

### GILT-EDGED BONDS—TRUSTEE INVESTMENTS

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, general mortgage 4s, due 1958; price, about 96; income yield, about 4.20 per cent.

Illinois Central, refunding 4s, due 1955; price, about 96; income yield, about 4.20 per cent.

Southern Pacific, first refunding 4s, due 1955; price, about 95; income yield, about 4.25 per cent.

Delaware and Hudson, first and refunding 4s, due 1943; price, about 98; income yield, about 4.12 per cent.

### SAFE, HIGH-GRADE SECURITIES

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, adjustment 4s, due 1995; price, about 91; income yield, about 4.40 per cent.

Atlantic Coast Line, collateral trust (Louisville and Nashville) 4s, due 1952; price, about 94; income yield, about 4.32 per cent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (Great Northern and Northern Pacific) joint 4s, due 1921; price, about 96; income yield, about 4.48 per cent.

Southern Pacific, collateral trust 4s, due 1949; price, about 91; income yield, about 4.51 per cent.

### GOOD BONDS YIELDING FIVE PER CENT OR MORE

St. Louis Southwestern, consolidated 4s, due 1932; price, about 80½; income yield, about 5.60 per cent.

Seaboard Air Line, refunding 4s, due 1959; price, about 79; income yield, about 5.20 per cent.

Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis, guaranteed refunding 4s, due 1936; price, about 79; income yield, about 5.55 per cent.

Macon, Dublin and Savannah, first guaranteed 5s, due 1947; price, about 100; income yield, 5 per cent.

Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio, first 5s, due 1938; price, about 100½; income yield, about 5 per cent.

Third Avenue Railway, first refunding 4s of 1960; price, about 82; income yield, about 5 per cent.

We believe the bonds netting five per cent or more in the above list to be well secured and reasonably safe issues. With the exception of Macon, Dublin and Savannah first five-per-cents, guaranteed principal and interest by the Seaboard Air Line, and Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio, which is a subordinate of the important Cumberland Company, they are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. We believe their position will improve; but they do not fall within the class described as "gilt-edged" bonds, and we do not believe that a woman should invest all her money in such bonds, if she is dependent solely upon her investments for her living, or if she has any

one—particularly young children—dependent upon her.

No investor should place all his money at risk, even if the risk be slight. Some portion of it should be placed in securities of a very high class, where the hazards are brought down to an "irreducible minimum." That, in the case of railway bonds, is attained through issues which are legal for savings-banks and trust funds in New York and the principal New England States.

Four typical bonds of this class are mentioned in the first part of the above list. Few such bonds give a yield of more than four and one-quarter per cent.

Another group of four bonds, designated as "safe, high-grade securities," are issues which do not quite conform to the requirements of a savings-bank investment in most States. They give a somewhat higher yield than "legals," or bonds generally available for trustee and savings-bank investments.

The safest plan for a woman who desires five per cent from railway bonds, or from any other class of securities, is to diversify her investment. A fund of ten thousand dollars, for instance, spread over five different railway issues, returning from four and one-quarter to five and one-half per cent, would give an average income yield of very nearly five per cent. The same principle can be applied on some different basis, and by including investments of other classes the full five per cent might be obtained.

By using bonds of one-hundred-dollar or five-hundred-dollar denomination, the diversification of an investment may be applied to very small funds. It is infinitely safer, whether one is laying out a large or a small amount of money, to distribute it over numerous issues. Under no circumstances, simply to obtain a high rate, should every penny of it be placed at a risk.

Our Kansas City and Washington correspondents, whose letters appear above, will find most of their questions answered in these comments on the letter of "A. B.," and in the list of securities published above. A strict interpretation of "an absolutely safe investment," which Mrs. E. H. desires, implies an investment in bonds of savings-bank standard. Unless one is administering a trust fund, however, one can exercise greater latitude than this, and still keep within the limits of safety, in the usual acceptance of the term.

Our other correspondent wants to know if he should buy securities "at the present time, or when?" We believe that the time to purchase bonds is when one has the money to pay for them, and that very little is to be gained, ordinarily, by holding off in hope of obtaining an advantage through some temporary depression.

Of course, we cannot foretell fluctuations

in price; but in making an investment, price and income yield should always be subordinate to safety. The best bonds the country affords are on a very attractive basis now—lower than they have been in years. Even should they decline a trifle further, we do not believe that an investor, five or ten years hence, will regret having bought well-secured issues at this level.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the bonds indicated have been selected merely for the purpose of illustration. Railway bonds have been used because our correspondents mention such issues. There are countless other bonds of the classes roughly outlined in the groupings used above, and there are many other securities, aside from railway issues, which are worthy of consideration.

We suggest that these correspondents should write to responsible bond-dealers for their investment offerings, among which it may perhaps be possible for them to find more attractive issues than those that we have mentioned.

#### "GOOD-WILL," AS AN ASSET

In the balance-sheets of many recently formed industrial companies, good-will enters very largely as an asset, offsetting the liability of capital stock. I would like to ask if stock so issued is properly designated as watered stock? If so, as stock-watering is regarded as reprehensible, why are the shares of these companies listed upon the New York Stock Exchange?

S. H. B., Columbus, Ohio.

In every properly prepared financial statement, the assets of a corporation equal its liabilities. In consequence, when a company is capitalized in excess of actual tangible assets, fairly and honestly appraised, it is customary to make up the deficiency by entering, as "capital assets," various intangible things, such as "good-will," "trade-marks," "patents," "organization expenses," "licenses," and the like. To these are assigned, as a rule, wholly arbitrary values, in order to make the sum of all the assets balance the sum total of all the liabilities.

Stock issued against fictitious value is "watered," and in financial circles it is usual to speak of the shares of companies capitalized as outlined above as "watered stock," because it is usually impossible to fix any definite negotiable or liquidating value to such intangible items as good-will. It cannot be denied, however, that a business firm or corporation may acquire certain advantages and benefits beyond the mere value of the capital stock or funds or property employed in the enterprise, arising out of excellence of service, superiority of products, general public patronage, or other like considerations; and these properly constitute good-will.

So long as an established business continues as a going concern, a potential value attaches to good-will, but a company ordinarily cannot realize any substantial sum on an intangible

quantity. It cannot sell or mortgage it. In the event of insolvency, good-will may become "bad will" and vanish into thin air.

It is scarcely necessary to say that any company whose intangible assets form a disproportionately large part of its total assets is viewed with disfavor by conservative bankers. The shares of such concerns are avoided by prudent investors, for they are often barely more than gambling-counters.

There are numerous instances, of course, where corporations formed out of successful business enterprises have capitalized good-will and other intangible things for very large amounts, and have eventually made good; but the outcome of such financing is always uncertain. One reason for this is the fact that capitalization in excess of value often results in sales of worthless stocks and bonds to the public. Other reasons are that the payment of dividends on stock for which no cash equivalent has been paid frequently results in duplications of plants, and it limits a concern's borrowing capacity. The excessive capitalization of intangible assets has unquestionably been a fruitful source of enforced reorganizations of industrial concerns in the past, and will, no doubt, continue to bring the same evil results in the future.

In accordance with present-day business and banking practise, when an important mercantile firm desires to discount its notes at a bank, or to sell its paper, it submits a financial statement. In rare instances it may include good-will among its assets, but a merchant of wide experience leaves this item out entirely, for he is well aware that the banker will determine the question of granting the credit, or buying the paper, solely upon the basis of the actual tangible assets shown in the statement, and the earning capacity of the business.

Naturally, the banker considers the reputation of the would-be borrower, for the so-called moral hazard enters largely into all such transactions; but a bank does not loan money on good-will. It wants something more substantial than that to insure the repayment of the borrowed funds.

Consider now this same business firm converted into a stock company. If it includes good-will among its assets as an offset to its stock issue, it has capitalized, and offered for sale to the public, something which bankers hold to be inadmissible as an asset. The uninformed public may buy such shares, but is it likely that the bank officials will regard them as desirable collateral for loans? If they do, they reverse their position, and loan on the same good-will, represented by capital stock, which they cast out of their reckoning entirely when it existed in another form, perhaps only a short time before.

A typical case of this kind has been presented in a recent New York incorporation,

where a trading concern, which one year ago, as a business firm, would have had great difficulty in preparing a balance-sheet showing \$16,000,000 of tangible assets, has been capitalized for \$65,000,000 in preferred and common stock. We think the entire history of incorporations contains no like instance, where a going concern has capitalized good-will, and other intangible things, for more than three-quarters of its total assets. There are several other recent incorporations in which intangible things have been capitalized at from forty to seventy per cent of the companies' total assets.

In a large majority of cases, stock issued against good-will is properly designated as "watered stock." This is particularly true of recently formed industrials. Of course, some of the water may be absorbed, in time, by turning surplus earnings back into the business; but the future alone can determine whether the companies will maintain their earnings and float successfully on the aqueous deluge. Meanwhile, their securities may do very well as speculative counters, but we should not recommend them for the purposes of investment.

"Why," our correspondent asks, "are the shares of these companies listed upon the New York Stock Exchange?"

Personally, we do not know; but if we were limited to one guess, we should say that it was probably for the purpose of making a market and selling the stock to the public.

Whether the public buys them, is another question. The Stock Exchange is a marketplace, where one may buy securities good, bad, or indifferent, just as one may purchase tripe or porter-house steak, good cuts or bad, at a meat-market. Listing a stock on the exchange gives the public an assurance that the company was incorporated legally, and it compels the corporation to publish a financial statement annually and report its earnings. It does not guarantee that the stock is worth the price at which it sells.

The listing of stocks is a good deal like the pure-food laws. The articles are made to conform to certain standards; but the law does not say that any of them will agree with the purchaser's digestion, and some tastes will accept where others will reject them.

Furthermore, the pure-food laws require the publication of the formula of certain proprietary articles. The listing requirements of the exchange do the same. To find out whether the stock of a newly listed company has been issued against property, or against intangible assets, all that one has to do is to consult the financial statements which must accompany the application to list the shares.

Our correspondent should bear in mind that the Stock Exchange is responsible neither for the laws of States, which make stock-watering easy in this country, nor for the corporation

which takes advantage of these laws and waters its stock.

Our personal views on the subject of stock-corporation laws and watered stock have been stated over and over again. We believe that the lax statutes of certain States are disgraceful, and place a premium on dishonesty. We believe that overcapitalization is highly reprehensible, not only because it has resulted in defrauding innocent investors, but because it has been the most fruitful source of keeping alive the great hostility toward corporations which exists in many parts of this country, and which has worked and is working so harmfully.

Of course, we are familiar with the difficulties of capitalizing at value, and of the harmful effects of undercapitalization, and we recall many instances where companies capitalized excessively have made good. Nevertheless, we are in complete accord with the views expressed by the Hadley Railway Securities Commission, when it held that "it is essential that stock should be what it purports to be. If it purports to represent one hundred dollars paid in on every share, one hundred dollars should actually be paid in."

When you pause to consider it, it is atrocious that companies should be permitted, year after year, to sell shares which are stamped with a lie on their face. The stock-certificates of the newly capitalized good-will industrials represent shares of a par value of one hundred dollars, and they purport to be "full-paid and non-assessable." Yet every man familiar with finance knows that the statement is false, and that one hundred dollars has not been paid in, either in cash or in property, on these shares.

It cannot be denied that, as a result, the unsuspecting, uninstructed public, which knows nothing of the ephemeral character of good-will, and does not understand the practise of assigning fictitious values to it in incorporating enterprises, is often tricked into buying worthless stocks. The sooner the practise is done away with, and capitalization is brought as near as possible to true value, the better for the entire community.

#### HUNDRED-DOLLAR BONDS

Will you kindly advise me from whom I can purchase the hundred-dollar bonds mentioned in the August issue of *Munsey's*? Are there any firms in this city from whom they can be purchased?

R. V. H., Kansas City, Mo.

The bonds mentioned in the article to which this correspondent refers are securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Our correspondent should have no difficulty in purchasing them, however, through any of the reputable bond and investment houses in Kansas City having New York correspondents who are members of the Stock Exchange. Any bank in Kansas City should be able to supply

him with a list of such local firms, of which there are several.

If the local houses do not care to undertake the work of arranging the purchase of a listed "baby bond," which involves some trouble, for a trifling profit, our correspondent should consult the advertising section of this magazine, and communicate with the firms advertising there who specialize in small bonds and in odd or fractional lots of stock. If he is interested in the subject, and is about to make an initial investment, he will make no mistake, in any event, in studying the security offerings and literature of various bond and investment houses, and thus familiarizing himself with different classes of securities.

Many persons buy poor securities, because they do not know how simple it is to arrange for the purchase of the best bonds the country affords. The literature of our financial advertisers explains this matter in detail, and both in this and in other particulars it is of great value to one who would invest safely.

#### INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION

The question of K. L. P., Kansas City, Mo., and your reply, which appeared in the July number, in which you differentiated between "investment" and "speculation" recalled to my mind a terse definition of the terms, which I think, covers the question concisely and accurately. I am sending it herewith. What is your opinion of it?

L. F. Z., Luray, Va.

The enclosure reads as follows:

INVESTMENT	POTATOES	SPECULATION
Planting good seed in fertile soil is investment.		
	Betting on how many potatoes will be raised in a hill is speculation.	

We think this fits the case neatly. It is peculiarly applicable to farming and orchard propositions, the promoters of which always count their chickens before they are hatched—or count their apples, oranges, figs, and nuts before they are grown, which amounts to the same thing.

#### REPUDIATED STATE BONDS

I have been offered in exchange for certain real estate in Bronx Borough, New York City, first mortgage six-per-cent bonds of the Selma and Gulf Railroad Company of Alabama. The bonds are long past due, but they are guaranteed, and I am assured that they constitute a valid claim against the State of Alabama. Is that the case? If so, why is it that the bonds have not been redeemed long ago, and can I demand payment at once?

L. R., Camden, Maine.

Some years ago I advanced money to a person now dead on two thousand-dollar bonds of the State of Arkansas. They are part of the funded debt approved by the State Assembly, April 6, 1869. The bonds are dated January 1, 1870, bear six per cent interest, and are payable in thirty years. Coupon No. 5 and subsequent coupons are attached. Are these bonds worth anything now, or are they likely to be worth anything in the future?

J. B. V. G., Hackensack, N. J.

The inquiries of these correspondents recall a most unpleasant chapter in the country's



political and financial history. During the reconstruction period following the Civil War, in most of the Southern States, the so-called carpetbag governments borrowed enormous sums of money for a wide variety of purposes. With comparatively few exceptions, as soon as the commonwealths regained full control of their affairs, they defaulted on their bonds, usually upon the score that the indebtedness was irregularly or fraudulently incurred, or that the State had not received a fair price or a just equivalent for the loans.

There can be no doubt that in many instances the contentions of the defaulting States were justified by the outrageous character of the bond transactions. Some of the carpetbag governments were made up of shiftless political hacks, who engaged in scandalous jobbery, and who were working for their own pockets all the while. It has been demonstrated that in some States no record was kept of the bond issues, or one entirely false or fraudulent was made. In other cases, duplicate bonds with the same numbers were printed from the original plates, and the signatures upon both appear identical.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that many perfectly valid issues were repudiated in a spirit of retaliation, engendered by the bitterness growing out of the war. It was a method that certain Southern States adopted to punish the North. Their action entailed enormous losses on innocent investors both in this country and in Europe, and to this day the laws of many Northern States prohibit their savings-banks from buying the bonds of the defaulting States.

Few people appreciate the vast amounts involved in these debt repudiations. Indeed, the total is not known precisely, but a careful estimate made in 1884, which has been accepted as approximately correct, placed the gross sum in principal and interest, to December of that year, at more than three hundred million dollars. This was apportioned as follows:

Alabama	\$38,812,000
Arkansas	20,807,000
Florida	6,280,000
Georgia	13,580,000
Louisiana	32,115,000
Mississippi	22,600,000
North Carolina	48,350,000
South Carolina	19,500,000
Tennessee	29,850,000
Virginia and West Virginia	72,220,000

A small portion of the above liability was compromised by the issues of new bonds given in exchange for a percentage of the defaulted issues. Many of these new issues, however, were in turn repudiated.

Many of the bonds of the defaulting States have been deposited with protective committees, and occasionally some progress is made in forcing a recognition of the obligations and in recovering some portion of the debts. The

most recent instances of the kind are with the States of Virginia and West Virginia, which are in the way of a settlement of their disputed debts, after repeated efforts in that direction extending over a period of forty-five years, and with the State of Louisiana, which after thirty-three years shows a disposition to redeem about a million dollars' worth of bonds of small denomination. By far the larger portion of the huge indebtedness, however, remains unpaid and is beyond all hope of settlement.

Our correspondent L. R., who writes about the bonds of the Selma and Gulf Railway, indorsed and guaranteed by the State of Alabama, which were offered to him in exchange for his Bronx property, does not indicate the value of the property or the number of bonds offered to him. If his real estate is of small value, and the amount of the bonds offered to him is large enough, it might not be an unfair exchange, for, according to R. M. Smythe's work on "Obsolete American Securities," Alabama railway-aid bonds sell, occasionally, at from one-eighth of one per cent to one per cent of their face value, or from about a dollar to ten dollars for each thousand-dollar bond.

Practically all the repudiated bonds of Alabama were issued in aid of railways. The principal corporations whose issues were indorsed or guaranteed by the State were:

Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad.  
East Alabama and Cincinnati Railroad.  
Mobile and Alabama Grand Trunk Railroad.  
Mobile and Montgomery Railroad.  
Montgomery and Eufaula Railroad.  
Selma and Gulf Railroad.  
Selma, Marion and Memphis Railroad.  
South and North Railroad.  
Savannah and Memphis Railroad.

No less than \$17,000,000 in principal was involved in the defaults of the above companies; while later defaults on other State bonds, with accrued interest, brought the aggregate of defaulted Alabama securities up to the huge sum mentioned in 1884. A compromise settlement, involving some \$7,000,000, was made on some of the issues, but the larger portion of the indebtedness was declared invalid.

If our correspondent is anxious for further information, he might address a letter of inquiry to the Secretary of State of Alabama.

Our other correspondent, J. B. V. G., appears to hold two six-per-cent refunding bonds of Arkansas. These refunding bonds were issued in two series. One, dated July 1, 1869, and printed in blue ink, was recognized by the State as valid. The second, dated January 1, 1870, was printed in red ink. The numbers of this latter series ran from 1 to 2050. Of these Nos. 491 to 1860, both inclusive, were not recognized as valid obligations. The other numbers of this series, known as "non-Halfords," have been declared valid, but the State

of Arkansas has made no provision to pay them. Our correspondent does not mention the numbers of his bonds, and in consequence we cannot determine whether he holds an invalid bond or a valid obligation, which Arkansas recognizes but does not pay.

It is frequently a difficult matter to determine the status of the repudiated bonds of the Southern States. Writing on this feature in "Obsolete Securities," Mr. Smythe says:

The officials of some States will give no information as to the amount of repudiated bonds issued under a former régime, or else have no knowledge of such irregular issues, and receive statements to the effect that they have been issued with absolute incredulity. It is sometimes necessary to send bonds for examination to convince the officials that the said bonds ever existed; and not infrequently, even after this, the only result is a statement from them that the bonds are entirely unknown, that no record of them exists, and that no provision was ever made for their payment.

### A SPECULATIVE STOCK

Will you please give me information about American Can preferred—that is, as to the prospect of its paying off the thirty-five per cent accumulated dividends on this issue, and also anything relative to American Can common stock?

J. C. S., Boston, Mass.

I am not the seventh son of a seventh son, and am not endowed with the gift of prophecy. I am not conducting a stock-tipping bureau, and therefore I decline to guess when the American Can Company will be able to pay off the thirty-five per cent of dividends which have accumulated on the preferred issue. Upon the outstanding preferred stock, amounting to \$41,233,300, unliquidated dividends of thirty-five per cent amount to \$14,431,655. That is a large sum, and a corporation would hate to part with so much cash, if it had it—which the American Can Company has not.

Perhaps the back dividends will not be paid off in cash at all, but funded into some obligation, which the preferred shareholders may be induced to accept. Such is the prevalent Wall Street explanation to account for the advance in the common stock, within the year, from \$11.25 to \$45.75 a share.

The amount of American Can common stock outstanding is also \$41,233,300. Its recent price is regarded as exorbitant for an issue which cannot share in dividends until full seven per cent is paid on the preferred, which has been receiving only five per cent, and until the fourteen millions of accumulative dividend liabilities are paid off or adjusted.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—We have received an interesting letter from Princess Agnes Salm-Salm, who requests us to correct certain misstatements in an article on "The Passing of the Morganatic Marriage," published in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for January last. The article alluded to her as having died in Germany some years ago. That statement was made on the authority of Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography," but it is incorrect. The princess further assures us that her marriage was not, as has repeatedly been stated in the American press, a morganatic one; that it took place with the consent of Prince Alfred Salm-Salm, head of her husband's family; that she was cordially received at Schloss Anhalt, the ancestral estate, and by the Emperor William I at the court of Berlin; and that she has always been recognized as a princess in Germany.

The earnings of the American Can Company are reported to be very much better now than in the past, but the percentage mentioned in Wall Street is unofficial. As official reports are published annually only, it will be some time before current estimates can be confirmed. For the year 1911, the company showed an amount earned equal to 7.07 per cent on the preferred stock; so that profits must increase very largely indeed to pay off past accumulations.

For some months a speculative pool has been active in up-bidding the common stock. At the present level a purchase of these shares would, in our opinion, be not alone speculative, but exceedingly hazardous.

### BOOKS ON STOCKS AND BONDS

Will you kindly furnish me with the names of some good books dealing with stocks and bonds, which will assist me to an understanding of the general subject of investment?

D. J. N., New York.

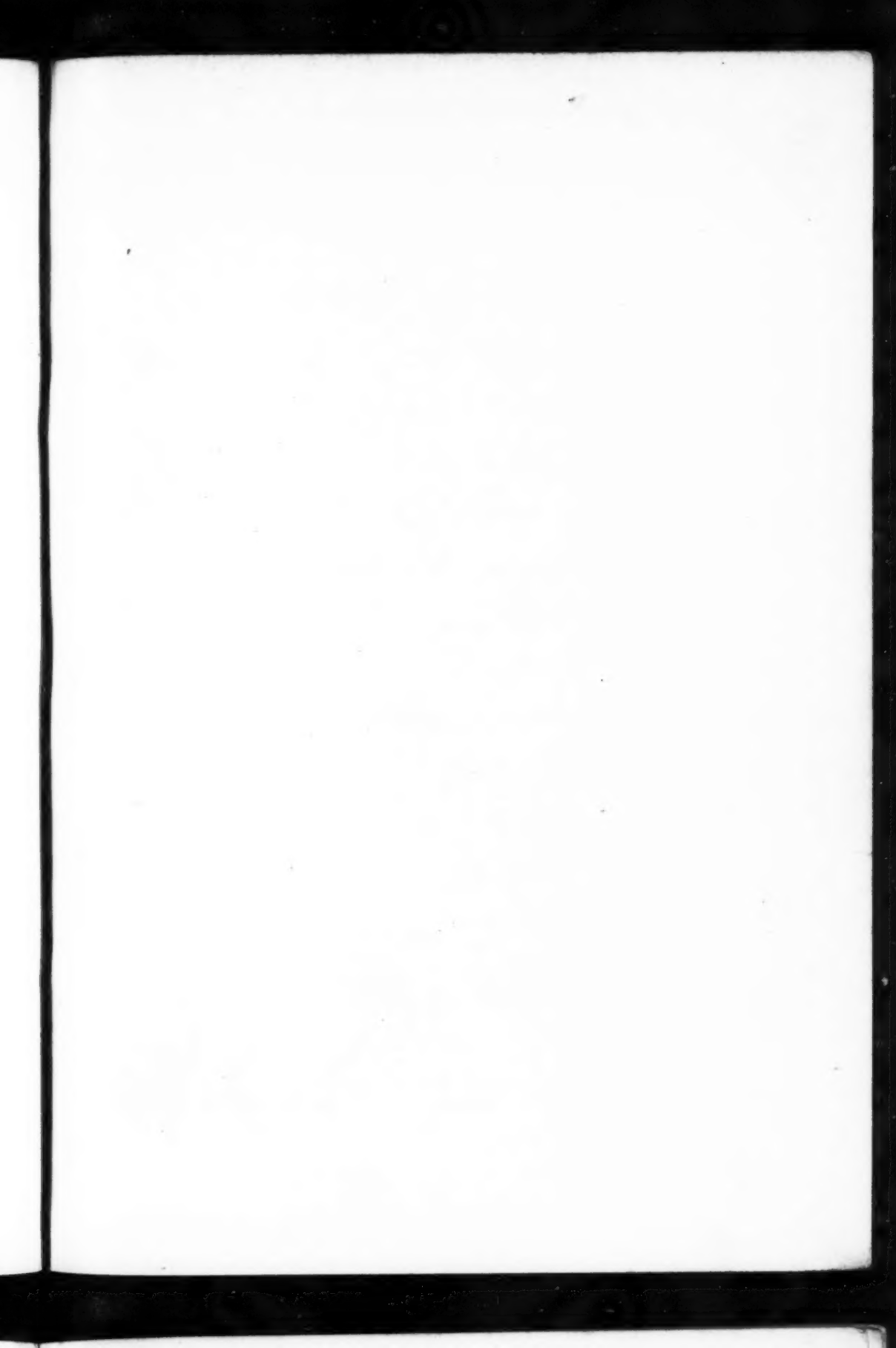
There are many books treating of stocks and bonds and the general subject of investment which our correspondent can read to advantage. He can make a good start with "The Investor's Primer," by John Moody, and "The A B C of Wall Street," by S. A. Nelson. If he follows this up by reading "The Work of Wall Street," by Sereno S. Pratt, "Funds and Their Uses," by Dr. F. A. Cleveland, and "Investment Bonds," by F. Lowenhaupt, he will obtain a comprehensive fundamental knowledge of the subjects upon which he seeks enlightenment.

### A WORTHLESS RAILROAD BOND

I would like to know if the first mortgage bonds of the Canada, Michigan and Chicago Railway Company are of any value. They are thirty-year bonds, and matured in 1902.

G. W. W., Flushing, N. Y.

The Canada, Michigan and Chicago Railway Company was organized in 1872, during the era of inordinate and scandalous railway promotion which immediately preceded the panic of 1873. Owing to the great crisis of that year, the project, like many others of the same general character, was abandoned. No rails were laid, and only twelve miles of road were graded. The stock and the first mortgage bonds of the company are worthless.





"I HAVE HEARD IT SAID MANY TIMES. WHEN ST. STEFAN'S TOLLS LIKE THAT, THE KING IS DEAD!"

[See story, "'Long Live the King!'" page 389]